

N U M B E R I.

O F T H E

New Election Budget.

THE following little Collection of the Satyric Pieces, that ever accompany such a political Contest as is now depending in this City, will, it is presumed, be not unacceptable to the Public.

The very Nature of a Fugitive Composition, however valuable, consigns it to Oblivion, unless by some charitable Hand carried to an Asylum where its Existence and its Merits may be secured from a Fate they little deserve.

The Editors not willing to disoblige by a PARTIAL Selection, have ranged under the Banner of either Candidate's Name the Pieces which are respectively written in their Favour.

This Work will be continued as the Advocates for each Candidate will, the Editors hope, afford them an Opportunity of exhibiting fresh Marks of Ingenuity, Wit, and Public Spirit.

One-half of the Money arising from the Sale of the above, will be paid into the Hands of the Treasurer, to augment the FUNDS belonging to the Society for recovering Persons APPARENTLY DROWNED, and the Society for releasing Persons confined in GAOL for SMALL DEBTS in this City.

NUMBER I.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

B E E V O R.

To the Independent Freemen and Freeholders of the City of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

YOU are earnestly entreated NOT to engage your votes and interest for a Representative in Parliament to succeed

Sir HARBORD HARBORD, as a gentleman of character and independent principles will certainly offer himself for your suffrages.

July 15, 1786.

INTELLIGENCE FROM LONDON.

" IN consequence of Sir Harbord Harbord's being created a Peer, a very strong contest is expected at Norwich. The parties are, the Hon. Henry Hobart, brother to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, in the interest of the present Administration, and Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. in the interest of Mr. Fox; the former was a candidate at the last general election against the Hon. Mr. Windham, and lost by a very small majority; and the latter in the year 1768, in opposition to the late Edward Bacon, Esq."

ENGLISH CHRONICLE.

Norwich, July the 17th, 1786.

MR. HOBART most gratefully acknowledging the warm and very respectable support given him at the late general election, which, though unsuccessful, was so truly flattering, he again presumes to offer himself a candidate to represent this ancient city in Parliament; and not being conscious of having offended the esteem of his fellow-citizens, hopes to be honoured with the favour of their suffrages on the ensuing vacancy.

THE friends of the Honourable HENRY HOBART, are earnestly requested to meet at the White Swan, in St. Peter's, this Evening at six o'clock.

Norwich, Monday, July the 17th, 1786.



THE Electors of Norwich are earnestly requested not to engage their votes for the expected vacancy for a Member to represent this city in Parliament, as there is the utmost reason to believe that a worthy BARONET of distinguished abilities, and who is not less known than respected by the inhabitants of this city, will offer himself as a candidate.

Norwich, July 15, 1786.

Norwich, July 15, 1786.

THE Electors of the city of Norwich, in the Independent Interest, especially the friends of Mr. WINDHAM, by whose exertions, in conjunction with Sir HARBORD HARBORD, that interest was revived and established, are desired to meet at the Angel Inn on Monday, the 17th instant, at twelve o'clock, to take into consideration such measures as may be deemed requisite to adopt, upon the vacancy which is shortly expected to take place in the Representation of this city in Parliament.

THE Friends of Sir THOMAS BEEVOR, Bart. are earnestly requested to meet at the Angel Inn to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.

July 17, 1786.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders of the City of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

THE promotion of your late worthy Representative Sir HARBORD HARBORD to a seat in the House of Peers having occasioned a vacancy in Parliament, I have been induced, by the powerful and pressing solicitations of many numerous societies, as well as by the invitations of gentlemen of every denomination and party, to offer you my best services upon the occasion, and to solicit your support at the ensuing election. Not acting under the auspices of any influence injurious to the liberties of this city, and entirely free and unconnected, I mean to be determined on the day of nomination

tion

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freeman, and Freeholders of the City of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

IMPRESSED with the most lively sense of the very flattering support I have been honoured with on my present canvas, and by the appearance of a numerous and respectable meeting of my fellow-citizens this evening at the White Swan Inn, I beg leave to renew my most earnest solicitation for your votes and interest on the ensuing vacancy of a Representative in Parliament, occasioned by his Majesty's intention to create Sir HARBORD HARBORD, Bart. a Peer of Great Britain.

Should your exertions in my favour place me in that most honourable and important situation, my future attention to your several and collective interests and wishes, will best evince with what gratitude and truth I now acknowledge myself.

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and

Most faithful servant,

Norwich, July 17, 1786.

HENRY HOBART.

THE friends of Sir THOMAS BEEVOR think it absolutely necessary to apologize for not having brought him forward at an earlier period, which they were prevented doing till they found their solicitations rejected by Mr. COKE, Mr. Alderman Ives of the Town-Close, and the present MAYOR—they beg leave to contradict the REPORT of their having gone to Tuck's Wood, as that motion, though mentioned, was, after mature deliberation, overruled.

Norwich, Wednesday, July the 19th, 1786.

Norwich, July 24, 1786.

BEING informed that some of the manufacturers in this city have threatened to turn those journey men out of work that refuse to vote for Sir Thomas Beevor, we whose names are hereunto subscribed, disdaining such oppressive measures, and BEING ABLE, do promise, That we will, without subterfuge or evasion, furnish employment to those MEN who are turned out upon that account; as we are determined, by every FAIR means in our power, to support the interest of the Honourable Mr. HOBART.

Robert Harvey and Sons
Starling Day and Son
John Ives and Robinson
Robert Partridge
Edward Marshall

Bartivant and White
John Langton
Bacon and Marshall
John Banfather and Son
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

SOME

B E E V O R.

tion by the opinion of the body of electors at large, in whom only the choice of Representatives is constitutionally vested.

I am, Gentlemen, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

Hethel, July 17, 1786.

THOMAS BEEVOR.

Norwich, July 20, 1786.

BEING informed that some manufacturers in this city have threatened to turn those journey men out of work that refuse to vote for Mr. HOBART, we whose names are hereunto subscribed, disdaining such oppressive measures, do promise that we will, so far as we are able, furnish employment to those men who are turned out upon that account; as we are determined, by every FAIR means in our power, to support the interest of

Sir THOMAS BEEVOR.

Will and Rob. Herring

Martyn Willement

John Barnard

J. Watson and W. Wilcocks

John Aldred

William Taylor

Thomas Watson

Edmund Partridge

William Barnard jun.

Worth and Carter

John Tuthill

John Scott and Sons.

GUILDHALL RACES.

THE horses entered for the ensuing races are Sir THOMAS WORTHY's horse *Liberty*, got by *Resolution*, out of the good mare *Constitution*.

The other is the Honourable HARRY MUNGO's Ethiopian gelding, called the *Vicar of Bray*, got by *Stuart's Prerogative*, out of the American War's mare *Strip-meked*.

The first is backed by the City's *Good-will* and *Independence*; the last by the Borough-mongers and their pimps.—The *Vicar of Bray* has been in training some time, but the knowing ones say he is not bottom; it is well remembered that he was distanced last season on the same course. Good judges say that *Liberty* is perfectly sound, and would have won the plate the last time he was entered, if they had given him fair play.

A C C A R D.

THE Honourable H. H.'s respectful compliments to his good friends Alderman K-R-S-N, H-R-V-Y, P-R-T-R-G., &c. He wishes to suggest, that he sees no probability of success in opposing the Independent Electors of this city, and therefore thinks it advisable immediately to withdraw.

FELLOW

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

SOME JOURNEMEN WEAVERS have asserted that their masters have threatened to deprive such of them of employment as will not vote for the Candidate whom their masters support, this therefore is generally to inform them that such insinuations are as untrue as they are unjust, for that the body of the manufacturers do disclaim as injurious to their characters any right to demand the vote of the people they employ, and do fully absolve them from any promises which under such unmanly apprehensions they may have submitted to.—This liberality of sentiment in their masters, will it is hoped be returned by a decent, tho' firm exercise of the *right* of the poor siemen, to vote according to their inclination, such propriety of conduct will certainly protect them, should any few individual masters express any illiberality or resentment subversive of the right every poor man has to bestow his vote as he pleases, and let those who act contrary thereto, reflect upon the confusion which must follow, if the lower electors were to avail themselves of their numbers to compel the votes of their superiors.

The GILPONIANs; or TRIPPLE JOURNEY to MECCA.

YE have all heard, no doubt, of *Holkham's* fam'd COW, Whose PROPHECY *Brown* told where, when, and how! To consult this great Oracle pleas'd *Simon Plumb*, With his brother-of *Surry-street*, smirk *Billy Thrum*.

Derry Down, &c.

But *Simon*, whose conscience ne'er fail'd to portend Some flaw in the *Policy*,—thus spoke to his friend,
"To insure our success let us take *Captain Rum*,
"He's a nation good prompter.—for Orators *Mum*.

Derry Down, &c.

In a post-chaise and four, before the cock crew,
These wise sons of *Gotham*, on wings of *Hope* flew;
To the temple of *Pallas* where dwelt this fam'd Cow,
For wisdom as 'nown'd as learn'd *Pig*,* or *Chim Chow*.†
Derry Down, &c.

Arriv'd at the portal, the IDOL was told
That three doughty pilgrims a tale would unfold,
"Concerning as how, they for *satir* would know
"Whether *Lapland* rear'd vineyards, or *Bengal* grew snow?"

Derry Down, &c.

The Cow seem'd displeas'd, tho' it nodded assent,
At a question so palpably gross and ill-meant;

* A Modern Oracle.—† An antient Pagan God.

So

B E E V O R.

FELLOW CITIZENS.

I HAVE long learnt not to believe that lies are true : And be assur'd, if you READ and HEAR with my precaution, you will believe but few of the reports propagated by the friends of H. Hobart. It is asserted with the greatest boldness, that from the state of the canvas the odds are very much in favour of that gentleman. But who are the propagators of these reports? Is K-r-r-f-n one? And can you *always* believe K-r-r-f-n? Is R--ch another? Is R--ch *ever* to be believed? Or are gentlemen to be believed, who can steal the quick from the banks of their neighbours, plunder their neighbour's, wood-stacks, feed their cows with stolen turnips, rob their fellow-travellers of their shoes, and do a thousand such tricks as these? Will not these things apply to the friends of H. Hobart? And if so, are such men worthy of credit? No—

The fact is, that on the canvas Sir THOMAS has a large majority, and to prove the truth of this assertion, I appeal to the day of election. CIVIS.

AN EPISTLE to the FREEMEN of NORWICH.

BRETHREN,

GIRD yourselves like men.—Stand fast in the cause of liberty, and attempt not to deprive those of it who are dependent on you.—Breathe forth no threatening language against any that chuse not to bow down to the Idol that you have set up, lest he that ruleth on high, and doth as he pleaseth among the inhabitants of the earth, should bring disappointment and confusion upon you. Adieu,

A SON OF LIBERTY.

THE PRAYERS of this congregation are desired for the EXPIRING CAUSE of the INTWOOD CANDIDATE.

To the INDEPENDENT FREEMEN.

GENTLEMEN,

THE continued indisposition of our amiable Chief Magistrate, is a circumstance so generally affecting, and in which the interest and tender feelings of so many families are immediately concerned, and the alarm of every citizen anxiously awakened, that we hope you will not be offended at our intreating, that, during his indisposition, all possible regularity may be observed, and that you will agree to suppress those loud shouts and expressions of joy in the public streets, which, but upon this melancholy

NUMBER II.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

So these three Polar Knights were admitted to hear
The decree of their God—whilst they tasted small-
beer!

Derry Down, &c.

"If ought could surpass your dire ignorance,
"Tis this instance you've giv'n of base impudence;
"To presume, at my altar, so absurdly to ask
"A question for school-boys to blush—as a task.

Derry Down, &c.

Enough! cried the *Captain*, to the right about face!
I vow we must back again go in disgrace;
To *NORWICH* in dumps, these *John Gilpin's* are come
Captain Rum, *Simon Plumb*, and smirk *Billy Thrum*.

Derry Down, &c.

A JOURNEY to HOLKHAM.

NORVICUM's Sugar Plumb, his name
Simon, or *QUIXOTE*, 'tis the same;
Billy, a Merchant, *Callimanco*,
I'll e'en, for shortness, call him *SANCHO*;
These two, one more, in serious mood
Resolv'd, they would be understood,
So call'd their neighbour (a *rum tit*)
SCRUB is his name, a lad of wit:
It is allow'd by all that know him,
The gift of speech does constant flow in;
And *QUIXOTE* said, in words a few,
"SCRUB will explain, what we've in view;"
So strait for *Holkham's Princely station*;
They call'd themselves, a deputation:
T' invite the 'Squire, by writ, or summons,
To represent the *Norwich Commons*;
And, as they rode, they talk'd of claret,
And of the dinner they should get;
For *Holkham*, 'tis well known, produces
Luxurious meats, and costly juices.
Their haste was great, they could not stop
Upon the road, to take a drop,
Altho' the horses wanted bait,
"Jack drive along! we must not wait."

B E E V O R.

melancholy occasion, would become the certainty of
your success.

Signed, by request of

Sir THOMAS BEEVOR,

And his COMMITTEE,

JOHN MORPHEW, jun.

Saturday, July 29, 1786, Angel Inn.

SEVERAL abusive songs and hand-bills having been
obtruded on the public, contrary to the express orders
of Sir THOMAS BEEVOR's Committee, they think it neces-
sary to declare that they have, during the present con-
test, refused to publish any manuscript reflecting on the
personal characters of individuals; and, in particular,
that the song entitled "*HAL'S FRIENDS*," was originally
printed without their knowledge, and upon its first ap-
pearance was ordered to be suppressed, as being both in-
decent and illiberal.—It has since been reprinted, and
industriously circulated by the friends of Mr. Hobart,
with what view the impartial public must judge.

Signed, by order of the COMMITTEE,

JOHN MORPHEW, jun.

Angel Inn, August 2, 1786.

On the PUBLIC ENTRY of

Sir THOMAS BEEVOR.

YET once again shall Concord rear her throne
In old *NORVICUM's* walls, and yet once more
Shall *YARE's* meand'ring banks eccho the sound
Of festal mirth, from tongues in unison.
Lo where they throng! mark what a heart-felt glee
Each countenance displays! a triumph this
Which Kings themselves might envy. O'er their heads
Fancy beholds the verdant olive wave,
And dove-ey'd peace expand her snowy wing.
What are thy triumphs desolating war,
Thy laurels what to those immortal wreathes
Which glory binds around the stedfast brow
Of him who labours in the public weal,
The enlighten'd, active, faithful Magistrate?
At once the poor man's guard, the rich man's friend,
Such BEEVOR be thy praise. Thy country's love

The

Still

H O B A R T.

The 'Squire—after breakfast, 'tis his way,
 In riding mostly spends the day
 'Till dinner; and I think he's right,
 As riding helps the appetite;
 The 'Squire, I say, 'tis no reproach
 This morning exercis'd the coach,
 And ere he'd got three miles from home,
 The coachman spy'd a sudden gloom
 Of dust; and turning to his master,
 Said, "Sir, I'm sure here's some disaster!"
 Ere he had spoke, lo! from this cloud,
 A chaise, with horses foaming, proud
 With sweat and dust: The heroes cry'd
 "STOP SIR! let's speak to you aside:"
 The coachman thought, in his amaze,
 Three footpads riding in a chaise
 Were come; to rob his wealthy master;
 This he has since declar'd with laughter;
 The parties from their carrs descended;
 And stepp'd aside as was intended;
 Now QUIXOTE without intermission,
 (As signal to begin the mission,)
 The sleeve of SCRUB did often pull
 For at this time he seem'd quite dull:
 The gift of words so fast did come,
 Into the mouth of SCRUB, that some
 Being bulky, stuck i' the throat,
 All efforts made produc'd no note;
 SANCHO perceiving his distress
 Stepp'd forward, and, with great address,
 Said, "Sir, all Norwich can't produce
 "Three citizens so great as us:
 "My neighbour QUIXOTE, Simon speak,
 "Takes five and twenty pounds a week;
 "By selling sugar, plumbs, and candy,
 "And SCRUB, your honour, he sells brandy.
 "As to my self in stuffs I deal;
 "Our business I will now reveal;
 "We're sent, Sir, by our ancient city
 "Both Clergy and the Laity,
 "Unanimous, do long to greet
 "You their M. P.—a vacant seat
 "By Harbord's being made a Peer
 "To you is offer'd, Sir, the chair:
 The 'Squire, mus'd on these essentials,
 And said, "pray Sirs where's your credentials,"
 Denials! re-echo'd SCRUB, for now,
 His bulky words began to flow;
 "Sir, please your Grace, in cups last night,
 "They said you were their favourite.

"They

B E E V O R.

Still be thy meed; that now by these her sons
 Call thee to higher cares, to join thy aid
 With those who frame the laws which thou so well
 Hast put in execution. Praise like this
 Survives beyond the triumph of a day,
 Nor lives alone upon yon joyful tongues:
 Each heart re-echoes back the pleasing sound,
 And jarring parties join the general cry.
 Norwich, July, 1786.

CONSIDERATIONS and QUESTIONS

For all PARTIES.

TAKE no assertions against a candidate for proofs.
 Did *personal* reflections ever make a friend or soften an enemy?
 Can any thing more shew the *weakness* of a cause, can any thing be more ungenerous than to *begin* it? —
 It is unmanly to *return* it. —
 Take every allowable advantage of an adversary's weakness and imbecillity. —
 Expose all kinds of insult, violence, and fraud. —
 Let natural infirmities be secure from ridicule. —
 Offend no persons *where* your cause is not concerned. —
 You have two worthy characters for your candidates. —
 Comparisons are *mostly* odious. —
 JUSTICE takes away no degree of respectability. —
 Who then has the *best* abilities to judge and *do* your *real* service?
 Have they been *exerted*; has any one's life been spent in the service of the PUBLIC, to THE SECURITY of PROPERTY, and THE RELIEF OF THE OPPRESSED?
 If so, WHO who has deserved BEST of his country, and of YOURSELVES? —
 If HE wishes for what you can consistently and with honour to your yourselves bestow, is it not his due REWARD?
 Is not public gratitude concerned in it?
 Where you are not *particularly* biased, where can you fix better?
 Has either side the least to FEAR from such a Member, from one who has been EVER attentive to the public Good? —
 Is there not such a person, connected with you by EVERY tie, who now solicits your votes, and who will think them of importance to him, though he is so powerfully and generously supported? —
 Was he not born among you? —
 HIS FORTUNE CIRCULATES AMONG YOU?
 Are not all his relations settled in your city, and INTERESTED in its welfare? —

What

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

" They two agreed to bring me here,
 " And promis'd I should have good cheer!
 " They also said a Cow, you'd got
 " Whose *milk* would raise a hellish plot;
 " And now we're come so far I hope,
 " You'll give us all a friendly drop;
 " Tho' I've no vote to bring you in
 " Indeed not I,"—then gave a grin;
 Phaw! said the 'Squire and made a bow
 I long have hated name of cow
 Go tell your citizens, you mome,
 To keep their CALVES in suck at home.
 Cheapside, July 22, 1786. JOHN GILPIN.

LOST, in Wighton Street, near Holkham,
 SCRUB'S IMPUDENCE, SANCHE'S CONSEQUENCE, and
 SIMON'S HYPOCRISY.

Whoever has found the above valuable articles, and
 will bring them to the Committee Room, at the Angel,
 shall be amply rewarded.

N. B. As the above are REALLY ORIGINALS,
 and no where to be paralleled, (being the personal pro-
 perty of three Gentlemen, who were on a wild goose
 chase) the PREMIUMS for their RETURN, will be *conside-
 rable*.

Norwich, July 25, 1786.

The JOURNEY to HETHEL.
 THE fam'd DOCTOR DUMPLING, as we are told,
 Well known in the CITY by young and by old;
 Hearing of such bad success from the COW,
 Says he " I'll go bring Sir THOMAS, I vow!
 And when that to HETHEL the Doctor he came,
 The Knight sent to know his business and name;
 The DOCTOR said, Sir THOMAS, 'tis our intent,
 " Our Member of Parliament you shall be sent."
 His name he conceal'd, being rather ashamed,
 That the KNIGHT should know he for DUMPLING
 was fam'd;
 But the KNIGHT was not so precise as the COW,
 For so he got there, he did not care how?
 Ah! ha! says the DOCTOR, " pray let us make
 haste,
 " Indeed Sir THOMAS we've no time to waste;"
 Drive on says the KNIGHT, " we can't be too soon,"
 Says the DOCTOR " I wish we had *Decker's Balloon*."
 And when they came within sight of the gates,
 The horses were taken from the carriage in state,

By

B E E V O R.

What can you desire more? —
 IF SIR THOMAS BEEVOR answers this description
 let him have your immediate and firm support:
 A friend to vigilant and upright Magistrates.

The C O N T R A S T.

Tho' verse is in vogue,
 And playing the rogue,
 I do not approve of the plan,
 I'll not be too witty
 But let this great city
 Judge which is the properest man

For a Member:

HOBART's the man my pen shall first describe,
 I'll do him *justice*, tho' I've had no bribe.
 Then to begin; he's brother to a peer.
 With sycophantic bow, and courtly sneer,
 He lets bad puns and thinks himself secure;
 Long has he canvass'd old Norvicum's walls,
 And danc'd attendance at the winter balls,
 Thinking with *grace* to charm each city fair;
 With *native ease*, and *elegance of air*,
 He deals politeness, which he gets by rote,
 To each smart lass who's father has a vote:
 Failing his cause by eloquence to plead,
 His *heels* make up for what he wants in head.
 Chuse him, my friends, you cannot chuse the other,
 Whilst Cacus stands on one side, Gilpin t'other;
 Immortal Gilpin! linen-draper, weaver,
 Who's father borrow'd hedges from J—s B—r,
 From H—y's woodstack made another loan,
 And when detected thought it was his own.
 There's turn-coat D-y, and K—n the great,
 Tho' once a waiter, now a magistrate;
 With wights like these thou nothing hast to fear,
 Though mighty, mi'ty brother of a Peer!
 Illustrious Hobart! worthy of such friends,
 Who stick at nothing to obtain their ends.
 But now to BEEVOR; for I'll give a trait,
 That all may judge of t'other candidate:
 Of judgment able, of integrity secure,
 The *Villain's* greatest scourge, the PATRON
 Of the Poor.

The

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

By the MOB, who BEEVOR for ever cried,
And to *Surrey Street*, how grand did they ride?
Then out came the BROTHERS* to see what success
The DOCTOR had met with by this his finess;
They were greatly surpriz'd, and wonder'd as how?
One had brought up a KNIGHT,—three cou'dn't a
COW!

July 25, 1786.

The BARBER.

* Billy Thrum, and Captain Rum.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders
of the City of Norwich.

TO the *Freemen* of *Norwich* I mean to be plain,
My PLAN and my CONDUCT you cannot disdain;
I know, gentle Sirs! you hypocritise hate,
So I mean to be *frank*, now it enters my pate.
My services certain on ev'ry occasion,
To serve this great CITY, there needs no persuasion;
Perhaps you expect I shou'd idolize Fox!
Reflect but a moment—'tis not orthodox;
But if 'tis your wish, and shou'd he change his side,
I will certainly worship; as he may *provide*
For myself, for my *friends*, and also for you:
I mean to serve *all*, because 'tis your due.

First, the cash for the TITLE, I think you'll concur,
I must get back again, which I paid for my SIR:
It cost me five hundred good pounds and much strife,
I never grudg'd money so much in my life;—
But then I've the *honour*, and so has my LADY!
And TONY, the eldest, is heir to his daddy.
If TONY is clever, now he sits on the *Bench*,
The TITLE may get an *estate* and a wench;—
And a good SINECURE, I mean to endeavour
To join to the TITLE, when I get in favour;
The Parsons and Captains, I'm willing to bet;
GOOD LIVINGS for them, I shall certainly get:
You find I speak plainly and quite unaffected,
From *influence* free, and with no one* *connected*;
Unless with Lord T-WNSH-ND, it must be confess'd,
That in matters of state, his Lordship knows best:
And, when I am wanting, to help a device,
He has promis'd to give me his *friendly* advice.

To my cousin of TUCK'S-WOOD, I gratitude owe,
My botanical friend, the immaculate CR-WE!
To serve him I'll use all my friendly assistance,
To keep both the CITY and HAMLETS—at distance;
He's to draw up a plan, which I mean to present,
The hamlets must gain by this fifty per cent.

*Twill

† See my advertisement in the newspapers.

B E E V O R.

The OLD TRICK OVER AGAIN.

A NEW SONG.

HAIL Norwich freemen,
The time's come again,
When our votes are of consequence grown;
I'll warn you of tricks,
Very fore where they fix,
But easily shunn'd when once known.
In year thirty-four,
An Alderman* swore,
That he the election would carry
In spite of all foes,
Let who would oppose,
His friend for success should not tarry.
"† Whose flatt'ring finess,
" And artful address,
" With the hospital at his tongue's end,
" He has promis'd *four score*,
" But the election once o'er,
" In vain for the place they'll attend."
Be wise then, my boys,
Think not of such joys,
They were promises idle and vain;
I'm told it is true,
They humbug you too,
But again bid—pray could you complain?

* Aldm. T---mp-f--n.

N. B. † This stanza was written in 1734, to put the freemen upon their guard, but too many swallowed the bait, and were deservedly disappointed.

A N E W S O N G.

I.

SINCE that Hobart so long,
Stands the boast of each song,
I'll rise up as Beevor's defender:
Harry Hobart for once,
I'll scourge as a dunce,
And bring down the senseless Pretender.

II.

With a seat in the House,
He'd not care a souse,
For Norwich, on which he depends;
But this we can tell,
It's freedom he'd sell,
Most gladly to serve his own ends.

*Twas

N U M B E R III.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

'Twill be sign'd by himself and the rest of the clan,
 Puritanic MARK W-LKS and his flock to a man;—
 My brother the DOCTOR, to keep down the tumour,
 Will *physic* the *Guardians*, and keep them in humour;
 Besides, Dr. DUMPLING, in him I can trust,
 As I gave him two GUINEAS to pay for his bust;
 (By the way, I advise, if he wish to surpass,
 The head to be moulded and sculptur'd in *brass*;)
 Dr. DUMPLING, no doubt, to prevent a defeat,
 Will touch them again upon *Animal Heat*.

My worthy electors! you have little to fear,
 As the *rates* are collected four times in a year;
 With ease you may cure this *trifling* wound,
 It will not add more than *twelve-pence* in the pound.

From what I *profess*, you'll find no *deceiver*;
 (with respect and obedience.)

Your servant,

26 July, 1786.

TOM B--V-R.

Angel, Friday, July 28th, 1786.

The PUFFING COMMITTEE.

ORDERED,

THAT it be recommended to the ARTFUL SQUAD to
 alter the advertisement;—to be cautious not to mention
 Sir Thomas's public principles; but to *hum* the citizens
 with a *paragraph*, lest they suspect he has no principle
 at all.

ORDERED,

That the wool-combers, in Sir Thomas's interest,
 advertise public thanks for *pretended* services to the yarn
 trade, &c.

N. B. That the public may *understand* the services
 were *prior* to the present contest, let them be dated back
 to February 86.

ORDERED,

That it be recommended to the Manufacturers of our
 party to discharge all the freemen, warpers, weavers,
 throwsterers and filers, who *refuse voting* for Sir Thomas,
 or even remain *doubtful*.

ORDERED,

B E E V O R.

III.

'Twas some time ago,
 'Bout three years or so,

The freemen he brib'd for their votes,
 The election to win,
 And swore he, when in,
 Each twelvemonth would grant them new
 coats.

IV.

There's Weathercock Day,
 'Cause Windham won't pay,
 For the beer which he kept in his cupboard,
 And the beef he purloin'd,
 Has with Roger Cash join'd;
 And vows that he now will cheat Hobart.

V.

The fam'd Blickling rout,
 Pray remember, giv'n out
 By Earl B——m since but a year,
 Where to ev'ry slave
 A ticket he gave,
 Which got him a pint of small beer.

VI.

With heart and with voice
 We'll shout and rejoice,
 For Beevor shall still be the man;
 The city he'll serve,
 And from honor ne'er swerve,
 His own partial int'rest to plan.

A N E W S O N G.

I.

SINCE H——d H——d's gain'd a name,
 That sounds so very pretty,
 We'll choose a man to fill his place,
 Whose int'rest is the city.

II.

There's B--v-r, H-b--r, both of them
 Their services do tender,
 And both declare that they much good
 Will to the city render.

III. But

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

ORDERED,

That our returns be kept *secret*, lest our adversaries get acquainted with our *weakness*.

ORDERED,

That the *liars* and out-door *puffers* be further instructed to *report*, *declare* and *insist* that the returns of our canvass far exceed our expectations; and, that the number of votes promised in our favor are as 5 to 1!

ORDERED,

That, as the quantum of *falsehoods*, which have been sported, are *nearly exhausted*, the ARTFUL SQUAD be directed to revive the old stories of "Lord ORFORD's" wishing Sir Thomas success:—Mr. Sheriff Patteson's "declaration of strict neutrality (instead of impartiality):—The Ives's being friendly:—The Combines:—The Gurneys:—The London "votes 3 to 1:—*Twenty* out of *twelve*—in Essex:—"—Many of Sir Thomas's friends taken into "Mr. Hobart's canvass:—The *doubtfuls* ALL placed to "his account:—Dr. Brook's double promise:—But, above all, bets, of two and three to one, must be *offered*, to keep up the drooping spirits of our party, and to depress those on the other side, who are weak enough to give credit to the *lye of the day*.

A MOMENT'S ADVICE.

ONE moment—Old Norvicum's sons—pray attend To advice, tho' unask'd, from a brother and friend—By dependence unaw'd—whom no party can sway, Nor the threats of the proud and the wealthy dismay.

Shall the *oily* Sir T. o'er your senses prevail,
Who laughs in his sleeve, while he tells his smooth tale—

"That your freedom and int'rest he'll strive to secure,
And in faith he is *tres-bien votre serviteur*?

Pshaw! damn such cajoling, ne'er mind it, my friends:

The cant of each courtier to compass his ends
Your hand he will shake—is most wondrous civil,
But when his point's gain'd—you may hie to the devil.

If a soul that's superior to meanness and lyes,
And a goodness of heart that shines out at the eyes,
Are virtues you value—then Hobart's the man
Who deserves your support, and deny it who can.

If your dear purchas'd rights unalloy'd you'd maintain,

Let sycophants ne'er your free suffrages gain:

To

B E E V O R.

III.

But H-b--t *sam'd a man of sense*,
With cash in store besides, sir,
Declares that he will be the man
Tho' you th' attempt deride, sir.

IV.

For turn-coat D-y, that fickle elf,
Will do his best endeavour,
He'll head the motley crew himself
To hurt the cause of B--v-r.

V.

While Bobby Seeley swears aloud
One hundred and fifty pounds, sir,
He'll give, to get into the House
This honourable hound, sir,

VI.

Lord S--ff--d too, we all must own,
A dirty trick hath play'd us,
H'as serv'd his turn at our expence,
And then my friends betray'd us.

VII.

Sir Roger Cash, and Sir John Snipe,
Have join'd their hounds together,
And both declare they'll never chuse
A man of sense like B--v-r.

VIII.

The Prince of Wales, and Lying Jack,
Declare we use them ill, sir,
To strive against their noble choice
The vacant seat to fill, sir.

IX.

The Melton Knight says he'll assist
As far as words will go, sir,
But as to cash,—I'll stop you there,
The pocket's rather low, sir,

X.

Tho' As-l-y, S--ff--d, Seeley, Day,
With Snipe and the Receiver,
Do puzzle much their harmless heads,
We still will bring in B--v-r.

XI.

For B--v-r is a man of sense,
And independent mind, sir,
Therefore his int'rest to support,
Are men of sense combin'd, sir,

XII. Ives

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

To defend Magna Charta—ne'er trust to such knaves,
Let your guardians be free, or yourselves must be
slaves.

ADVICE to Sir THOMAS.

OH! ponder well, Sir Thomas dear,
No more the strife maintain
For, dear Sir Thomas, 'tis most clear;
Thy labour will be vain.
Whate'er thy partial friends may say,
The public can divine,
Those Ministers who well can pay,
Will still have votes of thine.
What tho' thy drooping heart is chear'd,
By Cr——'s stentorian voice;
What tho' when R——y's *prate* is heard,
Thy soul does still rejoice.
Trust not to these, for these, alas!
But little dost thou know;
The first is merely ranting brass,
The last is *dumpling dough*.
Tho' snirking Billy Thrum be thine;
Who joins with Billy Thrum?
Tho' Simon comes, *with whisker fine*;
We laugh at Simon Plumb.
Tho' Captain Rum, or Captain Scrub,
Still claps thee on the back;
He keeps the liquor in his tub,
And gives thee useless clack.
Dost thou on brother James rely?
Alas, what hopes are there;
For what can brother James supply?
But draughts of cold small beer.
Take my advice, Sir Thomas dear,
No more the strife maintain;
For, dear Sir Thomas, 'tis most clear,
Thy labor will be vain.

Sir THOMAS'S ANSWER to his FRIEND'S ADVICE.

DEAR Sir, I read over your friendly advice,
But think in your judgment, you're rather too nice,
And that, on my friends you set too little value,
For some can vote for me, and others can halloo!
Besides do you think, when I set at defiance
The opposite party, I had no reliance,

Except

B E E V O R.

XII.

Ives, ~~Crow~~, and Rigby, men of worth,
Will do their best endeavour,
By *ev'ry fair and honest means*
To gain the cause of B-v-r.

XIII.

There's T-yl-r, H-r-r-ings, W-lk-n ton,
With many men besides, fir,
Whose characters are great and good,
In whom we may confide, fir.

XIV.

Then let us spurn at bribery,
And with our conscience vote, fir,
To choose a man to fill the seat
With dignity and note, fir,

XV.

Our hearts and voice with one accord
We'll for our fav'rite raise, fir,
Whose name shall shine on virtue's list,
The boast of future days, fir.

B E E V O R for E V E R.

Tune—Push about the Brisk Bowl.

COME fill up your glasses, my brave Norwich boys,
With hearts that are trusty and true;
Here's a health to all those who will join with one voice
In support of a worthy True Blue,

True Blue.

In support of a worthy True Blue.

And ne'er be your generous spirits dismay'd,
Let them give ev'ry freeman his due;
Take my word for't my lads, their purple shall fade,
When fac'd by our bright white and blue.—&c.
In defence of our birth-right, our freedom and laws,
See BEEVOR appears to your view;
To his king he is loyal, and true to our cause,
He's the man we may mark for true blue.—&c.
Put no faith in promises ever found vain;
In professions you after may rue;
Who buys you will certainly sell you again,
'Tis unworthy a Norwich true blue.—&c.
To BEEVOR, who always has been the poor's friend,
What man a full glass can refuse;
May he long have his health, and life to defend,
The rights of all steady true blues.—&c.

Which

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

Except upon STENTOR, and DUMPLING, and THRUM,
And SIMON, and JEMMY, and him they call RUM.
G—d blefs me! I've plenty of friends of great note;
And each man has promis'd to give me his vote.
Here's this a Freeholder, and that is a Freeman;
Here's worthy JOHN AL—D, and BARNABAS LEM—N,
And fifty fuch *worthies*, whom I could recite t'ye,
All men of great int'reft, enough to delight ye:
Nay more, I've difburs'd an abundance of calh,
(For this all our family looks on as trash.)
There's fifteen and fix-pence it coft me laft week,
And five fhillings fince (I in confidence fpeak)
Besides eighteen-pence, which I need not enlarge on,
Disburs'd to one A-----n (late City Surgeon,)
For writing fome verfes for me to make ufe of,
Which, tho' dull, like himfelf, are *extremely abufive*.
You fee, my dear friend, that I fpare no expence
That my friends are moft powerful, and men of *great*
fenfe!
And, therefore, I'll venture, tho' H-B--T be ftronger,
To keep up the conteft a *little time longer*.

This is the M A N
WHO from his word, unlefs for gain,
Was never known to fwerve;
Place *loaves* and *fishes* in his view,
His promife he'll obferve.
This is the MAN, as *some* folks fay,
So *wife* to *juft*, and *good*;
But fearch him well, you'll find he bears
Two faces in a hood.
This is the MAN—the venal Knight,
The portrait fure will ftrike
His *tenants* and *dependants*—who
Muft own 'tis nation like.
“*This is the MAN*—the *Magiftrate*—
Of no lefs *worth* than *fenfe!*”
You'll hear th' *Angelic* J unto cry
With matchlefs impudence.
This is the MAN,—now hear him fpeak,—
Mark well the fawning elf—
“I'll do my beft endeavours, Sirs,
(*Afide*) for *family* and *self*.”
You may, Sir T —but ne'er, I trow,
Where Britain's fenate meet:
Be it the *worthier* HOBART's lot
To fill Norvicum's feat.

B E E V O R.

Which is the M A N.
SONS of Freedom and Norwich a moment attend,
Nor flight the advice of a well-meaning friend;
By your own perfeverance and virtue made free,
May you ever the fav'rite of liberty be:
Again you are call'd on your rights to maintain,
Or flaviſhly yield to be fetter'd again.
The Candidates merits attentively ſcan —
Can you hesitate Britons to fix on the man.
Wou'd you wiſh to elect one whoſe boalt and chief
pride,
Is, he's nobly deſcended and nobly ally'd;
If a Lordling you really prefer to all others,
Who'll hear your advice, and then follow his brothers.
If a Courtly dependent your wiſhes will crown,
Who'll *talk* of your intereſt, attend to his own;
Wou'd you ſap the foundation of liberty— then
Elect a Peer's brother:—be H---- the man.
But wou'd you elect a man honeſt, ſincere,
Of each virtue poſſeſt to humanity dear,
As a Magiſtrate active, impartial and wiſe,
Superior to art. and a foe to diſguiſe,
Whoſe heart for the love of his country does burn,
With the love of his country is bleſt in return,
If this is (and pray Heaven it may be) your plan,
Can you hesitate Britons to fix on the man.

A S O N G.
To the tune of God ſave the King.
TO freedom's noble ſound,
Let ev'ry heart rebound,
That's ſtaunch and true;
Freemen your cauſe maintain,
And rejeſt with diſdain,
All offers that may ſtain
Honeſt true blue.
Chorus, Freemen your cauſe, &c.
When foul corruption ſpread,
Rome's faithful patriots fled,
An honeſt few;
And tho' in *Utica*,
They ſell a noble prey,
A more propitious day,
Waits the true blue.
Chorus, And tho' in *Utica*, &c.
BEEVOR, with hand and heart,
Stands forth to take your part,

The

And

NUMBER IV.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

The PATRIOT.

WHEN o'er the wide extended globe,
 Dark night had stretch'd her ebony wings,
 In pleasing vision floated round,
 The broken images of things.
 Britannia's awful genius rose,
 And o'er my eyes his sceptre drew,
 When lo! methought whate'er was past,
 Returning rush'd upon my view.
 A motley group of *men appear'd,
 Injurious as the imps of night,
 These, or by pride, or interest sway'd,
 Revers'd whate'er they thought was right.
 I wonder'd much, and much I gaz'd,
 But more I gaz'd, and wonder'd, when,
 I saw corruption take the lead,
 And knaves prefer'd to honest men.
 Some to support the public weal,
 At first like awful bulwarks stood;
 But for a pension or a place,
 Turn'd traitor's to their country's good.
 These now forgot their sacred trust
 And leagu'd with foes, grew great by stealth;
 Aim'd by despotic means to rule,
 And drain the nation of its wealth.
 Surpris'd, methought, I thus exclaim'd
 Let vengeance on their heads descend,
 Or may they be, by heaven's decree
 Doom'd to some ignominious end.
 No sooner had I spoke, then straight
 The illustrious heir of Chatham rose,
 To prop the ruins of the state,
 And save it from intestine foes.
 When right inflexible he stands,
 Nor heeds what junto men may say;
 And thro' the maze of public life,
 To lasting glory points the way.

* The late Ministry.

B E E V O R.

And to bring to
 Yon set of roaring boys,
 Dress'd up in orange toys,
 Who with loud shouts and noise,
 Rail at true blue.

Chorus, Yon set, &c.

Let not the vain parade,
 Of the success they've had,
 Impose on you;
 No haughty influence,
 Nor party insolence,
 Shall draw one man of sense,
 From the true blue.

Chorus, No haughty influence, &c.

Calm and deliberate,
 Cool and confederate,
 Measures pursue;
 Let your opposers see,
 It's not from enmity,
 Honour and liberty
 Guide the true blue.

Chorus, Let your opposers, &c.

Now let's our time employ,
 In these returns of joy,
 So justly due;
 And let each true man pray
 That worthy BEEVOR may
 Long with such merit sway
 Honest true blue.

Chorus, And let, &c.

BEEVOR for ever; or, NO DUMB MEMBER.
 IN Norwich free city, what noise do we hear,
 About Hobart and Beevor, now Harbord's a Peer,
 They both do declare for our freedom to stand,
 But Beevor I think is the properest man.
 For Beevor we know is a man of good sense,
 And able to stand up in our defence;
 As for a dumb member no service can be,
 Therefore we'll have Beevor that's hearty and free.

Wrapt

H O B A R T.

Wrapt with the great, the pleasing change,
 Exalting thus I fondly try'd
 Long may the heav'n born patriot live,
 And be Britannia's sov'reign guide.
 "He long shall live the Genius said
 "Inspir'd by heav'n's celestial flame,
 "And babes unborn in future times
 "Shall learn to list his deathless name.
 "Beneath his wide, his just command,
 "The dove shall fly, or Lyon roar;
 "And commerce spreading wide her sails,
 "Udaunted stretch from shore to shore.
 "Mark then, this great important truth,
 "Nor let it lightly touch thine ear,
 "Tis not for him alone to rule
 "And keep Britania's foes in fear."
 "There must be others like himself,
 "Firm faithful patriots at the heart,
 "Who, while they seek their country's good,
 "Disdain to act the tyrant's part."
 "Hence to the list'ning world proclaim.
 "Since Harbord is decreed a Peer;
 "HOBART shall fill the vacant seat,
 "And guard them with peculiar care."
 "He, with a patriotic warmth,
 "Will vindicate their injur'd cause,
 "And (proof against corruption's arts,)
 "Support their liberties and laws."
 "True to his country and his king,
 "His fame shall fly from pole to pole,
 "While craft and envy close combin'd
 "Awake to madness Beevor's soul."
 It ceas'd and instantly withdrew,
 Soft slumber from my eyelids fled,
 Pleas'd with my dream I quickly rose,
 And wrote what Britain's genius said.

NORWICH.

HOBART's TRIUMPH; or, NORWICH GLORY.

NORWICH fair city as every one know,
 Was lately besieg'd by a Kentish Crow,
 They call out Beevor and make a great noise,
 Yet spite of them all, we'll have Hobart, brave boys.
 For I think in myself, he is the best man
 To be our member, dispute it who can;
 Hobart, who is noble, generous and brave,
 Is the man of all men the city to save.

From

B E E V O R.

As for our freedom he ne'er will invade,
 He'll stand by our liberties, and protect our free trade,
 And Norwich will flourish with wealth and with splendor,
 When K——n's hang'd, and Beevor our member.
 For Beevor, my Britons, doth well understand
 The laws and constitution of our native land;
 He's free from corruption, to no party a slave,
 And Beevor's the man that Norwich will have.
 So now to conclude and finish these lines,
 I hope that e'er long we shall have good times,
 When Beevor with Windham our members are made,
 Then Norwich will flourish with a free open trade.

A N E W S O N G.

YE Norwich freemen and freeholders attend,
 'Midst hurry and clamour, the voice of a friend;
 Who, anxious alone for your honour and ease,
 Would have you reflect, and then vote as you please.
 Whilst some high inflam'd with the patriot fever,
 Delirious rage, or for H——t or B——r;
 Let such as are cool both the candidates scan,
 And reason directing, elect the BEST MAN.

Lo! enters poor Harry presenting a face,
 Disdaining acquaintance with wisdom and grace;
 His air neither knowledge nor virtue expresses,
 But vacancy! vacancy! only confesses.—

To support his pretensions, behold, now appear,
 Elate by his side, his fam'd brother the P——r,
 Renown'd for his insolence, meanness, and pride,
 Shall not Harry succeed to such grandeur ally'd?

Ye souls independent! resent this alliance,
 Advance manly forward, and breathing defiance;
 For once make it plain, that your weight can o'er rule
 The influence conjoin'd of a L——d and a F——.

That B——r has dignity, decency, worth,
 Can sure be denied by no mortal on earth;
 At least 'twill be granted with common accord,
 That the man has his wits and is back'd by no Lord.

An EPISTLE from the Hon. H— H—, to S— D— Esq;
 With Notes by Himself.

"But I will have a *Starling* taught to speak
 "Nothing but HOBART, and place it by my side
 "To keep my spirits up."

Vide SHAKESPEARE.

FRIEND of my soul, lov'd partner of the fears
 That rack this boding heart with anxious cares.

"O Day,

H O B A R T.

From a right noble family Hobart does come,
And for this city great things they have done,
Therefore let's reward him, for worthy is he
Of this noble city the member to be.

When the right noble Earl was to parliament sent,
Our trade it was brisk—Lord how happy things went!
For the want of a Hobart our trade it was lost,
So chuse him your member and let him be toft.

So here's a good health unto Hobart, my boys,
He shall be our member and with our free choice,
And when the day of election shall be,
Then Hobart we'll chuse with hearty good glee.

T H E G H O S T.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,

In glided B——r's grimly ghost,
And stood at B——r's feet.

His face was pale as April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was his wither'd hand,
That held his fable shroud.

Awake! he cry'd, 'tis B——r calls,
Come from his midnight grave;
Now let thy *pity* hear the man
Thy *truth* refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When *injur'd* ghosts complain,
And aid the *secret* fears of night,
To fright the *faithless* man.

Bethink thee B——r, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
When at the altar *Eliz.* took,
Thy honor'd faith and troth.

How could'st thou court my *friendship* fair
And yet that trust *for*sake?

How could'st thou seek my *hallow'd* bed,
And *wedlock's* bans to break?

The raven black, who *robs the nest*
Of that which next him's built;

O! think, Sir Thom. what punishment
Awaits thy load of *guilt*?

Could'st thou not keep that great command,
" *Covet not neighbour's wife*?"

Reflect on this, ere next we meet,
Repentance comes in *life*.

B E E V O R.

" O Day, the brightest sure that ever rose?"

Sworn foe alike of Windham's, Beevor's, Crowe's;
A patient ear to my complainings lend,
And weep the hopeless fortune of thy friend.

" For ever curst be that detested morn "

When thro' these streets by crouds triumphant drawn,
In joyful pomp my hatred rival came,
And heaven's wide arch re-echo'd Beevor's name.
I saw, I heard, I sicken'd at the view,
And from the factious croud impatient flew;
But when mild evening veil'd day's garish light,
Thou my Achates (to my wounded sight,
Thou doubly welcome) trusty Perdix brought,
Each lab'ring breast with future triumphs fraught.

Rise, H——t, rise! 'tis Fame, 'tis Glory calls,
But first, let's sneak without the City Walls
You cry, and I obey. The hireling race
Obedient, from our steeds unloose the trace,
And slowly drag us to the market-place.

But here, alas! no gratulations rung,
For H——t lives but on the venal tongue;
Quakers and Churchmen, Independents join,
To blast the glories of the Bl——ng line,
And hiss, and shout, and groan, and scoff combine.

From that dire hour what numerous ills arose,
Each Chief the city boasts, now joins my foes.
And canst thou wonder if that party thrives,
That for its patron boasts of TOMBLAND IVES!
Ah! hadst thou STARLING fill'd the city chair,
What need of sense and worth has Norwich May'r?
But *they* are *his*, and he, alas! the Knight's.
Lo, at his side what gallant band affrights
My timid soul. All that in Windham's train,
Rear'd their Blue Ensigns o'er the Market plain,
To BEEVOR their united voices give,
And bid * *rebellious weavers* eat and live.
Join'd too with these behold a gentle band,
Lovers of freedom and their native land.
Mark'd by no name, and to no party ty'd,
Who late in union walk'd at Harbord's side.
He too, in whom the social virtues blend,
Rigby, pale Envy's hate, the city's friend.

* See the audacious hand-bill, in which they presume to contest the right of one man forcing another to vote contrary to his Principles, (a right which every rich Englishman undoubtedly possesses over a poor one) by promising work to the rascally Weavers who refused voting for *Mr.*, when commanded to do so by their Masters.

But

All

H O B A R T.

But, hark!—The cock has warn'd me hence,
A long and late adieu!
Come see, *false man*, how low he lies,
Who dy'd—*betray'd by you*.

Sir THOMAS'S SOLILOQUY,

To BE OR NOT TO BE *That's the Question*.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHALL I, or shall I not this contest gain?
Shall I 'gainst Hobart's power my cause maintain?
Alas! when left by all my noisy friends,
The bubble bursts, the bright illusion ends.
But yet, they're all quite certain of success;
(Tho' I begin to doubt it, I confess.)
For instance; they pretend my foe to pity,
Because they say, once more he'll lose the city.
But where he not the object of their fear,
Did they not dread the day that's drawing near;
Why shou'd they be at ev'ry turn afraid?
Why call so oft upon the muses aid?
Why need they thus employ whole reams of paper,
But to restore my dying taper?
Once through the streets triumphant was I drawn,
But now alas! that public spirit's gone.
Strong were their motives for espousing me,
But through the whole self int'rest we may see:
For this aspiring busy *Hamlet Clan*,
Would sure unite, to choose a *Hamlet Man*:
And knowing he so zealous in the cause,
Bid me not execute but *frame* the laws.
Hobart they knew wou'd gain each honest cit,
For he's the friend of Norwich and of Pitt.
I'm known to be the friend of opposition,
With them to vote shall be my first ambition.
'Tis not on means like mine my foe depends,
'Tis not by jingling rhyme he gains his friends:
See Heav'n born charity, her stores unfold;
And there you'll still find Hobart's name enroll'd.
Where'er we see her sacred annals shine,
Hobart is still the foremost of the line;
Beyond his life, his title will extend,
The poor man's patron, and the patriot's friend.
Oh would my friends, this vain contention cease!
Nor lose so fit a *Justice of the Peace*!
Wou'd they but rid me of this anxious care,
Wou'd they for pity's sake my fortune spare;
Silent to HZ-TH-L I'd retire once more,
In hopes my weary spirits to restore.

There

B E E V O R.

All these unanimous to Beevor's name,
Libations pour, and raise the loud acclaim,
Where then, ah! where is hapless H——t's boast?
Alas! my friend, thou know'st his feeble host;
And yet our Phalanx boasts thy honour'd name.
Illustrious Roger—Chief well known to fame;
But not thy matchless blusters here avail,
Of D-y and H-rv-y thou the mighty—Tail!
And gentle R-b-nf-n so mild and meek,
The modest blush still mantling o'er his cheek.
To impudence and self-conceit sworn foe,
In vain attempts to ward the coming blow.
Tho' R-ch's various virtues grace our train,
"Blood, Bully, Buck, and Barber" strive in vain.
"Ah, whence this transient joy, this sudden start,
This glimpse of hope quick-rushing thro' my heart."
What do I hear? each gen'rous friend unite,
In my behalf to wage the unequal fight.
" * In every point" thee H——t we'll protect,
And every art we'll practice to elect.
Blest sounds! to execute them be it thine,
O S——g, sprung from an illustrious line:
Be it thy care to haste to my relief,
And raise a mob around each factious chief.
Fancy, e'en now presents the mingled noise,
I see thee heading all the Workhouse boys.
Ah! hasten, hasten, drive them from the town,
Fire the Gazebo, and pull Tuck's Wood down:
To Windham Bridewell next Sir Thomas haul,
Enclose him in her adamant wall;
Pelt them no more with † dough-bak'd poetry,
These are heroic deeds, and worthy Thee,
"Achieve them, and no Son of Peace dare claim
"Thy wreath, O S——, or can hope thy Fame;"
For know, when Blickling's Earl with annual call,
Summons yon cits to jig it in his hall,
Thy steeds shall view the stables of the Peer,
Thy footmen only taste of his Small Beer.
"For Thee her son, loud bellowing faction owns,
"And just to matchless virtue, glory crowns."

* Vide. The declaration of my friends in Saturday's paper.

† The Epigram supposed to be written by my friend, which for terseness and point has not its equal.

E P I G R A M.

Two Busts have lately been expos'd,
Of R—— and of C——,
The one of hardest Brass compos'd,
The other Dumpling Dough.

No

[To be continued.]

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

There in a calm oblivion wou'd I stay,
And for our *Hamlet party* hourly pray.

PETER PINDAR, jun. in the city, to his cousin in
the country.

DEAR Coz. a most wonderful bustle is here,
Now our late worthy Member's created a *Peer*;
The city's all riot, all parties contending,
And nought going forward but *proving* and *sending*;
Such squibs, and such crackers are flying about,
That the Devil himself seems to be in the rout.
There's BEEVOR, a Candidate, noted for canning,
He's this way and that way continually running;
He bows and he scrapes, with a strange study'd grace,
And methinks there's a show of deceit in his face;
On the poor he attends, and their lot seems to pity,
And promises much for the good of the city;
But lord—what are *promises*! ev'ry one find
They're easily broken, for words are but wind;
And if rightly I judge, from his artful address,
None e'er promis'd more, and no one will do less.
Next HOBART appears with a right honest face,
Not wanting good sense, nor devoid of true grace;
He scorns to descend to the sycophant's arts,
To make an impression on other men's hearts;
His honour he values, and never pretexts
More good, than he means to perform, for his friends;
And in spite of whate'er his opponents may say,
HARRY HOBART's the man that will carry the day.

Now mark what confusion appears in the town,—
One side is contriving to pull t'other down:
There's the lilly-white B—AN—D's, more crafty than
good,
And that meek, modest fellow, who lives at Tuck's
wood;
With R—C—Y, a Surgeon, who soon will I throw
Write an essay to shew us the nature of *dough*,
Nor let me forget to arrange in his place
The puritan W—KES, with a sanctify'd face,
Who, when in the pulpit, will venture to tell,
Which man shall be saved, and which go to hell;

He

B E E V O R.

Ah! me, again I droop, the blaze expires,
On swiftest pinions faithless Hope retires;
In silent dread I wait the eventful day,
Unskill'd, alas! the giddy croud to sway.
* No oratory to my tongue belongs,
I wish not to allure the gaping throngs;
Within the senate I shall breed no riot,
Seat me but there, and trust me—I'll be quiet;
Let Patriot BEEVOR study England's laws,
And gain each injur'd comber's just applause;
Assist me but to grasp the golden fleece,
Who will for me way model her police.

But, hark! yon hateful shouts my woes proclaim,
Earth, air, and skies re-echo BEEVOR's name;
The raven flaps her wings, dire suries call
Thy luckless H—— back to I——d hall.
I burn, I freeze, seiz'd with a mortal fever,
Adieu, my friends, this † city's made for BEEVOR.

* "I am no orator, as Beevor is,
" But you all know me here, a simple 'Squire,
" For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth."
Vide Shakespeare.

† "This world was made for Caesar."

X The C O U N C I L.
THE King's Head Council met in grand debate,
And K—r—n assum'd the Chair of State,
To each with sweet bewitching smiles, he bow'd,
When from his tongue these mighty accents flow'd,
" Altho' I scorn most grave and rev'rend Seers,
The silly croud's applauses, or its sneers,
And careless what the cens'ring fools may say,
I take their money and jog on my way;
Yet when I hold a man to public view,
And start him at the gaol of honour too,
I'd have him then in EV'RY POINT compleat,
Bright as a new coin'd guinea, and full weight;
But who expects perfection here below?
Not I—nor any of us here, I trow,
Spite of our fondest wishes, toil, and pains,
Some of us still want cash, and more want brains."

H—b—t

H O B A R T.

B E E V O R.

He, honest good soul, once a lecture was giving,
With his arms widely stretch'd, and his eyes turn'd to heav'n,

When lo! from his tongue he this sentence let fall—

*"Perhaps to be damn'd may be good for us all;
And should such a state of advantage be found;
May the Lord, in his mercy then damn us all round!"*

If now you're not vapor'd with what I have writ,
I'll give you a sketch of a banking-house wit:

He's a sly little Q—k—r as ever was seen,
And vomits low satire to cast off the spleen;

With a wonderful quickness he tells o'er the cash,
And loves to last others, but can't bear the last;

Then better by far would it be for this creature,
To stick to his ledger and give over satire;

To shun low abuse, which, in fact, is a sin,

And wait for the *"little thing moving within."*

But now let me try a more delicate touch,

My satire I scorn should be colour'd too much;

Besides—a fair Lady I'm going to sketch,

"A Lady!" you cry, "what an ill-natur'd wretch!"

"Pray who may she be, does she live in the town?"

Yes, madam, she does, and for scribbling is known:

But oft I've consider'd, and thought it a pity—

A Lady should ever pretend to be witty;

Yet this Mrs. Tag-rhime, a mighty wise woman,

Hath seiz'd on the pen, and will yield it to no man;

She is pert in her manners, and confident too:

What she does must be right, what she says must be true:

Moreover she's famous for breeding, you know,

And once (what a miracle) brought forth a cow;

Sull let her breed on, for this truth I'll maintain,

That her cows are all bulls, and her labors are vain.

So now I'll conclude, but expect, in my next,

A further account, for I'll stick to my text.

Yours,

July 31st, 1786.

PETER PINDAR, jun.

** See Barclay's Apology.*

PETER PINDAR's second EPISTLE to his cousin in the country.

WITH pleasure, dear cousin, I take up my pen

To write on this famous election agen;

And as I with freedom before dealt my jo,

I'll now give a list of some other good folks:

At first let me touch on that busy elf B—ck—e,

Who learns by example the method to truckle;

He

H—b—rt 'tis said wants both, but what of that?

As Pharaoh's lean kine swallow'd up the fat,

So from our fullness, let's resolve to spare,

And virtue, wit and wealth, with H—b—t share."

So spake the mighty Chief;—all look'd around,

To see where virtue, wit and wealth were found:

Awhile a deep suspense the Council held,

Till T—m—y D—y his honey'd lips unseal'd.

"Friends! heroes! champions in this glorious game

Why sit ye here, so taciturn and tame?

What new sound modestly confounds your tongues

Or with compressive force exhausts your lungs?

Since no *one* speaks, I'll end the mighty doubt,

And humbly, thus what each shall give, point out.

You cousin L—n, for you have much to spare,

Shall give of *honesty*, a decent share;

P—te, shall give lively wit, and as I live

His sweet good nature R—b—n shall give:

R—ch shall give gold:—by H—v—y shall be giv'n,

A *spice of e'ry virtue* under heav'n;

Our K—r—n shall lend his *sober sense*,

And I, myself, will give my *eloquence*."

Bravo! my T—m—y D—y! the Chieftain cry'd,

Bravo! bravissimo! the board reply'd;

Write, quickly write, that all who read may know

What great support the Council will bestow;

How bold their purpose, and how wise their plan

In EV'RY POINT to serve their *fav'rite man*.

The Hon. H. H—'s Address to his worthy friends,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. who were so obliging as to sign

their names to a pirated copy of the Manufacturers

constitutional hand bill, dated July 24, 1786.

ALL you that join in H—'s cause,

Come near and hearken to my lay,

And if for want of words I pause,

Supply them by ETCAETERA.

For when of weavers we fall short,

Men to employ or turn away,

We'll set our sturdy foes at naught,

By adding an ETCAETERA.

Tho' *twelve*, we'll own, is more than *nine*,

Let not that circumstance dismay;

We'll to *fourteen* extend our line,

Adding *five times* ETCAETERA.

Thus

H O B A R T.

He hunts after fame, but hath never yet caught her,
His head being thick and inflated with water.
With this son of Gotham is constantly seen
The shrew'd MAN OF WEALTH, — Johnny H—r—g.
I mean;

Arm in arm, through the market, together they jog
To the **eye* of Bar-Iron, that savage old H—
And when they're carousing a bowl of good liquor,
Which glows at the heart, while the tongue moves the
quicker,

They rise altogether to make an oration
On Government, trade, or the state of the nation.
Nor think—less illustrious are those who succeed;
But don't laugh too much, my dear Coz, while you
read:

There's *Thrum*, and there's *Plumb*, two as good kind
of men

As ever came under the lash of my pen.
The first, like a monkey, to mischief inclin'd,
Is active, but all to no purpose we find;
The other a Sh—re-water Baptist, Oh! rot him!
Will insure a ship when 'tis sunk to the bottom;
He's hasty at times, but at other times civil,
And in lying, my God! why he'll out lye the Devil;
Then should I be right, not to give him a rub,
Since all the world knows he's so fond of a *Scrub*;
For *Beevor* he cries, in the joy of his soul,
Who, is by the bye, neither fish flesh nor fowl;
Still let him bawl on, in this creature's behalf;
For the longer he bawls, why the longer we'll laugh.

Now let me, dear cousin, advert to another, —
Jemmy B—v—r, a brewer, the candidate's brother;
He's a long, lathy fellow, much given to talking,
And his legs are well hung for the purpose of walking;
He's thin, and he's *weak* as the beer that he brews,
But this, I conceive; e'en to you is no news.
As jogging along, to'her day in the street,
I chanc'd with this hatchet-face being to meet;
And as I pass'd by him, believe me, my dear,
His abdomen grumbled, o'ercharg'd with *small beer*;
But let me have done with this odd kind of subject,
And carry your eye, to a more striking object.

Puff'd up with revenge, once the Devil declar'd,
That his power on earth was nor honor'd nor fear'd;
Hence, enrag'd, he concerted an excellent plan,
To make up a fiend in the shape of a man;

* See his neat and elegant shop on Hog-hill, which contribute
so largely to the

And

B E E V O R.

Thus a majority we gain,
Can any question be — I pray
They're lawful voters? maintain.
For who can check ETCAETERA.
Should any shuffling critic rail,
And ridicule this bold essay,
We never call of numbers fail
While we can poll ETCAETERA.
And tho' some names are on our list
Who hardly warp a skain a day,
Such able friends can ne'er be mis'd,
Augmented by ETCAETERA.
Then stand by me, my worthy friends,
W—e, M—t, B—r, and D—y,
We'll BEEVOR foil, and gain our ends,
Assisted by ETCAETERA.
But should, curs'd chance! upon the poll,
My rival bear the prize away,
You then, to soothe my troubled soul,
Must find me cash, ETCAETERA.

E P I G R A M.

Addressed to a certain *Mis-led* Honourable Gentleman,
THREE wretched DAYS*, Oh! H—chast thou know'st,
Which have thy tow'ring projects overthrow'n;
Three hated DAYS wherein no goodness reign'd;
Three DAYS, by meanness, pride, and ignorance, stain'd;
That time can bring thee no worse DAY or evil,
Granting, at once, it sends thee to—THE DEVIL †.
* Starling, Jack, and Tom. † Satan D—y.

A PEEP INTO THE KING'S HEAD.

SEE, 'midst decanters, canns, and bowls,
The hapless friends of H—t fit;
Wine cannot cheer their drooping souls,
Nor animate their jaded wit.
Seesmirking Tom, and smiling Starling,
Who whilom did so laugh to scorn,
The efforts made against their darling,
Now in the dumps—distress—sorrow!
See Cranky at the ear of P—te,
Lisping despondency and fear;
So dolorous a *tele a tele*,
Might almost claim a pitying tear.
Lo! R—ch, that ready friend to truth,
Chop-fall'n—out of all his airs,—
Whispering Lord Blow, that virtuous youth,
The dreadful state of Hal's affairs.

Then

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

And thus, to the demons who flood round his throne,
The grim, artful Monarch his pleasure made known,—
"Go hence and prepare some materials fit,
"Much malice, and not more of reason than wit;
"A little good nature, distrust, and revenge,
"With folly, conceit, and a fancy to change;
"These brought to my hands, in an instant I'll mix
"Together, with mud from the bottom of Styx;
"When mingled and kneaded for full half an hour,
"On the lump all the dregs of mean jealousy pour;
"Then strike out his form, and when polish'd right well—

"Infuse in his nostrils the fire of H—
He ceas'd, when the whole of his plan he'd propounded,

And Styx' dreary borders with plaudits resounded:
When lo! in an instant all things were got fit,
And A—d—n rose from the bottomless pit,
And now, my dear Cousin, I've finish'd my satire;
But lest you suppose that I write thro' ill-nature,
I will frankly confess I would not, if I could,
Give the smallest offence to the worthy and good.
Adieu! my dear Cousin, my freedom excuse,
And you'll shortly receive something more from my muse.

Norwich, Aug. 2, 1786.

PETER PINDAR.

PETER PINDAR'S

Third EPISTLE to his Cousin in the Country.

AGAIN, my dear Cousin, I send you a letter,
Not worse than my last, but perhaps something better;
How'er, you'll be able to judge as you read,
So without further preface, I mean to proceed.

I'm told that some folks with my last were offended,—
Why then my point's gain'd; 'twas the thing I intended:

Had they laugh'd when I laugh'd, they'd have baffled my aim,

And convinc'd all the world I'd mistaken my game;
But since they're resolv'd to be waspish and surley,
I'll kick up amongst them a fore hurly-burly.
Poor things! they're not fit to be seen in elections;
Their feelings are delicate like their complexions;
And when they appear in such strange kind of bustles,
They wake into play all our risible muscles.—
What pleasure, dear Coz, 'tis to draw forth the pen,
And give an account of such odd sort of men;

'Tis

B E E V O R.

Then B—t—t—t and G—r—h—n view,
S—ly and Br—ne, and Danny Bl—m,
Lynn D—y, and others—what a crew!
Scatter'd, inebrious, round the room.
And now behold!—(the scene shifts here)
Lord B—h—m the stairs ascends;
"R—ven, which room"—exclaims the Peer,
"Contains my brother's chosen friends!
The little Tapster op'd the door;
Aghast, the great Patrician stood—
Palenefs his visage cover'd o'er,
And horror chill'd his noble blood.
At length he said—"What do I see,
Silenus' train—and Maniacs wild!
"These cannot our confed' rates be—
"Speak Boniface—what are they child?"
"Indeed, my Lord"—Sir Host replies,
"These are the first folks in the city;
"Great—powerful—active—mighty wife,
"And are, my Lord—your Brother's Committee."
"This HAL's Committee?—These his friends?"
"Then Beevor will give us a tickling—
"R—v—n, my coach"—the Peer descends,
And mortify'd—drives off for Blickling,
Norwich, July 30, 1786.

N. B. These stanzas were occasioned by Lord B—'s peep into the King's-head on Saturday last, and quitting the town almost immediately in apparent ill-humour.

A C H E C K

To Scurrilous Poetry and Dirty Hand-Bills.
HOW sharp the contest, and how keen the fight,
When serpents hiss and wound with deadly bite!
The venom scatters,—so profuse the bane,
That Norwich Poets all their honour stain.
Now Pockthorp's nest of snakes with horrid frown,
Sprung from their bed, are scatter'd o'er the town;
See the undaunted Crest in every street,
In Poet's garb, lo! you a Viper meet.
Tho' bright or speckled be the hue they take,
View but their features and you'll see the snake;
The foxy mouth and forked tongue spits out
Its bitter gall,—for Freeman now may spout.
While snakes plebeian only bite the heel,
The eyes these aim at, and the head must feel.
The mean insulting lines which from them flow,
Proclaim their rage, and speak their cause but low.

They

[To be continued.]

N U M B E R VI.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

'Tis the province of Poets, as lovers of mirth,
To joke with the knave, and the man of no worth;
And, mark what I say, at such whimsical fun
I should laugh—were I sure to die ere I'd done.

And now, my dear Madam, to stick to my plan,
Let me give you a trait of a wonderful man:
The great Doctor Rhubarb*, in G—s's Broad-street,
Whose long, dangling arms almost reach to his feet;
He's a shrewd, artful wight, and can easily tell
What will keep you in health, or, when ill, make
you well;

Yet, prithee, ne'er trust to his deep searching skill;
For though he *can* do it, I don't say he *will*.
If once a man's seiz'd with a stubborn disease,
He can still keep him so, for the sake of his fees;
And, believe me, dear Cozen, what'er be his lot,
He'll get what he can, where there's ought to be got.

To the picture of such a strange mortal as this,
A just color'd contrast will not be amiss;
But how shall my muse give a delicate sketch
Of a child dropt by chance from an infamous wretch;
'Tis a difficult task, yet the subject, I hope,
Will, for satire and laughter, afford ample scope:
Of all the vile wretches, that ever were seen,
This fellow's the most so of any, I ween;
He sprang, I'm inform'd, from the worst of all mo-
thers,

And had really more *sires* than Joseph had brothers;
Then sure this high-finish'd mortal is blest,
With all the rare vices his *fathers* possess;
And will doubtless be found, when he cease to exist,
Prick'd down with *old G—d—ge* on the D—v—l's
long list.

But now let me try to afford you some sport,
With W—t—n, who closes the rear of the court;

* The Doctor, it seems, has a very high opinion of the vir-
tues of rhubarb, and therefore prescribes it to his patients in all
cases; and Peter Pindar entertaining the like favourable opi-
nion of his *own* physic, has prescribed this dose, *gratis*, for the
purpose of *strengthening* the Doctor's *bowels*.

He's

B E E V O R.

They bite and wound—and as a monster form
The very man who laughs at all their storm;
And while no friendly hand the venom draws,
Each citizen they judge shouts their applause.
Shout may the sons of Pluto (curst race)
Maltreating Paltrons without human face.
Ye Norwich Men make no such devilish choice,
In wisdom's speech lift up your noble voice.
If brighter talents than the rest you share,
Join not the vulgar, nor with them compare;—
Patterns too low.—In your soft flowing line,
And smoother notes; no doggrel rubbish join.
Jargon and sense uniting both agree,
Dash'd with the filthy ink of Infamy!
Union how base! courtiers with cobblers join'd,
And wits and wenches grin with kindred mind.
From small and great mix'd imprecations rise,
And Grub-street sonnets echo in the skies.
Leave mobbing-bluster to the vulgar race,
Reserve the strain, and shew a little grace.
Methinks I hear you say, "We must be right,
"A worthy preacher leads us forth to fight;
"M—k W—ks, the patriotic and the wise,
"He leads our band, with him we all advise."
Brave man, indeed! how zealous and how warm!
Twice dipt in Styx he fears no wound or harm;
He's quite secure in his own coat of mail,
And poison proof at either head or tail.
And tho' his garment be polluted seen,
Defilement cannot penetrate within;
He'll feast with Harpies, yet their ordure shun,
And hissing Serpents round him armless run.
Fire-brands and arrows are with others sport,
But he remains amidst the fire unhurt;
While oaths and imprecations horrid rise,
He, brave good man, is pressing to the skies.
Hail, honour'd W—ks! upon the wings of fame
Your praise shall fly,—your virtue, and your name.
Ye wise and patriotic Norwich Men,
Attend the caution of my humble pen;

The

H O B A R T.

He's a fine jolly man, it may truly be said,
But his body is far better stor'd than his head;
Yet why should he be by his brethren neglected?
Where sense was ne'er given, it can't be expected;
And tho' he's a bl—kh—d, I'll venture to tell,
Would he keep himself silent, he'd pass very well.

And now my dear Coz, let me finish my letter,
And close for the present the stream of my satire;
For straiten'd for time, I must bid you adieu,
Nor mention one more, tho' I've twenty in view;
But when I'm at leisure again to compose,
I'll send an account of the town as it goes.

NORWICH,
August 5, 1786.

Your's, &c.
PETER PINDAR.

GEORGE GOODWILL (*Peter Pindar's Cousin*) to his
Sister in the Country.

Dear ELIZA,

I'VE learnt that our good cousin Peter
Of writes you what's here going forward—in metre:
With which I'm well pleas'd; for, you very well
know,

On epistles I've but little time to bestow;
And grant that I'd more, yet, if Peter would take
Up his pen to amuse you the task I'd forsake
To his better talents; for, trust me, few can
Depict with more humour that being—call'd *man*.
And of men of all tastes, of all tempers and textures,
We've here such a strange, heterogeneous commixture,
That, to one who, like Peter, delights to be scribbling,
They yield ample food for his muse to be nibbling.
Though, 'tween you and me, I should think it much
better

His tints wern't so coarse, nor so blacken'd his satire,
Once some boys (says Old Esop), as matter of
laughter,

Affaulted with stones the poor frogs in the water;
Alarm'd at such outrage, the sleek, speckled nation,
Deputed the elder to croak an oration;
From the bottom the sage to the surface arose,
And, with tears in his eyes, thus address'd his young
foes:

"Alas! thoughtless children, to sport when inclin'd,
"Why seek ye not sport of less mischievous kind;
"For tho' such sad pastime to you may seem fun,
"Yet we, wretched frogs! by your sport are undone."
And thus, while our cousin the mischief enjoys
Produc'd by his satire, he's e'en like the boys.

"But

B E E V O R.

The squibs and crackers that you send about,
Will get not B---r in, nor H---t out.
When gentlemen pretend to patronize
Ill names and insults, ridicule and lies;
When one attempts his interest to promote
By dirty lines against another wrote,
We shrewdly guess there's hardly ought so mean,
In which for int'rest he would not be seen,
He's the brave man who canvasses for fame,
And does such mean and dirty ways disclaim.
Ye Norwich bards, if you should write again,
Be now advis'd, and don't your paper stain
With Grub-street doggrel, dirty Billingsgate,
For men of sense such stuff will reprobate;
But if high characters must be defam'd,
With mild revenge we'll make you all asham'd.

PHILELEUTHEROS.

* I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.

THO' PETER PINDAR takes great pains,
And other *witlings* rack their brains,

To plague the man of HETHEL;

'Tis still most likely he'll be sent,

To take a seat in *Parliament*,

And HAL a place in—BETHEL.

August 4, 1786.

* ELIZA GOODWILL'S

Answer to her Cousin PETER PINDAR's first Epistle
from the City.

DEAR Coz, your Epistle so gallantly writ,
To chase ennui, and the vaporish fit,
I receiv'd in good time, for, with sickness confin'd
I was gloomily thinking, that fortune, unkind,
Had doom'd me to nothing but cares and ill health,
And to darken the prospect, had granted no wealth:
Your Epistle has rous'd me to look beyond self,
Since those who have every blessing—with self,
You tell me, find means both themselves to perplex,
And their neighbours and friends most uncivilly vex;
For I find in your city the bustle's began,
And all seem engag'd more for *Party* than *Man*!
Even you, my dear Coz, not impartial appear;
Tho' satyr you rail at—your own is severe.
Well I know that your pen can in poetry shine,
That you long have possess'd the good-will of the Nine;
That with them you have quaff'd the Pierian spring,
And lightly have vaulted on Pegasus' wing.

'Twas

H O B A R T.

"But" says Peter, "my conduct unjustly you blame,
"For all the world knows mine are very fair game:"
Perhaps some of them may, yet I think he's too rash,
Nor discriminates rightly in 'plying the lash.
But grant that he aim'd at the worthless alone
Yet—*Where's that good man who may cast the first stone?*

Contested elections are ever replete
With schemes of the artful, the artless to cheat;
And of this, my assertion, the truth was ne'er shown
More plainly than now—in this mad, giddy town;
For, to cool and impartial observers, my dear,
Amidst all this puffing and nonsense 'tis clear—
Each party endeavour, by tricks and finesse,
Our judgments to warp, and the truth to suppress:
Though, believe me, it does but my laughter provoke;
And, you know, I sincerely enjoy a good joke.

Thus—unbias'd by party, my fancy on stretch,
In verse I'll endeavour to give a slight sketch
Of our two Rival Candidates; one known to fame,
As a Justice of Peace—TH—M—S BE—V—R
his name,

Who lately, 'tis said, prefix'd SIR to the same,
Well then—Sir Th—m—s, they say, has a tongue*,
And, what's more to the point, that 'tis not badly
hung;

But what of all that? not a tittle the better
I Sir Th—m—s should deem—because he can chatter,
If of honour and worth he be destitute sound;
For then—all the rest fall at once to the ground.
Ancient Greece and Old Rome, as in history's re-
corded,

In their day many men of rare talents afforded:
When Mars shook the nations with dire alarms,
Their heroes with vigor sprang forward to arms;
And when'er they harangu'd, their tongues, richly
fraught

With smooth diction, the ear of the multitude caught:
Thus—in wisdom and valour they seem'd to abound,
Yet often amongst them false patriots were found,
But for proofs of corruption why turn we to Rome
And ages long past, when we find them at home?

* Sir Th—m—s has been represented as being gifted with
great fluency of speech; but this is far from being true, and is
merely an attempt, of his patriotism, to impose on the under-
standings of those who are weak enough to believe them.

B E E V O R.

'Twas then, Peter Pindar, you soar'd to sublime—
*Sacred Friendship** the theme, that exalted your rhyme:
Such a subject as that must your pen ever grace,
In such your good sense we with pleasure can trace;
But since in Election your pen is employ'd,
Take care, gentle Coz. by no int'rest you are buoy'd.
Your praises of HOBART are certainly just,
If he chance to succeed, he'll be true to his trust;
Yet let honour and truth o'er your wishes prevail,
Let justice preside, and 'twill balance the scale.
On Sir Thomas how could you invidiously pour
Malicious invectives?—you've rail'd at before
Both parties alike; we'll allow—in his mind
Penetration and sense, to sound judgment is join'd;
But why, with such talents, should you, with much art,
Endeavour to prove he's deceitful at heart:
With his friends too, ungen'rous, you wage paper war,
Because from his int'rest they will not withdraw.
For shame! such illib'ral censures give o'er,
Nor dirty your pen with reflections so poor;
For since both the Candidates merit can boast,
This ever shall be both my wish and my toast;
Let each true-hearted Briton stand firm to his friend,
And no venal motives his views e'er attend.

And now—in my sex's defence I stand forth,
Nor, tamely, will let you depreciate their worth;
For sure, my good Coz. 'twas a very strange fit
You took in your head—to monopolize wit;
'Tis our forte, 'tis our pride, and your sex cannot boast
The bright things that proceed from the pen of a toast;
For scribbling we surely have ev'ry pretence,
Since in that we can figure without manly sense:
Yet that's not the case with the Lady you mean,
Though her person I know not, her verses I've seen—
Where, let passion and prejudice say what they please,
There is judgment and sense, with much humor and ease;
And much do I fear, little Coz. that your son
Was only to show you're expert at a pun;
And expect for this vanity you have betray'd
To find in your next a *Palinody*† made.

* The Author of those lines supposes Peter Pindar to have
written an *Elegy* on the Death of a Friend lately deceas'd.
† Recantation.

A M O M E N T ' S A D V I C E

To the FREEMEN of NORWICH.

ATTEND ye Norvicians, a moment attend,
In And listen awhile to a brother and friend;

Nor

H O B A R T.

In *this* age, and, alas! among Britons we find
False patriots abound, with corruption of mind:
Why need I a Fox† or a Pultney† recite—
Disgust in each Patriot's breast to excite?
"But enough of digression," I hear you exclaim,
"To the point, and inform me at what 'tis you aim."
Then know, my dear Sister, I hence would deduce
The worth of good talents—and what is their use—
Unattended by virtue: Why this, I conceive,
They furnish the *worthless* with means to deceive.
But the friends of Sir Th—m—s allow that his forte
Is to sit in the chair of a criminal court:

Let him *there* still remain, if there he can shine,
Nor endeavour, unwisely, to outrun his line;
For if on the Bench he appear with a grace,
Believe me, for *him* that's the properest place.
Tho' honours he grasps at, he'd better refrain,
Nor with one more deserving the contest maintain.

But the Candidate whom our best wishes attend,
And who in each Patriot still finds a friend.
Is HOBART—with virtue and honour replete,
And sense that's untainted with pride or conceit;
And if merit alone were the point to decide,
Sir Th—m—s would ne'er the decision abide;
But you know, my dear girl, that success here, on
earth,

Does not always tread in the steps of true worth,
For some men are by *passion* and *prejudice* sway'd;
And how *many*, alas! by *self love* are betray'd!
These men to their country's welfare are blind;
To the charms of self-interest their views are confin'd.
However, let *interest* or *prejudice* sway
His opponents, still HOBART bids fair for the day.

And here, my dear Sister, my verses I'll end;
And believe me your true and affectionate friend,
Norwich, GEORGE GOODWILL.

August 12, 1786.

P. S. Just as I finish'd, I learnt that you'd writ
To Peter—to censure his misapplied wit.

† See their characters, as drawn by Lord Chesterfield.

× Sir THOMAS and his Friends.
TO ev'ry Freeman—and to ev'ry Freeholder—
My song is address'd, therefore pray all attend,
For tho' H—b—r's friends are alarmer and bolder,
I'll show you why B—v—r you still should defend.
And plain is the case,
As the nose on your face,

That

B E E V O R.

Nor think your attention too long I detain,
Since I hope the advice won't be given in vain.

Since our member so useful, so worthy, so good,
(Who so high in the favour of all Norwich stood)
Since HARBORD is gone, to no purpose we grieve,
Let us think then his loss how we best can retrieve.

Two Candidates strive now our favour to gain,
Nor spare in their canvass, or labour, or pain:
Their characters, each as it stands, I will tell,
And yourselves shall determine which bears off the bell.

First, HOBART steps forward, good-natur'd, but yet
To represent Norwich, by no means so fit;
His connections, what are they? a Lord is his brother;
But is that any cause he should make such a pother.

A worthy Knight next appears to our view,
Like our forefathers, liberal, free, gen'rous, and true;
Bred amongst us, and no one in Norfolk denies
That he's much more than Hobart sagacious and wise.

For yourselves then, ye worthy Norvicians, decide,
Nor admit to a Lord *one* so closely ally'd:
Let BEEVOR your suffrages gain, and your love,
And a worthy successor to HARBORD he'll prove.

A N E W S O N G.

YE Norwich freemen and freeholders attend,
'Midst hurry and clamour, the voice of a friend;
Who anxious alone for your honour and ease,
Would have you reflect, and then vote as you please.

Whilst some high inflam'd with the patriot fever,
Delirious rage, or for H—t or B—r;
Let such as are cool both the candidates scan,
And reason directing, elect the BEST MAN.

Lo! enters poor Harry presenting a face,
Disdaining acquaintance with wisdom or grace;
His air neither knowledge nor virtue expresses,
But vacancy! vacancy! only confesses.

To support his pretensions, behold now appear,
Elate by his side, his sam'd brother the P—r,
Renown'd for his insolence, meanness and pride,
Shall not Harry succeed?—to such grandees ally'd.

Ye souls independent, resent this alliance!
Advance, manly, forward, and breathing defiance,
For once make it plain, that your weight can o'er rule
The influence conjoin'd of a L—d and a F—r.

That B—r has dignity, decency, worth,
Can sure be deny'd by no mortal on earth;
At least 'twill be granted with common accord,
That the man has his wits, and is back'd by no Lord.

A serious.

[To be continued.]

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

That what the man wants is a lucrative place;
And therefore, good Gentlemen, do your endeavour
To forward the project, and vote for Tom B—v—r.
From this day henceforward may blessings attend him;
Be his sweet smirking phiz never screw'd up in
vain;

But his smiles and his smirks must to all recommend
him,

Or they'll not deserve to be smil'd on again.

'Tis certain that had he

No boy like the daddy,

I would not say half so much for this old laddie;

But having such boys (and it never can harm ye),

They also may rise in the church and the army.

Besides should I tell of his temper the sweetness,

Or kindness to tenants, ye never would fear him;

I could call all the Wrenningham farmers to witness,

And they could tell tales—'twould delight you to
hear 'em.

Nay more, all his friends

Will make ample amends

To those who assist him in gaining his ends:

Cousin Cr— of Tuck's-Wood, for the services lent,
Sirs,

Will raise your poor's rate about thirty per cent. Sirs.

Ned R—g—y shall kindly take care of your diet,

Let illness proceed from your drinking and eating;

He'll lessen your dumplings, and if ye'll but try it,

He'll teach you to take but a small share of meat in;

And then how he'll muster

His words in a cluster.

And how for the hamlets he'll fume, sweat and
bluster:

All this shall he do, and it is for your good, Sirs,

Could he make his arguments once understood, Sirs.

Sly Rhubarb shall do all he can to reward ye;

(A cunninger wight's not recorded in story)

And though many cry that he does not regard ye,

He'll slate cases sily, and lay them before ye;

Then

B E E V O R.

A serious EXHORTATION to the Independent Free-
men of the City of Norwich.

TO you my friends whom independence warms,

Whose honest hearts beat high against controul;

To you this exhortation I address!

The warm effusions of a free-born soul.

Now once again occasion calls you forth,

To choose a man with whom can you confide;

Your rights and liberties consider well,

Nor suffer clamour every voice to guide.

As one concern'd in this our common task,

Perrait me here my sentiments to tell,

And far as my abilities may serve,

To shew the Man who's like to serve you well.

Let it be one, who, true to honour's voice,

Is ever wont his feelings to impart;

Whose guiltless soul ne'er blushes at his words;

Whose tongue is e'er the index of his heart;

Let it be one in luring arts unskill'd;

Whose honest countenance deceit ne'er knows;

Who never strives your confidence to gain

With specious phrase and well-dissembled vows.

Such is the man whom I would recommend;

Such is Sir THOMAS—and so him besfriend.

The First Epistle of TABITHA RUNT to her Cousin
PETER PINDAR.

THY epistles came all safe to hand cousin Peter,

But what shall I say to thy ill-natur'd metre?

Thy wantonness greatly hath grieved my spirit,

And thy Grub-street abuse still more takes from thy merit.

Oh! Peter! dear cousin, what demon induces

Thee thus to run after the draggle-tail'd muses?

Thou hadst better keep cobblers at work* and got pelf,

Than thus meanly descend, and turn cobbler thyself.

I grieve for thee, child, when I see thy ill-nature

Overflow, and my cousin mistake spleen for satire.

* Peter was formerly a leather-cutter.

Oh!

H O B A R T.

Then bid you believe
That he will not deceive,
For tho' your poor's-rate rise you ought not to
grieve;
And little he cares what his foes can say of it,
So he and his family share in the profit.
Of other good friends I could still sing the praise,
For of such 'tis most true that Sir Tom has a trea-
sure;
At the virtues they *boast* I your wonder could raise,
And perhaps I may do so when next I'm at lei-
sure:
And then shall you know
How much 'tis you owe
To more beside Rhubarb, and R—g—y and Cr—;
And the Devil is in't if you then don't endeavour
To act as you ought betwixt H—b—t and B—v—r.

X CHARACTERS from SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. H-B-T.

THOU art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their service up
Even with the having—It is not so with thee.

S-r T---S B---R.

You are meek and humble mouth'd,
You sign your place, and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen and pride.

L-d S---D.

You are a gentleman of admirable breeding,
Excellent discourse, of great admittance;
Authentic in your place and person; generally
Allow'd for your courlike,
And learned preparations.

A-----n C---E.

Wrath kindled Gentleman be rul'd by me,
Let's purge this choler, without letting blood,
This we prescribe though no physician.

S-r JOHN W-D---E.

Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue.

J---s B---R.

Why what a deal of candid courtesy,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer,—
And but he hath the gift of

B E E V O R.

Oh! may but some *gentle* chastisement befall thee,
A *pump* or a *cane* might to reason recall thee;
For thy int'rest I pray for't, without it I fear
Thou wilt meet with the fate of poor *Doctor Shubbeare*†;
And then with, like *Nero*, that cruel old wight,
Thou never hadst learn'd or to read or to write.
I expect my dear *Peter* will *poverty* plead;
But is that an excuse for an infamous deed?
And tho' thou mayst pick up some half-pence this way,
In loss of repute most severely thou'lt pay;
Thy *character* stain'd by the gall of thy pen,
Thou'lt be *shunn'd* and *despis'd* by all *virtuous* men.
Nor shall the pure streams which from *Helicon* spring,
E'er remove the foul blot, or assuage the sharp sting
Which reflection must yield, if reflection you boast,
But if dead are your feelings, my labour is lost.

August 7, 1786.

† The Doctor had his ears nail'd to the pillory for a libel.

A Letter to PETER PINDAR, from his Cousin in
the Country.

MY dear cousin Peter, give leave to relate
A wonder that lately has enter'd my pate;
The wonder is this, that the Norwich good folks,
No manner of notice should take of thy jokes;
But when I sat down on the subject to pause,
I instantly saw for this silence a cause:
Thy case now reminds me of what came to pass,
Between a bold LION and ignoble Ass.
The fable relates, it fell out on a day,
A lion went out in pursuit of his prey;
When lo! close behind him a creature appears,
Remark'd for its *hideous noise* and its *ears*.
Brave Leo majestic proceeds on his way,
While Yankey* insults him with hideous bray.
The lion was angry, and think it not strange,
If now he possesses a wish to revenge;
But when he beheld the contemptible brute,
He thought it beneath him with him to dispute.
He therefore resolves these offences I'll brook,
Nor honour the beast with a frown or a look.
Now is there not reason dear Coz. to suppose,
This tale is apply'd to thyself and thy foes.
They yet to chastise thee have made no attempt,
Because they conceive thee too low for contempt.

* In some counties a term for an ass.

A coward

These

H O B A R T.

A coward to allay the gust he hath
In quarrelling, 'tis thought
Among the prudent, he would quickly
Have the gift of a grave.

Capt. A. B---R.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

M-LES B---R.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat
Hidden in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek
All day e'er you find them, and when found they
Are not worth the search.

S-r E---D A-T-Y.

The Gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers
And never seek for aid out of himself.

J---s H--S-N.

I do remember him at Colman's Inn, like a man
made

After supper of a cheese-paring, when he's
Naked he's for all the world like a fork'd
Raddish, with a head fantastically carved upon
It with a knife.

R-G-R K-R--S-N.

With the envious
His successes are ascrib'd to fortune,
And fortune's failures, all ascrib'd to him.

Dr. B---R.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I speak, let no dog bark.

Ald-m. P--TE.

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Tho' he be merry yet withal he's honest.

R-G-Y.

It is not a confident brow, nor a throng of
Words that come with such more
Than impudent sauciness from
You, can thrust me from a level:
Consideration of you.

JOHN

B E E V O R.

These hints, my dear cousin, I hope you'll approve,
For every line is the produce of love.
Of love to *myself*, for I tremble, alas!
Lest I should be counted akin to an ass!
Then prithee, dear Pindar, abandon thy pen,
Nor dare to insult such brave lion-like men.
To lampoon thy BETTERS no more spend thy breath,
Lest the foul name of YANKEY attends thee to death.

The CONFERENCE.

RETIR'D to Blickling Hall in pensive mood,
In the *Long Library* the brothers flood;
The Norwich canvas open laid to view,
To talk of that was all that each could do.
Fir'd by resentment keen my Lord he thunder'd
Zounds, Harry, why they beat us by THREE HUNDRED!
True, answer'd he, but give me leave to say,
We too may boast a *long et cetera*.
A long one, quoth my Lord, and where to find it,
I'm sure Sir Thomas he will never mind it.
In London, Yarmouth, Lynn, the County too,
I fear he'll prove at last too strong for you.
In short, give up before th' *election day*,
Or BOTH may rue a *long et cetera*.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders of
the City and County of Norwich.

GENTLEMEN,

FINDING that a *very ridiculous* report is now indus-
triously circulating by the friends of Mr. Hobart, that
Sir THOMAS BEEVOR does not mean to continue the con-
test, his committee begs leave to assure you that such
report is entirely groundless; that he has positively de-
clared, that he will at all events stand a poll; and from
the very general support and zeal of his friends, and *vast*
majority on his canvass, it cannot be doubted but their
appearance in his favour on the day of Nomination will
sufficiently justify such declaration.

Signed, by order of the Committee,

JOHN MORPHEW, Jun.

Norwich, August 9, 1786.

The CANDIDATE.

AS writing and rhyming the fashion is grown,
I'll e'en in my turn strive to pleasure the town;

A subject

H O B A R T.

JOHN H---Y.

—for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I will intend
I'll do't before I speak.

A-D---ON.

His humour is

Lofty, his discourse peremptory,
His tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his
Gate majestic, and his general behaviour
Vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical—He is too
Piqued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as
It were; too peregrinate as I may call it—

J-HN R-CH.

I like thy wit well, in good faith.

C-LM-N.

Oh he's as tedious

As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife
Worse than a smoky house.

S-M-N W-LK-N.

Methinks thou art a general offence,
And every man should beat thee, I think thou
wast created for men to breathe themselves
upon thee

Ald-n. AD-Y.

He does smile his face into more lines,
Than there is in the new map, with
The augmentation of the Indies.

W-L---M T-YL-R.

Methinks sometimes I have no more wit
Than a Christian, or
An ordinary man hath, but, I am a great
Eater of beef, and, I believe that does harm
to my wit.

JERE---H H---Y.

He's a proper man's figure, but alas!
Who can converse with a dumb shew.

GEO--- M-LT-Y.

—Why what's the matter

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.

Squire BEE--R.

God made him and therefore let him pass
For a man.

R-B--S-N.

—His heart's in his mouth,

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever,
He heard the name of death.

R. H--V-Y.

B E E V O R.

A subject to write on I never can want,

Whilst the merits of Hobart I have to descant.

Derry down.

First his learning we all must with pleasure admire,
And to read his productions would be our desire,
But, alas! we are left for to hope it in vain,
For except on Grand Juries he scarce touch a pen.

Derry down.

As foremen of them I have found he does shine,
And his learning, and sense are display'd in each line;
Indeed his presentments are always held such,
They're reserv'd by his friends ever for the *bonne bouche*.

Derry down.

Oh! could but old * Primate once more visit light,
How he'd view this his scholar—surpris'd with delight;
And how that his hope he had ever outran,
For he ne'er could expect he'd have made such a man.

Derry down.

Enough of his learning, methinks, you will say,
Well, so be't; yet I've still much of Harry to say;
You all must allow then in dancing he shines,
And the worth of his heels will atone for his lines.

Derry down.

If consistency be what we look for in man,
His conduct must please us, deny it who can;
We all must remember there once was a time,
When a brother of his bore an office sublime.

Derry down.

Lord Lieutenant, I think, was the office I mean,
And such a Lieutenant there seldom was seen;
The question in England was, how to subdue
Of American Rebels—the whole hellish crew.

Derry down.

Our Harry came over from Dublin in haste,
Of his eloquence here for to give us a taste;
And not only spoke for, and voted for war,
But largely subscrib'd too, the troops to prepare.

Derry down.

When at last it was found that contention was vain,
And a peace with the rebels was best to obtain,
We find he turn'd coat—was the chairman that sign'd
Our thanks to ——— for having alter'd his mind.

Derry down.

With such learning, such sense, such consistency join'd,
So nobly endu'd both in body and mind;
In each point so the man that we ought all to chuse,
To place him in Parliament none can refuse.

Derry down.

* His Schoolmaster.

And

[To be continued.]

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

R. H-V-Y.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

ST---G D-Y.

An honest man he is, and hates
The slime that sticks on dirty fingers.

P E T E R P I N D A R's

Fourth EPISTLE to his Cousin in the country.

"There are, I scarce can think it, but am told,
"There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
"Scarce to *Old Peter* complaisant enough,
"And something said of *Rhubarb* much too rough."

POPE'S HOR.

AGAIN, dear Cousin, I resume my task
To write, and tell you all that you can ask;
Tho' half the town condemn what I have writ,
As wanting candor, dignity and wit;
Tho' some thro' fear, and some thro' anger urge
My pen's illib'ral, and too sharp my scourge:
Satire's not satire in itself you know,
'Tis he who owns it—makes it truly so;
You draw a picture, and you carve a bust,
Then ask me if the likenesses are just;
I tell you yes; why then this point is clear,
'Tis *application* makes the truth severe.

With equal eye I look on all mankind,
As men for one peculiar end design'd,
And whilst I *can*, will freely speak my thoughts,
Commend their virtues, and expose their faults.
Yes thus I'll act, what time I'm doom'd to live,
Yet mark th' advice some sober people give:
Pindar, they cry, a diff'rent subject choose,
For dull heroics best become thy muse;
No sparks of humour in thy bosom glow,
Thy puns are nonsense, and thy verse is low;

'Tis

B E E V O R.

And when our endeavours are crown'd with success
We, his friends, may expect neither more nor the less
Invited to be to the next Bickling Ball,
And TWO-PENNY TICKETS be given us all.

Derry down,

H A L's F R I E N D S.

I.

SEE the brisk BOBBY BOLT,

As wild as a colt,
With S—l—y's wife bawling for H—t;
With that very same trull,
That made the *old cull*,
Pay so dear for—a *peep* at her *subboard*.

II.

See *Weather-cock* D—Y,
Lew'd as *oufang* in May,
Crawling out of a *gaol* from his *punk*;
And crying "no BEEVOR,
"H—T H—T for ever,"
Indecent, loud, saucy, and drunk!

III.

See *Priapus* P—,
Just restor'd from a g—,
Parading the Gentleman's Walk
On a canvassing plan,
With INTWOOD's great man,
Looking big—and attempting to talk.

IV.

See ROGER so bold,
In a shower of gold,
With some *Danea* (like Jove) at a stew;
And when he no more,
Can do for his whore,
He will *stand*—by poor HAL and his crew.

V.

But H—T it seems,
What e'er are thy dreams,
Of obtaining success from *such* friends;
That the voice or the votes,
Of a herd of *such* *goats*,
Can in no wise e'er answer thy ends.

BEEVOR

H O B A R T.

'Tis weakness, madness, to assume the pen,
And pour thy satire on the *best* of men*;
Why should'st thou at that *Man of Riches* kick,
Or censure *Buckle* 'cause his head is *thick*;
Wy flout the Brewer, 'cause he brews his beer
Thin as himself, and as the water *clear*;
Have you e'er drunk it, if you've not—why try it,
And don't condemn it till you're forc'd to buy it;
I say 'tis good, besides this truth is plain,
It never rises to affect the brain—
Like stronger liquors, which at once inflame
The lazy blood, and sap the human frame.

Others there are, who think me in the wrong,
And say my satire is by much too *strong*;
Nay, *Parson Troublesome*, with *artful* leer,
Was heard to whisper in lew'd Co—em—n's ear,
Pindar is witty, but I think his jokes
Are too severe on such illustrious folks;
Howe'er I'd have him still pursue the jest,
Provided I'm not pictur'd with the rest.
Thus each, dear Coz, when scandal's set on foot,
Laughs, and is pleas'd, till he becomes the butt;
When touch'd, he flinches from the tickling smart
And infant malice issues from his heart;
Truth yields to falsehood, as his passions rise,
And, for protection, to the *law* he flies:
Yet think not, Cousin, that I'll drop my pen,
As if *afraid* to combat other men;
While virtues mine, and truth remains my shield,
I'll stand undaunted in the open field;
Impell'd by candour, turn from man to man,
And raise a *laugh* as often as I can.

Let those I've censur'd fan the fury's flame,
And load with *vulgar* epithets my name;
Yet if they think they're injur'd by my rhyme,
I'll do them justice at a future time;
Expose each foible as I twirl them round,
And try if any virtues can be found.

But let me now my wonted aim pursue,
And rise a portrait to the public view,—
A smart, prim coxcomb, with a vacant face,
On whom dame nature lavish'd ev'ry grace,
Comes wriggling forward, in his best array,
Like insects waken'd in a summer's day;
Yet say—can aught on such a thing be said,
Which, tho' alive, is useless as the dead;

* G—dge, J—b Sm—th, Plumb, Sancho, Scrub, Man of
Wealth, Bar-Iron, &c. &c.

B E E V O R.

BEEVOR IS THE MAN.

A NEW SONG.

YE voters of Norwich so gen'rous and true,
Who boldly the track of fair freedom pursue,
Come listen to me, and beware of mean arts,
Choose a man for his character, merit, and par is
Give place to reflection, mens principles scan,
And you soon will declare that BEEVOR's the man.

Consider how weighty the trust you repose,
In the men who by you, are for Parliament chose;
A man of low parts for the place is unfit,
He ought to have eloquence, wisdom, and wit;
Then lay prejudice by, pursue reason's bright plan,
And you'll quickly declare that BEEVOR's the man.

You lately did two Representatives boast,
Who with honest integrity fill'd the high post,
Tho' one you have lost, you that loss may repair,
By choosing another who'll with him compare;
Your rights and your freedom exert while you can,
And declare with one voice that BEEVOR's the man.

When *Windham* and *Beevor* in union are sent,
A valiant and free people to represent,
Your excellent choice you'll be quickly discerning,
In preferring a man with such wisdom and learning;
Let no private interest your free hearts trepan,
And a BEEVOR, a BEEVOR shall still be the man.

Altho' Peter Pindar, that splenetic wight,
So much 'gainst the friend's of Sir Thomas may write,
And though many others their pens may employ,
In vain, his just hopes of success to destroy;
Let the fierce friends of H——t exclaim all they can,
The worthy Sir Thomas shall still be the man.

B E E V O R F O R E V E R.

* Tune, *Granby* and God save the King.

YE freemen of *Norwich*, with freedom rejoice,
Let the vallies resound with your ecchoing voice,
Fill glasses lip high, with one voice let us sing,
Success to brave BEEVOR, his election, and king.

C H O R U S.

Then chorus ye sons of Britannia and sing,
Success to brave *Beevor* his election and king.
See his breast—with what generous friendship it
glows,
And feels that sweet blessing himself he bestows,
With what candour and truth—can a lover do more—
In support of his country, election, and poor.

H O B A R T.

No sure there can't; then doubtless each will find
This Coxcomb is a satire on mankind;
And you must own, e'en though by nature tender,
'Tis a strange something of the neuter gender:
Then if this Fribble you wou'd wish to pose,
Like Rivet rise and seize him by the nose.

Adieu, dear Cousin, at a future day,
I'll write again, for much I've yet to say.

Norwich,

August 7, 1786.

PETER PINDAR.

P. S. Some deep learn'd folks in penetration vers'd,
Report, I've answer'd, what I wrote you first;
But, faith, these *knowing ones*, are simple men,
It sprang from *Goody Christian's* gentle pen:
I tell you this, convinc'd the maxim's true,
That e'n the devil should receive his due;
Then let this Lady, in her future lays,
Avow the fact, and justly claim the praise.

PINDAR.

To the PUBLIC.

THE Author of the Verses entitled, "The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Epistle of Peter Pindar to his Cousin in the country," thinks it necessary, in justice to himself, to inform the public, that the copy of verses which appeared on Saturday last under the title of "Peter Pindar's 5th Epistle, &c." was not written by him. Without entering into the merits of that composition, which, by the bye, he thinks beneath criticism, he cannot let slip this opportunity of exculpating himself before the tribunal of the public, which he disdained to do to an individual, from the charge of *writing for pay*; a charge, he avers, as groundless as it is contemptible: he is proud to say that it is from PRINCIPLE alone that he has been induced to take up his pen in favour of Mr. Hobart, who, he is well convinced, is by far the most eligible of the two Candidates to serve as a Representative for this city; and he would therefore scorn to dirty his fingers, by writing a syllable in favour of the opposite interest.

N. B. The 5th, and *last* Epistle of Peter Pindar to his Cousin, is preparing for the press and is nearly ready for publication.

PETER PINDAR'S

✕ Fifth EPISTLE to his Cousin in the country.
WHAT—still in good humor, dear Cousin you cry,—
Yes, Madam, and hope to be so till I die;

Though

B E E V O R.

May each honest Briton protect and defend,
'Tis for BEEVOR, our country, religion, and friend;
May he meet due reward, as his actions shine just,
'Tis to BEEVOR we'll sing, and to BEEVOR let's toast.

Our fears are all o'er, and our hearts are at ease,
So the opposite party may do as they please;
We scorn to accept of a bribe for a vote,
For our men are all staunch, and are true hearts of oak.

Then Britons be jolly, and gay as you will,
Push the brisk glass around, and the bowl let us fill;
Then with hand and with heart may we never depart,
The election is BEEVOR'S, for we love him at heart.

I'm a well-meaning Briton, and have a free vote,
For my heart it shall never be wrong if I know it;
I'll adhere to no party of the opposite side,
Nor the scandalous terms of accepting a bribe.

The poet concludes now the end of his song,
May the days of brave BEEVOR be happy and long;
Not a P—T would do more for his country and king,
Drink a health to brave BEEVOR, for BEEVOR'S the thing.

Here's a health to all freemen of *Norwich* great town,
I wish them good luck on the day of renown;
For they are people of spirit, and will merit applause,
And their hearts are with BEEVOR if they die in the cause.

CHORUS.

Then chorus ye sons of Britannia and sing,
Success to brave *Beevor* his election and king.

The FREEMAN'S RESOLUTION.

A NEW SONG.

To the tune of—Glorious Charles of Sweden,
WAKE the lute and sound the praise
Of great BEEVOR to the skies;
Let us with one heart agree,
And vote in spite of bribery;
Defiance bid to every knave,
That would our country fair enslave,
Abandon all such cursed train,
As would those hellish acts maintain.

Fol, lol, &c.

Tho' H——t he pretends to say,
He can with money get the day;
That does not matter ought to us,
We bid defiance to his purse;
And are determin'd to be true,
In spite of all that he can do,
For BEEVOR, he shall be the man,
Let H——t do what e'er he can.

Fol, lol, &c.

And

H O B A R T.

Though others attack me with wonderful skill,
I'll join in the laugh with a hearty good will.
No satire can touch me unless 'tis convey'd
With more keenness than what all my foes have display'd;

Yet think not I mean to condemn what I write,
As if I were govern'd by envy or spite;
Their intentions are good, and I frankly declare
That in many* the strokes of true humor appear;
But what of all this, they defeat their own views,
And instead of preventing, make sport for my muse;
And know, my dear Cousin, whatever you suppose
Are my feelings, while combating such kind of foes,
I'm never so happy as when I can seize
On a few such impertinent mortals as these;
They're techy, and squeamish, and full of their cant,
And shrink from my touch like the sensitive plant;
Yet still I'll pursue them, for mark me, my plan
Is to tickle their feelings as oft' as I can.

No one, I believe, that professes good sense,
Will look on a joke as a wilful offense;
At 'lections we're licens'd to sport with each other,
This rallies his friend, and that jokes with his brother;
And though in the glow of my fancy I write,
And my satire, dear Cousin, too keenly may bite,—
When the bustle's subsided, I'll give over teasing,
And endeavour to write on a subject more pleasing.

But now, my good Madam, my plan I'll pursue,
And just for amusement, contrive something new;
Since first I resolv'd to inform you in rhyme
Of what might occur at this troublesome time,
I find all my Cousins come forth in a croud;
Of some I'm ashamed, and of others I'm proud;
But he who hath many relations will find
They're not all alike, and not equally kind;
Yet—if with a gentle affection he burns,
He'll study that all may be pleas'd in their turns:
Then do not imagine, dear Coz. I'm inclin'd
To censure another for telling his mind;
The man who will speak what he thinks to my face,
Or write down his thoughts with a classical grace,
Howe'er he may hurt me at first, in the end
I shall doubtless perceive that he once was my friend.

But, methinks you exclaim, that you've had quite enough

Of this heterogeneous odd kind of stuff;

* See Tabitha Runt's Epistle, the Lion and the Ass,
G. Goodwill to his Sister, &c.

B E E V O R.

And when our BEEVOR mounts the chair
Our shouts shall eccho through the air,
And liberty shall be our song,
Defying every other throng
That would us all with bribes betray,
For we detest that slavish way,
We'll justly gain our end and aim,
And ever will support the same.

Fol, lol, &c.

The L I O N R O U S ' D;
Or, FREEDOM ASSERTED.

HERE's a health to all true British souls
That *liberty* do prize,
Who're faithful to their Sovereign,
And to their interests wise.

So for *Beevor* we will go, &c.
Behold a *patriot* now stands forth,
Of sense and judgment keen,
Who scorns a place or pension,
Or in *bribing* to be seen.

So for *Beevor*, &c.
Let not a glittering *bribe*, my boys,
A *Norwich* man enslave,
But let an *honest* candidate
Your voices freely have.

And for *Beevor* let us go, &c.
Whilst we of *Magna Charta*,
As Englishmen can boast,
And British blood flows in our veins.
Let *freedom* be our toast.

And for *Beevor* let us go, &c.
Let firmness govern ev'ry heart,
And let no bribes betray;
Let every one stand true, my boys,
And *Beevor* win the day.

So for *Beevor* we will go, &c.
Like *lions rous'd*—our foes we'll strike
With terror and dismay,
When we for *Beevor* plumpers give,
Upon th' Election Day.

So for *Beevor* we will go, &c.
And when he member is declar'd,
As he shall surely be,
To him, while all is joy around;
We'll drink WITH THREE TIMES THREE.

So for *Beevor* we will go, &c.

To

So

[To be continued.]

NUMBER IX.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

So now, my dear Cousin, I'll finish my rhyme,
And give over writing for some little time:
Yet though from the contest I mean to retreat,
I'll smile on my Cousins whenever we meet;
For know, 'tis my plan, and to which I'll stick fast.
Not to think any thing of a joke when 'tis past.
August 11, 1786. Your's,

PETER PINDAR.

NUMBER I.

ELECTION BUDGET

Published by Independent Authority, and as the Act of
Fancy directs.

Monday, August 7, 1786.

L O N D O N.

A PLAN is now lying before Government, relative to the future maintenance and employment of the Parish Poor throughout the kingdom, the whole management whereof is intended to be taken into the hands of Administration, and a bill for that purpose will be one of the public acts of the Minister the next session; the late bill for regulating parish officers, &c. having been only a prelude to one on a larger scale.

It is said that Sir Thomas B—v—r wishes to obtain a seat in Parliament, merely for the purpose of opposing this bill; for should Ministry succeed, the very large Bridewell at Wymondham, built at the instigation of Sir Thomas, will no longer be of use as a prison; but will, in all probability, be converted to an hospital, for the reception of decayed tradesmen.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

✓ *History of the Reign of Charles Fox, by Elias the Prophet.*—A dull recital of events, collected chiefly from news-paper paragraphs, originally written by himself.

The

B E E V O R.

To the A—I Committee 'gainst H—b—t now pitted,
These stanzas which follow are humbly submitted.

The DIVERSITY of DAYS.

ST—G with canvassing elate,
Thus I—tw—d's chief address'd,
This list, with which I now return,
Shall make your honour blest.
A list—replete with soothing names
Of merchants, gents, and 'Squires,
Cits, aldermen, and yeomanry,
Bewicht to your desires.
Headstrongs and Armstrongs, Wrongheads rich
And poor, a phalanx train
By me all offer *their* attempts
To render B—r's vain.
Such doughty wights as dare oppose
Are so—bs I'll vent my wrath on,
And teize them, as I've Ch—p—n* teized,
With D—t and with G—n.
Thee sapient Sir (such numbers sure),
No more let fears annoy,
Erect your crest, and give full scope
To mirth and future joy.
This precious list your strength proclaims,
Foretells the Knights o'erthrown,
My canvass and its vast success
Insure—the Day's our own.
But, apropos, by me, myself,
Be now the *tale* † display'd
Of all the diff'rent Days—to whom
You owe this potent aid.

* This Gentleman (with others his Parishoners) undertaking a public canvass in favour of Sir T. B. was actually summoned by the two illustrious Catchpoles here named to appear as a Jurymen at the Norwich summer assizes, though some years since exempted by the late Lord Chief Justice Willes from services, on account of habitual deafness.

† Number.

Yours

H O B A R T.

The beauties and deformities of Fox, North and Burke, are the best evidences of Mr. Fox's *consistency*.

The New Dunciad, a Poem in Hudibrastics, by M—rk W—lkes.—This ingenious performance identifies every species of *blockhead*. Like Alexander Stephens's paper-sculls, it displays a thorough knowledge of mankind; told with *perspicuity, wit and learning!*

An attempt to prove that to starve the Poor of Norwich would be the means of lessening the Rates in the Hamlets, and augmenting the Rents.—This very patriotic Essay is the babe of a very popular gentleman, who upon every occasion, consults the interests of others, even to the prejudice of his own!

Gog and Magog, by the two B—n—d's.—Since the story of Tom Hickathrift, who slew legions with a cart-wheel, the public have not been favoured with so masterly a specimen of the true *epic* poem. Sampson, David, Jack the Giant-killer, Alexander, nor any dead hero of them all, could cope with these *Hectoring Brothers!*

The Art of Lying made easy, by Simon Quixote.—In which *Touchstone's* definitions are rendered familiar. To which is added, a common-place table of falsehoods, whispers, inuendos, hear-says, reports, flanders, &c. This book is calculated to serve at an election, and may be used by any Candidate on his canvas.

Buckle on the swelling of the Pericranium, by the expansion of the brains.—The dedication, which is masterly, is addressed to Messrs. Herrings, his relations; and we do not hesitate in pronouncing this a work of infinite merit. No doubt it will run through several editions.

[To be continued.]

COUNTRY INTELLIGENCE,

HOPS are very plentiful in and about Norwich; not a street, lane or road, but exhibits a good crop; and 'tis expected, that when the poles come to be taken down, that the *Beavers* have not destroyed so many plants as were rumored.

Yesterday Mr. — was stopped on the Wymondham road by a footpad, who robbed him of his PROMISE. The fellow behaved very politely, and was observed to laugh in his sleeve, when he rode off with the booty.

HOME

B E E V O R.

Your grateful DAY is rev'rend D—k,

Your *fickle* DAY—is L—nn,

Yet, though the wh—p's a weathercock—

For you I've link'd him in.

Your DOG—(your warmest) DAYS are I,

My brothers T—m and J—k;

Weak, weak indeed, your chance wou'd prove, }
If you should Sa—t—n lack.

Five of our clan, staunch volunteers,
Are here, you see, bound fast;

And should we gain our cousin B—n,

You'd have the sixth and last.

"Be dumb!" the Chief retorts—"you're much
"Too self-important grown;

"What Days, but of expence, have I,

"Since you advis'd me, known!"

"Where is the Day, that Day of Days,

"For which my heart is panting?"

"Why! why! return you only fix—

"Why is a seventh wanting?"

"Get ye behind me, S—t—us all!

"Vain jugglers, dire deceivers;

"The day of triumph and success,

"I greatly dread—is—B—v—r's."

AN EPISTLE to PETER PINDAR, jun. Esq;

The Words by the Hon. H. H—B—T.

Spelling by S. H—R, Attorney at Law, * with Notes
Critical and Explanatory.

Printed from the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

O RUS QUANDO EGO TE ASPICIAM?—Horat.

O THOU who bravely wag'st a paper war,
And send'st envenom'd arrows from thy car,
(Where in hauteur and arrogance supreme,
My hated enemy, thy ceaseless theme,
Thou proudly sit'st my ardent thanks receive;
Thanks, since no more I'm able now to give,

* We cannot imagine to whom the *honourable* gentleman is so highly indebted for the annotations; and his motto, which for the benefit of the unlearned reader is thus imitated:

When shall I, viewing my own folly,

Sooth and lull my melancholly;

When, when retire to Intwood seat,

From fraud, elections, and deceit?

But

H O B A R T.

HOME NEWS.

A part of a Letter found in the Angel yard, and supposed to be written by Sir T. B—v—t to his Lady.

— as to the expence which I must necessarily be put to, I beg you would make yourself perfectly easy, as the Committee, to which I have entrusted the management of this unfortunate affair, for so it is, and must ultimately prove, are determined to pay only a few of the bills, which they are likewise resolv'd shall be reduced to one third of their several sums.

— To be sure, Madam, 'twill be a cursed hard thing to spend money, and lose the election; however, one part of the family will be benefited by it. My brother James has opened every house that he serves, and has actually hung another large copper to brew a greater quantity of small beer, to mix with his present stock of Nog, by which he expects to clear cent. per cent. — Should the artful manœuvres of the Committee succeed, and I carry the election, I will not lose a moment to establish my interest at Court, the city and the city's petition shall never supersede my attention to the welfare of my family, nor cause me to abandon the schemes we have been projecting these twenty years past.

When a Member of the House of Commons, I shall think I have an indisputable right to scramble for the state loaves and fishes, and should the inhabitants of this city be disgusted with my conduct, I shall then tell them, that the influx of specie, during the time of my election, did them infinite service, and was more than equivalent to the honour I received, by being elected one of their Representatives; and that I shall not hold myself responsible to any set of people for my proceedings. — The man who will forego his own

immediate interest, to support the public welfare, and reject the most lucrative employment, to preserve a beggarly principle of honesty, acts repugnantly to my POLITICAL creed, and shall never be considered as an example worthy of imitation. — To make my antagonist and his friends appear as odious as possible, I have proposed to the Committee, to which they have acceded, that a ten pound bill, of G—'s bank, be distributed amongst the writers of scurrilous poetry, and scandalous hand-bills.

In order to prevent the alehouse-keepers bills from running too high, the Committee have ordered each check

B E E V O R.

But if in Parliament I get a seat,
As to my † noble birth, is sure most meet;
(Which, O immortals, to your vot'ry grant,
Since else, alas! can nought relieve my want.)
Thou Peter, shalt not unrewarded be,
Since in your doggrels you've exalted me ‡.
Me, whom as brother owns proud Bl—kl—ng's Peer,
Me, to my father's pride and beauty heir;
But, ah! no hopes now puff my tutor'd mind,
Tho' S—rl—g D-y and § S—t—n too behind;
L—n and his son, that comely, sprightly youth,
And Cash, that foe to virtue and to truth;
With false reports my expectations raise,
Nor || interested, hope for merely praise.
Nor threats, nor menaces can now avail,
Nor bribes, nor promises—they're now too stale,
And of the wish'd success does th' Hospital ¶ e'en fail.
Alas! alas! they are but vain deceivers,
For sure I know, success alone is Beevor's.
¶¶ What boots it then, since thus the fates thus will,
That you with fictions coarse your paper fill?
What boots it then, that with disgusting pen,
And ** lies malevolent you harrass men?

Who,

† This is a subject the honourable gentleman is perpetually harping upon; sensible, we suppose, of no other qualification (if this be one) which can render him a fit representative for this commercial city.

‡ The learned reader is requested to take notice of a remarkable beauty in the style, which were it not pointed out might escape him; I mean the repetition of an emphatic word, which in this epistle the honourable gentleman frequently takes occasion to introduce, having for its primary author the immortal Maro, the translation of which probably suggested the idea

— carmina Gallo,

Gallo cujus amor—

§ There is a beautiful ambiguity in this expression, which cannot enough be commended. Whether the writer alludes to Satan D-y, or Satan himself, who being "the father of lies," might put into his favourite St-rl—g's noddle to deceive the Candidate, we will not presume to determine.

|| Something more solid perhaps might, in the honourable Candidate's estimation, be their motive. We would, nevertheless, put these gentlemen in mind of an old, but true, saying; "All that glistens is not gold."

¶ This alludes to a well-known fact, of the Hospital having been promised to at least *four score freemen*, on condition they would vote for Mr. H-b-t.

¶¶ Taken in the light of a spirited remonstrance, we cannot find an equal to these lines—What boots it then, &c.

** See particularly that high-flown scene, as related by Peter Pindar, to have been transacted in Pluto's dominions. One would

H O B A R T.

check to keep a piece of wet sponge in his pocket, to wipe off the landlord's tally, at his own discretion. This every check is sworn not to divulge.

The arts and deceptions which are made use of by my friends, to promote the completion of their wishes, will be sufficient to justify the neglect and contempt with which I shall hereafter treat them.

I am, Madam,

Under the most dreadful apprehensions
of losing my election,

Your affectionate, —,

Angel Inn,

August 2, 1786.

SOME of the inhabitants of this city are disposed to quarrel with Mr. Hobart's principles, though strictly constitutional, because he is no orator; and being themselves wonderfully gifted in the mouth, they are determined not to elect what they call a dumb Member.

If good sense, added to un sullied honour, and a perfect rectitude of moral and political conduct, have any influence over the independent freemen of this city, Mr. Hobart cannot fail of meeting with the warmest support on the day of election.

S H I P L I S T.

SAILED the *Insurance*, Plumb; the *Moderation*, Sancho; and the *Monkey*, Scrub, for Holkham, in ballast. Wind S. E.

Arrived from the south, the good old ship *Sycophant*, commanded by Vice-Admiral *Caricature*, and laden with oil, sugar, bows, scrapes, smiles, lies, promises, squeezes, arts, &c. for Messrs. Freeman and Freeholder of this port.

WANTED, on MORTGAGE, 5000l. for which the ESTATES of Mark W—ks, Barrabas L—m—n, my Lord Pratt, Sir John O'L—ke, Adam's Grandmother, Jacob C—ke, Marshal Wade, Nine Wiggs, George O—ver, the Golden Cobler, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. will be pledged.

For further particulars inquire of the Secretary of Committee of Accounts, at the Angel, Norwich.

WANTS a PLACE, a smart-looking elderly man, about six y, who is ready to do ALL SORTS OF WORK. Can assist in making out *Mittimus*, and has made the *Vagrants Act* his peculiar study.

B E E V O R.

Who, wise, like Al--rf-n, like R-g-y, would,
In *Beevor's* cause pursue the *gen'ral good*?

What? That with indiscriminate abuse,

You misapply the talents of your Muse,

Why 'gainst the *Brewer* rail in *vapid* †† lays?

† You'll surely own that it exceeds L--n D-y's)

†† Why insolently flout the female sex?

§§ You'll hear the *oyster-women* cry, "I secks!

"He may be clever, but may I be hang'd,

"If for his cowardice he ought not to be bang'd."

You'll hear the *Cooks* exclaim "against us rail!"

"Sblood! we will pin a dish-clout to his tail!"

And school-boys as they pass, cry "out upon him!"

"Would he were here we'd break his bones, we'd con
"him!"

What boots it—but should I still more indite,

You'd swear that I against my friends would write.

Forgive my peulance—but I must own,

||| To be despis'd, insulted in the town,

Th' election's lost, (for, ah! no hopes remain)

Make me run on in this bewilder'd strain.

Pindar! oh take, as from a man to man

This, this my last adieu, for if I can

Retreat I will, lay down my uprais'd shield,

Nor stand undaunted longer in the field.

From me take warning, view my hapless state,

And pity, pity

A SUCCESSLESS CANDIDATE.

would imagine that, endeavouring to take off another, he, with matchless accuracy, has delineated himself.

†† The particular beauty of this epithet cannot, ought not to be passed over in silence. An epithet, which the taste of his *adherent's* beer introduced, probably, in the verse: being no less descriptive of the insipidity of Peter Pindar.

†† This alludes to some ill-natured abuse bestowed in more than one essay by Peter Pindar, upon a worthy woman. For what crime? Because she insolently took up a pen in a good cause, and boldly dared to be his antagonist. O tempora! that permit such a misapplication of talents.

§§ To a common reader, perhaps, it may afford subject of wonder that this *courtly* Gentleman could be capable of introducing such vulgar and low-liv'd ideas into his inimitable epistle; but when he considers that these were only Furies and Demons which haunted the unpopular Gentleman's perturbed imagination in the shape of *Oyster-women*, &c. his wonder will cease, and he will confess it to be a most admirable piece of fine writing.

||| We cannot help pitying the poor gentleman's situation; "to have looked forward to the day of election with a pleasure "which the certainty of success ever creates in the human "breast;" and then to be disappointed, calls, undoubtedly, for our commiseration. The field, we see, he departs in a christian manner, (as many heroes have done before him) wishing others to take warning by his error, nor suffer themselves to become such thorough dupes.

PETER

For

[To be continued.]

NUMBER X.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

For terms and character apply to Lord Caricature, in whose service only he has been employed.

N. B. It has been lately discovered, that he was very serviceable in the destruction of spiders to the society of yarn-factors, and would have no objection to a SEAT—in office.

WANTED, at H—l. HALL, in the county of Norfolk, a number of men, who understand digging, delving, carting, and other healthful athletic exercises, attendant on the improvement of land and husbandry.

The usual pay for labour in this country is one shilling per day; but as employ may be depended on whilst the days are at the longest, no more than *tenpence per day* will be offered.

N. B. A good WORKHOUSE in the Hundred.

ANY person willing to contract for building a BOOTH at the ensuing election, and allowing *eighteen years* credit, may be treated with by applying to Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Bart. at the Angel Inn.

If any person possessed of a pretty long family pedigree, is inclined to sell it on reasonable terms, they are desired to wait on T. B. at H—l Hall; who having lately purchased a Baronetage, is desirous of joining to it a Pedigree, he not having it in his power to trace the family further back than his father, who was born in Yorkshire a shoemaker, lived a grocer, and died a brewer, in Norwich.

None but principals will be treated with.

RUN AWAY from H—l, and left his family chargeable to the parish, *Smiling Tommy*.—Whoever will confine him in *Wymondham Bridewell*, shall be handsomely rewarded.

[This will be advertised no more.]

FOUND, a CANVAS BOOK, marked T. B.—Whoever has lost the same may have it again, on proving the contents to be TRUE.

Apply

B E E V O R.

PETER PINDAR'S

Fifth EPISTLE to his Cousin in the Country.

MY dear Cousin TAB in the letters I've wrote, You have a short sketch of the gentry of note On the side of Sir Tommy (who by Jove must mis-carry)

And now I'll describe you the friends of wise Harry.

ABDOMINOUS P-ST--S, I mean not to rail, Is a pond'rous weight in our side of the scale:

Yet some imperfection about him remains, *Superfluous guts, and a huge want of brains.*

There's M-RSH-LL, another illustrious soul!

Whose name on our list we rejoice to enrol!

So very a RAKEHELL, so given to riot*

The Magistrates rarely can keep the dog quiet.

Here next comes a worthy whom *none* can reproach;

Do you ask who I mean! The IMMACULATE R--CH,

So noted for TRUTH, and for keeping good faith,

No DEMON can credit a word that he saith.

Immutable Cl-v-r I mention with joy!

To find out his equal the world I defy;

His equal for what? An irresolute mind,

Unstable as water, inconstant as wind;

He's here, or he's there, he can all things pretend,

He can love or can hate, be your foe or your friend;

To-day he will curse honour'd Hal and his cause;

To-morrow will hail him with shouts of applause!

I must not pass o'er the renown'd SOBER SAM,

Henceforth to be known by the name of RAMJAM†;

Ramjam has a dreadful complaint in his brain,

Which skilful physicians with ease can explain;

Ramjam, it appears, is a brewer of nog,

Which frequently rises in fumes like a fog;

These fumes must ascend to his head, we suppose;

And the fibrous parts of his brains discompose.

These, Cuz, are a few of the chieftains we boast,

Harry's cause in *such hands* sure can never be lost;

* He was lately apprehended by virtue of a warrant, and obliged to give security for his future good behaviour.

† An Indian term for drunkard.

Sure

H O B A R T.

Apply at the Prince of Wales's ARMS, No. 10, Cockey-lane.

Norwich, Angel-Inn, August 7, 1786.

LOST, 'Squire Brads's *Modesty*—Simon Plumb's *Veracity*—The *Labor* of the triumvirate Gilponeans—and Dr. Gazebo's *Essay* on the best kind of Ferment for making bread, dumplings, &c.

Whoever will give intelligence of the above shall be duly rewarded, by applying to the *Angelic Committee*.

N. B. The first article is very much wanted by the friends of the person who has lost it, though the 'Squire sets no value on it; and for the last article a very large reward will be given, it being a manuscript, and was intended to be published very shortly by subscription.

Signed, by order of the Committee,
Rum Scrub, Secretary.

To be LET, and entered upon immediately,

A Number of empty skulls: The Tenements are not only very capacious, but very substantial; for tho' the walls are built with a very soft material, they are remarkably thick.

N. B. The above Tenements have never yet been occupied.

Mr. J. M——w, jun. will show the premises.

AT the THEATRE in BEAR GARDEN, this, and every evening till the Election, will be performed a new play called ANTICIPATION; to which will be added a tragi-comic farce called the LYAR.—Between the play and farce will be exhibited a variety of Songs, Squibs, Crackers, Lampoons, Panegyrics, Hear-says, Rhodomontades, Rippers, Old Stories, Calumnies, Characters, Scandal, Philippias, Epigrams, Puffs, &c.

* * No admittance behind the scenes.

TO be SEEN, in a large and commodious room at the Angel, in the Market-place, a most curious and wonderful collection of WILD BEASTS; among which are many non-descripts.—The whole composing the most extraordinary products of nature ever exhibited since Noah's grand assembly in the ark, 2348 years before the christian æra!

†† Admittance NOTHING; half to be returned in liquor.

This

B E E V O R.

Sure men of such virtue, good sense, and respect,
Can't possibly fail worthy HAL to elect.
A wonderful list I have yet got behind,
Which I'll surely present when it enters my mind,
But now (as you know how laconic I write)
I desist from my plan, with adieu for to night.

A P A R O D Y.

B E E V O R in a BUMPER wherever he goes.
Addressed to all the *Free Souls* in NORWICH.

I.

I CAN'T for my life, sirs, conceive why this fuss
Should be made about *Hob-t*, by this man and t'other,
What's B---kling's great Peer?—What his friends all to us?

Or why are we plagu'd thus to vote for his brother?
Bring the flaggon, good host,
And I'll give as a toast;

A man fitter to serve us, as ev'ry one knows;
Who for wisdom and worth,
May challenge the earth,

So—a bumper to BEEVOR wherever he goes.

II.

Let wise-acre STARLING still puzzle his brain,
How safely to get HAL a seat in the Senate;
Let him bluster, brag, brow-beat, and court—'tis in vain,
Nor his cunning nor fortune can possibly gain it.
Men like us—I hold,
Contemning of gold,

All the pow'rs of corruption shall vainly oppose;
Then let us, thus free,
Take care so to be,

And—in bumpers drink BEEVOR wherever he goes.

III.

Your high-sounding titles created by Kings,
And high birth, without wisdom or honour adorn'd,
In good citizens eyes, are contemptible things,
And the meer fool of fortune must ever be scorn'd:
'Tis a sound heart and mind,
'Tis a judgment refin'd,

'Tis the patriot spirit which constantly glows,
That a CANDIDATE most
Should be able to boast,

So—a bumper to BEEVOR wherever he goes.

IV. Since

THE NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

This Day is published,

A New edition of the Travels and Knight-errantry of Quixote, Sancho and Scrub. Price 1d.

On Monday next will be published, Price 10s. 6d.

A new and splendid edition of the Treatise on Heaven and Hell, with notes, from the Latin of Emanuel Swedenburg.—By Aminadab Shoe.

To be had at No. 1, Lower Goat-lane, Norwich.

N U M B E R II.

ELECTION BUDGET

Published by Independent Authority, and as the Act of Fancy directs.

From MONDAY, Aug. 7, to MONDAY, Aug. 14, 1786.

H O M E N E W S.

THE MAIL COACH *which brings all our intelligence from Town, having been again overturned by the DILIGENCE upon the CASTLE HILL, we were obliged to postpone the London News till our next.*

We have it from authority, that Sir T. B——r intends giving every encouragement to the breed of *Asses*; he at one time thought of adding to his stud two of his plough-horses, to figure off with in the election week; but having lately made a trial of *Asses* from Tuck's-Wood to Norwich, he found them in harness so docile and sure-footed, that he is determined to bring into vogue those long neglected and much abused animals.

We are well informed that Mr. B——r positively assured the poor old men at the Hospital, that his brother was 400, *all but one*, a-head of Mr. H. on the canvass!—Mr. Barrabas L. with as much assurance but with less ingenuity, asserts, that the majority is only 50!—O! for a rod to whip such incorrigible knaves!

To the mortification of the Flower-in-hand purse, no sick members can be relieved for two or three years, owing, it is said, to the great expences they have been at in treating Sir T. B——r and his friends.

Letter

B E E V O R.

IV.

Since Members are chosen to watch over Kings,
And to guard all our rights is their just occupation;
Sure BEEVOR, good fellows, a fair title brings
To a seat in the Parliament of a free nation.

Tho' HAL gets the ears
Of some two or three Peers,
And thinks that none dare such Grandees to oppose;
Yet the people unkind,
In his canvass he'll find,

Drinking bumpers to BEEVOR wherever he goes.

V.

I care not who frowns on the choice that I give,
Since LIBERTY'S mine, I will ever preserve it:
And to shew that I wish to be free, while I live,
I will give him my vote who seems *most* to deserve it.

Then as BEEVOR can boast,
More merit than most,
In vain shall the great and the proud interpose,
To obtrude on this town,
A poor tool of their own,
So—a bumper to BEEVOR wherever he goes.

The COMMITTEE.

IN a great chair was HOB——r plac'd,
Like head-man at a parish feast)
On either side the spacious table,
Crowded a fawning, smooth-tongu'd rabble;
He rose—and smil'd—and bow'd—and then,
Confus'd in mind—sat down again.
Anxious to speak, now ROB——r rose,
Look'd 'round—hem'd—cough'd—and blew his nose:

"Right honour'd Sir!—and Gemmen all,
"Our cause, I see, is on the fall,
"And lest some speedy steps are taken,
"Our standard will be quite forsaken,—
"—You know my influence—let's determine,
"To gain, or crush the opposing vermin;
"Exterminate the Independents,
"And trounce the rascals with a vengeance;
"For tho' they are so loud and hearty,
"Why, I—could purchase all the party.
"Under my thumb I hold the wretches;
"—Oppose me?—I'll not leave 'em breeches;
"Not only mine, but brother H——r's
"Purse-strings shall open to your service;

"You

H O B A R T.

Letter from LONDON, Aug. 10.

Amongst the unhappy wretches doomed to *transportation*, is one who some time ago figured away in your city as a toper, debauchee, sportsman, gambler, and tradesman.—He was lately detected in *swindling* votes for your ensuing election, tried and convicted; and, on Sunday next, will fall down to Gravesend, on his voyage to the British settlement of Nova Scotia, in North America.

We hear that Seignior PRIGALINI, will perform his surprising *tricks* and *deceptions* every day and hour till the Election, when he means to retire to his *country seat*.

We are informed the present Sunday Schoolmaster, the Rev. L. A—k—n, intends resigning that *important* office, and that Adam's Grandmother, Alderman Bag, and the Golden Cocker, are making all the interest they can to succeed him.—No doubt the contest will be warm; and 'tis hoped the electors will be careful in not precipitately engaging their votes.

An odd circumstance took place in this city a few days since, viz. One Peter Pindar, going along St. Giles's Broad-street, picked up a cap in the form of a sugar-loaf, ornamented with bells and a tassel, which he carried to Doctor Rhubarb, who lives in the said street, judging from some very characteristical marks that it must be his; the Doctor received it with evident marks of displeasure, and insisted that Pindar had stolen it; and *wined*, and *stomped*, and *swore*, and threatened to prosecute him; but the Doctor, it seems has not been able to prove the theft.—The cap could be of no use to any body but the Doctor, as it will fit no one's head but his own.

A few days since was privately whipt, the celebrated Oliver Bare Bones, alias *Lord Trundle*, for making use of the Mayor's name, and threatening to discharge a gate-keeper at the east end of the city, unless he voted for Sir Thomas B—v—r.

An alarming fit of despondency has within these few days seized a considerable number of people in this city; but as no very fatal symptoms have attended the disease, it is hoped they will, within a few weeks,

be

B E E V O R.

"You know he's rich—and, I'll be bound,
 "He'll *freely* spend, *ten thousand pound*.
 "Hold, hold, dear Rog—r,—not so fast,"
 Old Cacus lisped, and rose with haste;
 "What tho' like PACTOLUS of old,
 "My bed is form'd of purest Gold;
 "Or tho' I, like great thundering Jove,
 "On various punks bestow my love,
 "And imitative of his pow'r,
 "Enjoy them in a *golden shower*,
 "Yet should I think my mind unsound,
 "Was I to give *ten thousand pound*,
 "Or even one—for tho' I huff,
 "I would not give *this pinch of snuff*.
 "Yet still, believe me, I am hearty.—
 "Still well dispos'd to serve the party;
 "And, chearful, will exert my *talents*,
 "My *avarice* to counterbalance.
 "Here ceas'd the *virtuous sage*—and seated;
 "HOB—T his grateful thanks repeated.
 "Next Bruin rose—with brow severe,
 "And all that *self-important air*
 Which he assumes, when (*of the quorum*)
 Some vagrant rascal's brought before him,
 And spoke—"If my wife brother, *there*,
 "Himself to *what d'ye call't* compare,
 "To *Jupiter*, and Lord knows who 't'us,
 "Why may I not compare with *Pro'tus*?
 "I change my form whenc'er I will,
 "Yet am—the self same Bruin still;
 "Oft, as a frisky goat I revel;
 "Oft as an *ass*—and oft a *D—l*;
 "At morn, a magisterial *lash-scrub*
 "At night a *rat* beneath a *mash-tub*;
 "In all so natural—you'd swear—
 "Each was my *proper character*;
 "But to the purpose,—wrong or right,
 "HOB—T I'll serve with all my might;
 "And, let me tell you, many votes
 "I can command—if *you find coats*;
 "My trades-men too, nor think I vapour,
 "My *baker, butcher, grocer, draper*,
 "All—All are yours, or, as I'm Bruin,
 "Most certainly I'll be *their ruin*:
 "Fear not th' event,—good friends and dread Sirs,
 "With such support—it can't prove bad Sirs."

He

[To be continued.]

NUMBER XI.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

be perfectly restored; and surely too much cannot be said in praise of Doctor Rhubarb, who, we hear, gives his advice gratis.

To-morrow a man was found hanging behind his shop-door at No. 10,0, Cockey-lane; the Coroner of the Blue and White Squad sat on the body, and brought a verdict—*Rage and Disappointment*.—The poor man was seen running wildly up and down the Cockey-lane on Saturday last, as if disordered in his senses,—and some people are of opinion, that the verdict ought to have been *Lunacy*; as his brain had been for some time affected, occasioned, it is supposed, by qualms of conscience; as he had led a very wicked life, and was notorious for lying.

MEMORANDUMS found in *Magdalen-street*.

To call on the Doctor to prevail on Mrs. Rouge to wheedle Sir John out of 500l. towards my brother Tom's expences.

Sent a runner to the King's-Head with a state of our canvass, viz. 1000 Beevor, 800 Hobart, and 600 doubtful.

In my next *brewing*, ordered a mixture of ——— to be put.—N. B. This infusion will *work* upon the freemen.

To persuade every friend of my brother's to appeal against *Stock*, on the same ground I did, viz. That they owe more than they possess.

Not to tell any one of my brother's intrigue with ———, but to *deny* it.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Phillidon on the loading of dice, and the new mode of pocketing the balls; dedicated to Marshall W——de—A very scientific Essay.

B E E V O R.

He ceas'd without another note,
Except a grumbling in his throat.

Then—sweetly smiling D—y arose—
"Dear sirs! I've *one thing* to propose,
"And should it meet your approbation,
"Happy will prove the termination
"Of this great contest:—this my plan—
"Each headstrong, daring journeyman—
"Who works for us and votes for *Beevor*,
"Should for us weave no more—no never!—
"If we've no power to decoy 'em,
"Turn him adrift—no more employ 'em:
"This I advise—but, ere I fit,
"I must observe one stroke of wit
"Which fell from sprightly brother P—te;
"The changes which he has gone through,
"Are true as strange, and strange as true;
"We all once knew him void of riches,
"With *leathern apron* 'stead of *breeches*;
"But what of that? 'twou'd be more strange—
"Did only *be* of all men *change*;
"There's cousin *Lynn*, you'll all agree,
"Is full as changeable as he;
"But mutable as are their ways,
"Their changing *now* deserves our praise.

Next *Sol-fa-Clo—r* bouncing up,
As furious as an un-gelt tup;
And tho' he formerly had sworn,
That Hob—r was a fool stark-born;
And sooner than give him his vote,
He'd beg his bread—or pawn his coat,—
Now list'd underneath his banner,
Address'd the chair in this *mild* manner,—
"Most noble sir—we'll do 'm over,
"Or else be c—s'd the name of Clov—r;
"I.—I.—I.—I, damnation seize 'em,
"I'll d—n 'em I will plague and tease 'em:—"
He could no more—such rage now shook him
That *strength* and *speech* at once forsook him.
Now sev'ral *role*—made speeches par,
One advis'd this—t'other that:

Their

H O B A R T.

The Historical Adventures and amorous Tele-a-letes of Adam's Grandmother; dedicated by permission to his cousin the Knight of H—th—l Hall.—So! So!

An Essay on Grammar, and the true pronunciation of the English Language; by Sir Guy O'Gouly.—A mere compilation from books of the last century, to be met with at stalls where a purchaser is at liberty to pick for a penny. The author positively insists in his preface, that of all the dialects of the English language, the Irish is the best.

The above to be had of Sir Guy, at the corner of Bridewell-Alley, and no where else in town or country.

S H I P L I S T.

SAILED. The *Beevor* sloop, with *Rhubarb*, in concert with the *Mercer* Captain *J. Herring* with *Tiles* and *Bladders*;—The *Hog*, *Beelzebub*; with *Bar Iron*; all for *Hemel-port*.

ARRIVED. The *Herring*, laden with Pumpkins.—The *Stone*, *Draper*; with *starch* and *pokers*.—The *Balloon*, *Bluffer*; from *Saratoga*.

On Saturday night the Fox man of war Capt. Sir Thomas B. entered this port in great distress, having, in a storm, lost her rudder, and great part of her *cannas*.—The crew had been at short allowance for several days; and although she met with many vessels at sea, they all refused her assistance, because she had acted piratically on the Monday night before, in boarding and seizing the provisions, &c. of the sloop *Flower-in-hand*, without making her any compensation.

* * Many of the crew have left the ship, and have taken refuge in the *Pitt*, Capt. Hobart.

WANTED. two or three hundred **GEESE**: they will be stationed in and about the Angel Gateway, and along the Gentleman's Walk.—All they are wanted to do is to hiss every person who appears in the interest of Mr. Hobart.—Apply immediately at the

COMMITTEE OF PUFFS,
WANT

B E E V O R.

Their *chief*, the pink of all politeness,
Bow'd to the board with great adroitness;
Thank'd them for all they'd done and said,
Then, maudlin, stagger'd up to bed;
There, ever and anon, himself he'd stretch,
And when reflection wak'd—cry "*hapless wretch!*"

The STARLING and the OLD GAME-CKOCK.

A FABLE.

Address'd to a certain ALDERMAN.

ONCE on a time Jove's eagle did decree,
That all the birds should hold a jubilee;
The anniversary of that day so great,
When cackling geese preserv'd the Roman state.
Here you might see from ev'ry land and clime,
(Well plum'd and dress'd in honour of the time,) Birds of each class and colour, size and note,
Those who with sweetest warbling swell their throat,
Such as with oar and rudder skim the flood,
And such as love the silent leafy wood;
Those who with man partake the harvest grain,
And such as prey upon the insect train;
The dapper tit-mouse and the barn-door fowl,
The thoughtless Ostrich, and the solemn Owl.

The royal bird, as steward of the feast,
Had taken special care for ev'ry guest;
The cormorant had prepar'd the bill of fare,
And stores of grain, and flies, and fish were there.
Joy reign'd in ev'ry eye and flutt'ring wing,
And ev'ry songster tun'd his throat to sing;
The universal chorus pierc'd the sky,
And Jove delighted, heard its harmony.
Amongst the bustle of this motley brood,
A batter'd, old, decrepid Game-cock stood:
He, like old Marlborough scorn'd a foe to shun,
And never fought a battle but he won.
But now old age had worn him to the bone,
Dim were his eyes, his flagging wing hung down;
No longer now his crest aloft he wore,
And his shrill carol wak'd the morn no more.
Him, thus a STARLING, pert and vain address'd,
"Hey dey! old fool! what brings you to the feast?"
"Your rusty lungs, I'm sure, can't scratch a note;
Mark the delicious warblings of my throat;
These are the sounds each loyal bird should sing,
Who means due honour to our GOOSE to bring."

"But

H O B A R T.

WANT places, *fifteen* staunch Liars, and *thirteen* Old Puffers. They were lately employed by the Puffing Committee at the Angel, whose service they quitted on account of bad keeping; being allowed nothing but four small beer, although their labor was incessant.

N. B. They may be heard of by applying to J—b C—ke, in St. Giles's; or Adam's Grandmother, at the Felon's Gate, on the Castle-hill.

THE *Two-Guinea* subscribers for the Election of Alderman, are desired to meet at the Bear and Fiddle on the usual night, to consider whether Constables, Bailiffs, Runners, &c. are eligible to serve that office.—It is expected Alderman W—t—n will propose some other questions of a popular nature.

L. ATKINS, of undeniable character, profound erudition, and grammatical knowledge, has taken rooms at No. 10, 0, in Cockey-lane, where he teaches Oratory to *Aldermen, Common-council-men*, and other *grown* Gentlemen; who may receive sufficient instructions in six lessons.

Those who wish to be satisfied, as to his abilities, are desired to *ask that there* Alderman at T--k's W-d, or *them there* Gentlemen, B. Leman, and J. Herring, of the Common-council, who received the *whole* of their *entire* instructions from him.

TO be disposed of, a SURVEYORSHIP of the Turnpike Roads, worth seventy-five pounds per ann.—Any of my tenants who will not object to the advancing of their rents 50l. per ann. may become candidates for this place, and *one* of them may depend on succeeding.

T. B—R.

STOLEN or STRAYED, a Brewer's Horse, name IMPUDENCE.—Whoever can give information so as he may be restored, shall be PAID all reasonable charges, by applying to the CASH COMMITTEE, at the King's-Head, in Norwich.

'Tis

B E E V O R.

But silence so perverse is worse, I vow,
 " Ev'n than the hateful croaking of the CROW :
 " Such doating crones who cannot join our strain,
 " Our Sovereign Eagle should expel the plain.
 " Sir ! know you me, sir, and my family ?
 " I ~~see~~ no dunghill cock on earth, not I.
 " Hence, bully-boy ! nor wait the coming blow,
 " That at one stroke shall lay thy carcass low."
 So saying, at the feeble cock he flew,
 Peck'd at his comb, and aim'd his blows anew ;
 When instant starting from the feather'd croud,
 A gallant Sparrow-hawk thus spake aloud ;
 " Thou base-born STARLING ! bird of low degree,
 " Made up of folly, pride, and cruelty,
 " How dar'st thou, coward, with unbridled rage,
 " Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age ?
 " Could not yon noble form, though bow'd with years,
 " Engage thy reverence or excite thy fears ?
 " Curse on thy dastard soul ! thou prating Pie !
 " The scorn of all that either swim or fly,
 " Know that the *shadow* of yon gallant cock,
 " Claims more respect, than all thy gawdy flock,"
 But cowards feel no reverence for the brave,
 And meanly spurn the turf that decks their grave.

* But when the Gods in fulness of their rage,
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age.

Pope's HOMER.

The Hon HENRY MUNGO's LAMENTATION;

In imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 That fear oppress'd poor Mungo's mind,
 And gave him cause to weep.
 His face was like a bacon ham
 That smok'd had been till brown ;
 And trembling was his hand that held
 The canvas of the town.
 So ev'ry D-y's face shall appear
 That Mungo has misled,
 So Cranky's slippery hand shall be
 When Mungo's cause is dead.
 His head was like Minerva's shield,
 With twining serpents crown'd,
 Despair o'erspread his ebony brows,
 And horror hung around.

Thus

H O B A R T.

'Tis suppos'd that a fellow, answering the following description, rode off with him:—About five feet ten inches, pox-marked, a shambling gait, flutters, and had on a green coat, buck skin breeches, and a beaver hat.

August 8, 1786.

To be LET during the present Contest.

NINE good WIGS, consisting of *Bags, Queues, Clubs, Bob-majors, &c.*

N. B. The above were never worn but during the *honey-moon*, after the marriage of the present owner. Inquire of *Cutty-Squint*, St. Stephen's.

The following verses were dropt in the letter-box at the Back of the Inns.

TO PETER PINDAR, Jun.

INVECTIVE never hurts the man of worth,
And satire only stings where VICE stands forth;
But tell me truly—what must be that mind
Which stabs at random, and leaves truth behind?
Thy ranc'rous pen describes THEE, *prescious elf*,
And makes all others, what THOU *find'st* THYSELF.
The *savage* only throws th' *envenom'd* dart,
To THEE alone is left that *polish'd* art;
*Thersites** laughs beneath the sevenfold shield,
So PINDAR'S *slaves* the *secret* engine wield.
Look well, while thou attack'st another's name,
Lest some foul deeds *remember'd* blot thy fame.

An Enemy to Malevolence.

* An attendant on the Grecian army before Troy, who was soundly beaten, and at length to death, by the principal Officers, for his continual abuse of them. Ajax once saved his life by covering him with his shield.

He that plays at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers. So says the proverb, and so says Pindar, and therefore he requested to be inserted.

On Tuesday last the following inscription was discovered under some ruins in a country church-yard.

INTERR'D near this stone's the remains of Tom —
Of the hall in this town, a noted deceiver;

By

B E E V O R.

Thus swoln with grief and direful woes,
He ran to seek his brother;

And rushing frantic to the bed,

He fought his cares to smother.

Awake! he cry'd, thy brother calls,

Oh! cleave unto my breast,

Perchance 'twill ease my troubl'd mind,

And soothe my soul to rest.

These are the silent dreary hours

When fancy takes her flight,

And paints a hell before my eyes,

And aids the fears of night.

Bethink thee, brother, what deceit

In D'Oily's breast does reign,

How oft he swore with solemn oath

My cause he would maintain.

How could he say that Government

Had granted him permission

To be my friend!—Now, d— his blood,

He laughs at my condition.

Why did he promise faith to me,

And thus belie himself?

Why did he say my cause was sure,

A boastful lying elf?

Beevor, alas! the city's pride,

My project has o'erthrown;

Beevor, alas! will gain the day;

And I my loss must mourn.

This heart, alas! is lost to peace,

These lips to conversation,

Dark are my eyes, and wan my face,

And life is but d——.

The owl's dire screech shall wake my grief,

The winds shall tell my moan;

In silent groves I'll pass my days,

And there I'll die unknown.

But hark! the bells in merry peal

Repeat a *Beevor*'s name;

I hear a *Beevor*'s name resound,

I see him crown'd with fame.

The morn shone forth when *Mungo* sought

His friends participation;

His friends with pity, grief, and tears

Beheld his situation.

He hied him to the Market-place

Within a hackney coach,

And at the King's-head gate he saw,

His old friend *Johnny R—cb*.

And

[To be continued.]

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

By his side lies his wife, and, no doubt, she is blest;
For wisdom and prudence by her were posses't;
From a race *she* descended of ancestors pure,
But *he*—from the grains of a Norwich beer brewer;
On the wretched her blessings she ever diffus'd,
Whilst ties, the most sacred, by him were abus'd;
To his wife he was false, to his offspring unfeeling;
And liv'd a sworn foe to all truth and plain dealing:
In the practice of vice all his talents he ply'd,
But death took him down in the height of his pride.

Tuck's Coffee-House, by adjournment.

Puffing Committee.

IT appearing by Delegates summoned from the respective parishes, that our books under the superintendence of Messrs. Skinny R—ll—I and John M—w, are extremely incorrect, it is

Ordered,

That the plan recommended by *Simon Pure* be put into immediate execution, that we may not in future deceive ourselves.—However we think it politic to boast of our great majority; and it is further

Ordered,

That the out-door *lying* and *puffing* be still continued, but as we do not wish our friends to be great sufferers, we recommend the *talking* of bets only.

Ordered,

That 500 more of the indecent songs be printed and privately dispersed; at the same time an additional number of advertisements, signed John M—w, disavowing our knowledge of them.

A R O D for the R U N N E R;
Or, a whipping for the Banker's boy.

PHILO steps forth with consequential grace,
And bows out soon, but wisely hides his face;

The

B E E V O R.

And thrice he call'd on R—ch's name—
And thrice he bow'd his head—
Then died away—the waiter came
And bore him up to bed.

Continuation of
CHARACTERS from SHAKESPEARE:

E—L of B—-----E.

I Cannot tell

What heaven has given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him;—whence has he that?
R—T H—-----E W—M W—M.

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

H—-----E H—Y H—T.

I can give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a certain envious hate and loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

S—R T—S B—r.

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy late exploits
Have made thee lov'd and honour'd by the people:
Join then together for the public good,
In what ye can to bridle, and suppress
The pride of Suffolk.

S—R E—D B—N.

A certain Knight that swore, "by his honour," they were
good
Pancakes, and swore, "by his honour," the mustard was
naught.

—Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and
the mustard was good; and yet was not this Knight
forsworn.

S—R J—N B—Y.

Knighthoods, Honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

Mr.

H O B A R T.

The *rod* he brandishes, yet, be it known,
This self-same *rod* is not the monkey's own;
With warmth he argues, that abusive rhyme
Is in the court of common sense a crime;
And yet has stoop'd to gather up the dirt,
And shewn the *will*, but not the *pow'r* to hurt.

From good report, I'm taught to understand
A second person kindly lent a hand;
And more, 'tis said, they met at different times,—
One gave the thoughts, the other tagg'd the rhimes.
Oh! blessed heads, engag'd in such a cause,
Proceed, and B---v---r shall proclaim applause,
To plead his int'rest, all your *credit* stake,
Write, lie, and vote through opposition's sake;
Brand PETER PINDAR, call him what you choose,
To please your party, and promote your views;
Assert he's *needy*, say he *writes* for *pence*,
And swear he has more *impudence* than *sense*:
The first he'll grant, nor needs he blush with shame;—
Though *poor*,* he's *honest*;—*Pray* are you the same?
Perhaps you are, and yet may be the tools
Of some *rich* catiffs, or some *titled* fools:
To these (while paid) each virtuous deed ascribe,—
For those must flatter who accept a bribe.
Yet whilst you firmly to their int'rest stick,
PINDAR will write, and probe you to the quick.

PHILO, you're *angry*, and assert a lie;
But PINDAR's not, and therefore won't reply.
You say he scorns religion's hallow'd laws,
And feels no reverence for the FIRST GREAT
CAUSE:

The charge is false, and till he guilty plead.
Whoe'er *believes* you is a *fool* indeed.

Why did you, PHILLO, with malignant spite,
Hang o'er his follies with such fond delight:
For if 'tis true that "he who loves to dwell
"On others' failings, be a child of Hell,"
You, Sir, (and faith the thing was mighty civil)
Have, *bona fide*, prov'd yourself a *Devil*.

Hence take advice, thou self-conceited elf,
And do not write to contradict thyself;

* PHILLO was indebted to a public charity for his education—is now in a state of servitude—and depends on his daily earnings for subsistence.—ANTI-PHILLO would have thought the foregoing observation beneath him, had not PHILLO made Pindar's poverty a subject for his second-hand wit.

B E E V O R.

MR. C-KE.

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove, for's power to thunder;—his heart's his
mouth.

The M---R of N---H.
He sits among men like a descended God;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off
More than a mortal seeming.

J---S C---E.
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles, his heart as
free from fraud as earth from heaven.

L-----T C-----I G---T.
You'll leave your noise anon! do you take the Court
for Paris Garden; you rude slave leave your
bawling.

C---N C-W-L.
Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation,
audacious without *impudence*, learned without opi-
nion, and strange without heresy.

C---N B---R.
By my hopes
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

L-----T P---LE
I am not, cousin, covetous of gold;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

D--N of N---H.
What the word and the sword? do you study them both
Mr. Parson?

S-r E---D A---Y.
Yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed, therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

J--K R---H.
Sir, for a fifteen pence, he will sell the fee simple of his
salvation.

J--N R-----N.
If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague
on my bringing up.

A-----N K-----N.
One that never spake other English in his life, than eight
shillings and six pence, and you are welcome, Sir,
with

No

H O B A R T.

No confidence can e'er be plac'd in you—
As R——p consistent, and as B——y true;
Like them you'll promise, yet betray your cause,
And meanly break through God's and nature's laws.

ANTI-PHILO.

HARRY HOBART FOR EVER!

LET others of women and wine sing the praise,
Their subjects are humble, and humble their lays;
'Tis *Hobart* I sing, and a worthier theme,
(Whatever the friends of Sir Thomas may deem)
No poet e'er wrote on, nor e'er was a muse,
Which could such a subject as *Hobart* refuse;
Harry Hobart's the man; so away with your *Beavor*,
A HOBART, A HOBART, A HOBART, FOR EVER!

The cunning, the witty, the flattering elf,
Who promises others, but thinks of himself;
I never will celebrate, never will aid;
But will speak what I think of him—who is afraid!
I heed not the bluster of *him of Tuck's Wood*,
Whose fury so oft have the Guardians withstood,
But *Hobart* I'll praise, so away with your *Beavor*,
Whilst true honest voters shout HOBART FOR EVER!

He who gapes but for profit, and cares not a pin
For those who elect him, so he but gets in;
I will not commend, what'er *DUMPLING* may prate,
(With his lock, and his *Flourkid** engrav'd on his plate)
Nor will I vote for him—nay, *Simon* the pure,
Should sooner intice me, for him to *insure*;
But *HOBART* I'll vote for—away with your *Beavor*,
And think no more of him—but HOBART FOR EVER!

To me shall that candidate ever be hateful,
Who presses the poor to be false and ungrateful;
To flout their employers, their masters, their friends,
And tho' puritan *W—kes* from the pulpit descends,
To urge the same doctrine, yet he shall not speed;
For his flock are too honest, such doctrine to heed:
HOBART scorns such mean arts; then away with your
Beavor.

For truth and good sense shall shout HOBART FOR EVER!

Relying on truth *Hobart* asks for no puff,
From hypocrite combers, of things without proof;

* A *Flourkid*, with a lock upon it, is the Device to be engraved on the Doctor's Plate.

B E E V O R.

with this shrill addition, "anon, Sir, anon, Sir,
score a pint of bastard in the half moon."

J--N H--Y.

Pray thee take pains
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit.

A-----N H--Y.

Plate sins with Gold
And the sharp lance of justice hurtless breaks,
Through tatter'd cloaths, small vices do appear,
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.

A-----N P--TE.

Thy currish spirit, govern'd by a wolf, for thy actions
are wolfish, star'd, and ravenous.

A-----N G--Y.

You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a
cause between an orange wife and a foffer seller;
and then adjourn a controversy of threepence to a
second day of audience.

A-----N S-----NG D--Y.

That furly spirit melancholy has bak'd thy blood, and
made it heavy thick.

S-----F P-----N.

Pray you peruse that letter;
You must not now deny it is your own hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal nor your invention:
—You can say none of this.

D---R C---R.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed
a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he
would pay it when he was able.

M---R M---Y.

He has been at a great feast of languages and stolen the
scraps. O! he has lived long in the alms basket
of words.

S-----G D--Y, Jun.

Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way?

J--N D--Y, Jun.

A pox of such antick lispings, affected fantastics; These
new tuners of accents! why, is not this a lament-
able thing that we should be thus tormented with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these
pardonnez moy's?

K--G's H--D C-----E.

You must be blaming *Martius*, who in cheap estima-
tion is worth all you predecessors since *Deucalion*,
though

H O B A R T.

Ne'er stood for one party, the town to divide,
In the county assisting the opposite side.
His heart is too honest; he scorns to deceive;
Then such is the man we may safely believe;
HARRY HOBART's the man; so a way with your *Beevor*,
A HOBART, A HOBART, A HOBART FOR EVER!

X B R A - T H W - - T ' s G H O S T .

Scene, H— HALL.

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Bra-thw--t's angry ghost,
And stood at B—'s feet.
His face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay cold was his with'ed hand,
Which held the sable shroud.
Awake, he cries, 'tis Bra-thw--t calls,
Forc'd from his midnight tomb,
To warn thee of approaching woes,
To warn thee of thy doom.
Think not that through respect to thee,
I left my peaceful rest;
No—'twas for poor Eliza's sake,
In whom I once was blest.
This is the awful dreary hour,
When sullen ghosts complain,
Why Tom hast thou so foolish been
To dare thy fate again.
Bethink thee of thy first attempt,
When doubting of their troth,
You on the poor and needy men
Enforc'd the *Bribery Oath*.
Did'st thou intend to gain their hearts
By this, — Misjudging elf,
'Twas not your virtue urg'd that course,
No;—'twas to spare your self.
With pitying hand, say hast thou wip'd
The tear from sorrow's eye,
Or calm'd the guilt disturbed breast,
Or check'd the woe-fraught sigh.

That

B E E V O R.

though, peradventure, some of the best of them
were hereditary hangmen.

P—R P-ND-R.

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and sup-
pers and sleeping hours excepted; it is the right
butter woman's rate to market;—this is the very
false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself
with them?

S-r W----M J-----M.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever
changes with the next block.

C-----N L-G--E.

If he has wit enough left to keep himself warm, let him
bear it for a difference between himself and his
horse.

X A R O D for the FOOL's BACK;
Or, PETER PINDAR Chastised.

I'D fain forbear the work, nor yet chastise
The man of *scandal*, *insolence*, and *lies*;
But stripes belong to fools;—if this be true,
How many stripes, young Pindar, are *thy* due!
Vaip youth! forbear, thy smutty rhimes give o'er,
And write with decency, or write no more.
You aim the faults of others to disclose,
And, aiming thus, your *little self* expose.
Fools, like yourself, may laugh at what you say,
But sure the praise of fools is dirty pay.
The bard, who drinks at the *Castalian* spring,
Taught by the chaste Aonian maids to sing,
Disdains in muddy Styx to dip his pen,
Nor rakes the *dirt* of hell to throw at men:
But *thy* low muse, like swine, delights in mire,
In filth she rolls, nor wishes to mount higher;
With strife she meddles—fire-brands she flings—
Arrows *unpointed*—vipers *without* flings.
She tries in vain to do her neighbour hurt,
And cries, with foolish grin, "I'm but in sport;
" But I have wit, you say, and I will show it;
" To rhyme I have the nack, and I'm a poet."
And rather than your muse shall nothing do,
You'll rake all hell, and ev'ry filthy stew—

For

[To be continued.]

☛ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

O that by my example fir'd,
Thy actions had confess'd
Those sentiments which once I own'd,
Which once my heart possess'd.
I ne'er desir'd on prison walls,
To have my Glory rais'd;
I ne'er was by poor *Spinners* curs'd,
Nor *servile Combers* prais'd.
Belov'd and blest by all around,
Twice did I strive to gain
The seat to which you now aspire,
But twice I strove in vain.
Not e'en my merit, nor my worth,
Could gain the prize; which sure,
As much surpass'd, O Thomas thine,
As gold surpasses ore.
For know thou rash, ambitious tool,
'Twas pre-ordain'd by fate,
No *Hethel Justice*, e'er should gain
In Parliament a seat.
Though by a specious artful tale,
Both C--we and N--g--te strive,
To win your easy yielding faith,
And keep your hopes alive.
Despise their arts, be not deceiv'd,
Too well th' Electors know
Their interest, to support the man,
Favor'd by Hamlet C--we.
There's B--kle too renown'd for *sense*,
And his sagacious brother
The *man of wealth*, t'would puzzle all
The world, to match another.
With Attic Al-erf-n who shines,
In *Council* so complete,
And him whose fertile brain disclos'd,
The source of *vital heat*.
There's too that *canting* pair, whose hearts,
Deceitful as their faces,
Strive to conceal their bad designs,
With high flown words and *graces*.

With

B E E V O R.

For dirt and nonsense, scandal, mud, and *stine*,
Then mix the *sweet* ingredients up in rhyme;
To which you'll add—the *malice* of the devil,—
The *stile* of *Billinggate*, and *dregs* of evil;
Then to the composition you'll impart
The snake-hair'd envy of your *fulsome* heart;
To give the compound a yet deeper stain,
Religion you'll blaspheme—her laws *prophane*;
For he's a dastard devil that's afraid
To lampoon Jesus, and the laws he made:
Your mixture thus prepar'd, of blackest hue,
You take your pen, and try what you can do.
First ev'ry active man in B——r's cause
Shall feel the scratching of your monkey claws;
Not that they injure you, or do you wrong—
Nor with their vices can you fill your song;
And if you could, that man's a child of hell
Who on his neighbour's faults delights to dwell;
But where you can't their character defame,
By other means your envy you proclaim:
One has his arms too long—another's head
Too great—too empty, or too much of lead;
This is too corpulent, and that too lean,
Another's brainless, and the next is mean;
A quaker this, and that the man of *perce*,
A brewer next—and blockhead void of *sense*.
Thus you reproach, abuse, revile your betters,
In your low, fulsome, trifling, rhiming letters.
Poor little rhimer! Poet-taller mean!
Why are you pleas'd to have your Grub-street seen?
What! Do you dream that you shall win the bays—
By your censorious and insulting lays
Will Beevor, Hobart, either praise or pay?
Or men of sense applaud your shameless lay?
Know, Pindar, know—the men you thus abuse—
Think you too mean to wipe their dirty shoes.
What will you gain by the sweet songs you make?
Applause and honour?—No—you quite mistake.
And be that praise accrues that shall arise
From slander, low reproach, and dirty lies.

But

H O B A R T.

With these though less important deem'd,
 Is Sancho, Plumb and Scrub,
 Would I were cloth'd in flesh again,
 And well their hides I'd drub.
 To choose you Tom, 'tis all a joke,
 For had they found one man,
 Who would by them have been cajold,
 They ne'er to you had ran,
 Soon will they shun your drooping cause,
 Soon shrink from Hobart's pow'r,
 And leave you poor deluded man,
 To mourn the hapless hour.
 But hark the cock has warn'd me hence,
 A long, a sad, adieu
 Remember my prophetic words,
 No more the cause pursue.
 The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd,
 With beams of rosy red,
 Sir Thomas quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.
 He hied him to that fatal place,*
 Where once his friends were set,
 With tears which stream'd from either eye,
 His handkerchief was wet.
 And thrice he call'd on R-g-y's name,
 But answer heard he none,
 For he alas, with H-r-r-g, Cr--c,
 And B-ck-e too was gone.
 And will you not refund he said,
 And then he wept amain,
 O that I had my cash once more,
 I'd never stand again.

* The Angel Committee-Room.

A F R A G M E N T.

WHICH is the man?—whose flattery we despise,
 And whose low cunning, want of sense supplies,
 Who tales of cautious slanders doth impart,
 T' ensnare with friendship's guise the honest heart,
 Brewer, buffoon, jockey, gamester you may trace,
 Each vice recorded find in B——r's face.
 The muse indignant, this hated subject quits,
 Soars to the Angel, known abode of wits,
 Where C——c loud blustering bully, Chairman sits.

Imperious

B E E V O R.

But if I guess aright, young Pindar's *poor*,
 And knows not how to keep the wolf from door:
 Give him, ye lovers of the rhiming ditty,
 Give him some pence, and give the youth some pity.
 Keen poverty's a painful thorn to feel,
 And sure the man had better *write* than *steal*.
 But you will say his poems are so mean
 They're quite unworthy to be read or seen.
 They are;—but then, what must the scribbler do?
 Two farthings, Sirs, are trifling sums with you;
 They'll keep the man from poverty and pain,
 And ten to one will make him write again:
 For by the number of his ballads pen'd,
 We see how hard it is for fools to mend;
 From worse to worse they go, and lower sink,
 'Till like the wasted torch they end in *flink*.

Take then, young Pindar, friendly warning take,
 And better use of your *small* talents make:
 And learn to know—the man who does expose
 The faults and failings of his friends or foes,
 To please himself, and gain a little fame,
 Deserves *contempt*, and hated is his name.
 It proves a *narrow* soul, a heart that's *base*—
 A flock of *insolence*, and want of grace;
 And all the good your dirty poems do,
 Is to proclaim—there's such a fool as you;
 To let the city know there's one who can—
 Promote the devil's works in form of man:
 For *scandal* is the devil's fav'rite trade,
 And, doubtless, he will see you amply paid.
 Did you in virtue's cause employ your pen,
 You'd share applause from wise and honest men;
 But while your filthy pen deals scandal round,
 With *infamy* and *shame* you must be crown'd.

P H I L O.

R O D O M O N T A D E S.

Number I.

[To be continued occasionally.]

HALLOO!—ye nine *Pierian* maids,
 Fair mistresses of song;
 Give me your help, ye little jades,
 I'll not detain you long.

Only

H O B A R T.

Imperious, mouthing, vain, the poor man's dread,
 For deeds of squabble fam'd, he takes the lead,
 To catch the easy accents of his lip
 Sits in mute silence Ald——n subscrip.*
 With face of bardolph hue and head so round,
 Where not one symptom of good sense is found.
 Next R——y comes; remember him all must,
 When his pinch'd dumplings were besmear'd with dust,
 And from the wrath of blue coat boys he stole,
 Sneaking to Portland Heath to seek for coal.
 Here M——w cats-paw of the motley band,
 To record nonsense fits with ready hand.

* This Gentleman is well known to be indebted for his city honours to the timely and liberal contributions of his friends.

First Chapter of the
SECOND BOOK of PROVERBS.

J——s H——m.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,

W——T——R and Ald, W——N,

Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

Mrs. H——D.

Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips.

Si——N W——N.

Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.

J——s C——E.

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

W——X.

Seest thou a man that is wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him.

M——w, Jun.

Who boasteth himself of a false gift, is like clouds and wind without rain.

Lilly White B——Ds.

For their hearts study destruction and their lips talk of mischief.

G——E

B E E V O R.

Only, in your fam'd fountain dip my pen.
 Or, if 'tis nearer hand,
 Into the same ink-stand,
 Which your friend PINDAR uses,
 When he DAN WEST abuses:
 And—('till I want) I'll not plague you again.

Now then—God bless the King!

And may no maniac subject henceforth scare him;

I swear, 'tis not the thing.

That bedlamites should be admitted near him.

And tho' the Norfolk Jury,

Impell'd by loyal fury.

Thought it all right, their thankfulness t'express,

That Marg'ret Nicholson's old knife,

Did not deprive great G——e of life,

As well 't had been I insist on it,

Had they in other words have done it,

And sent a proper person with the Address.

But Lord have mercy on their heads of wood,

Perhaps not one, 'tho he great pains had taken,

Could write a sentence to be understood,

Except that prodigy—Sir Edmund B——n.

And when 'twas done, no one amongst them—marry,

Might be deem'd fit, with such a thing,

To greet a great and mighty King.

No, not in all the pannel—save poor HARRY.

And he, alas!—by Starling D—— beguil'd,

Now seems so woe-begone—and looks so wild,

That if he gets, by chance, or good assistance,

An audience of the Royal Wight,

He'll view him well—and think it right.

To bid the rueful figure—keep his distance!

The Monarch—(not without some fears)

May take the scroll which Harry bears,

To see what loyal matter it contains;

But when he finds in't nothing more,

Than what he'd seen—a week before,

In Crouse's Chronicle—gad zooks!

I think he'll put on some queer looks,

And shrewdly must suspect the bearer's brains.

Now, should our hero—might and main,

Attempt his errand to explain,

Asserting

H O B A R T.

G—E G—NE.

He hath taken a bag of money with him and will *not*
come home at the day appointed.

BARRABAS L—N.

Caſt in thy lot amongſt us, let us all have one purſe.

P—N W—KS.

Turn you at my reproof, behold I will pour out my
ſpirit unto you, I will make my words known
unto you.

BOBBY H—G.

For I was my father's ſon, tender and beloved in the
ſight of my mother.

L—Y B—KLE.

Get wiſdom, get underſtanding; forget it not.

B—TT G—Y.

Put away from thee a froward mouth and perverſe lips
put far from thee.

JER. T—N.

Go to the ant thou ſluggard, conſider her ways and be
wiſe.

J—N B—S—Y.

Frowardneſs is in his heart, he deviſeth miſchief conti-
nually, he ſoweth diſcord.

J—S B—R.

A heart that deviſeth wicked imaginations, ſee that be
ſwift in running to miſchief.

J—N H—Y.

For my mouth ſhall ſpeak truth, and wickedneſs is an
abomination to my lips.

Mrs. T—R.

A fooliſh woman is clamorous, ſhe is ſimple and
knoweth nothing.

Dr. B—R.

He that is ſoon angry dealeth fooliſhly.

B—N H—Y.

A man has joy by the answer of his mouth, and a word
ſpoken in due ſeaſon how good is it.

M—S B—R.

A froward man ſoweth ſtriſe, and a whiſperer ſeperateth
chief friends.

M—J—R H—T.

A merry heart doth good like a medicine.

NUMBER

B E E V O R.

Aſſerting *Buckingham* to be his brother;

And that he came to town expreſs,

Merely to bring this *ſtale Addreſs*;

The *Courtiers* all in great amaze,

With much miſtruſt will on him gaze,

Saying—"This is ſome mad man ſure, or other."

Thus—tho' no *point* the ſcroll conceals,

Danger may be at *Harry's* heels,

And well 'twill be, if after all,

He gets ſafe back to *I—d Hall*;

'Scaping—without a chain upon his leg,

Bedlam, and all the ſale of—*CRAZY PEG*!

BEEVOR is the MAN.

A NEW SONG.

YE voters of Norwich, ſo gen'rous and true,
Who boldly the track of fair freedom purſue,
Come liſten to me, and beware of mean arts,
Chooſe a man for his character, merit, and parts;
Give place to reflection, mens principles ſcan,
And you ſoon will declare that BEEVOR's the man.

Conſider how weighty the truſt you repoſe,
In the men who by you are for Parliament choſe;
A man of low parts for the place is unfit,
He ought to have eloquence, wiſdom and wit;
Then lay prejudice by, purſue reaſon's bright plan,
And you'll quickly declare that BEEVOR's the man.

You lately did two Representatives boaſt,
Who with honeſt integrity fill'd the high poſt,
Tho' one you have loſt, you that loſs may repair,
By chooſing another who'll with him compare;
Your rights and your freedom exert while you can,
And declare with one voice that BEEVOR's the man.

When *Windham* and *Beevor* in union are ſent,
A valiant and free people to repreſent,
Your excellent choice you'll be quickly diſcerning,
In preſering a man with ſuch wiſdom and learning;
Let no private intereſt your free hearts trepan,
And a BEEVOR, a BEEVOR ſhall ſtill be the man.

Altho'

[To be continued.]

A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Paſſage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

NUMBER III.

ELECTION BUDGET

Published by Independent Authority, and as the Act
of Fancy directs.

From MONDAY, Aug. 14, to SATURDAY, Aug. 19, 1768.

HOME NEWS.

The Office of chief Magistrate of this city, during the confinement of the Mayor, is filled by proxy, and the proxies, we are informed, have dispatched Adam's Grandmother with the Address to the Throne on the late attempt, &c.—and it is expected he will be dubbed on this occasion. If this should be the case, what a group of Knights may the Puffing Committee boast of;—Sir T. B——r, Sir J. O'LEEKE, Sir Adam's Grandmother, Sir J. L——mb, &c.!!!

We hear from different parts of the country, that several gangs of *Smugglers* are circulating Birmingham *promises*.—In this city, we know, that *promises* are in every one's pocket! But, when will the day of performance come? Neither the Pope nor Pretender knows.—Perhaps the day Mr. Fox has named for the *payment* of his debts.

By Letters from London, we are told, that fifty free-men of this city are *dead* by the effect of *gin*.—The same post informs us, that one hundred and fifty escaped the like *misfortune*, by preferring Norwich *nog* and *goose pre*.

N. B. Should any attempt be made to *poison* the survivors, it is hoped this caution will be attended to.

A correspondent, on whom we can depend, informs us, that the celebrated *Oliver Bare-bones*, alias *Lord Trundle*,

B E E V O R.

Altho' Peter Pindar, that splenetic wight,
So much 'gainst the friends of Sir Thomas may write,
And tho' many others their pens may employ
In vain, his just hopes of success to destroy;
Let the fierce friends of H——t exclaim all they can,
The worthy Sir Thomas shall still be the man.

HAL's INVITATION.

TURN out of your looms, boys! to sport and to play,

'Tis Hob—t invites—to the Swan haste away;
Bring your *fathers*, your *brothers*, your *cousins*, your
friends,
Tho' not free, they can *shout*—and will answer our *ends*,
Obey the glad summons, to Hob—t repair;
Drink deep at his cost, and forget all your care,
Drink deep, &c.

Altho' at the Angel *five hundred* were met,
And all will allow, a *respectable* set,
Yet fear not, my friends, we'll *out-number* our foes;
And *hawl* after Hob—t wherever he goes.
Obey then the summons, &c.
Then *tag-rag* and *bob-tail* fail not to attend,
You shall have *Nog* by pails full, and sport without end;
Fehmy R——h shall delight ye with many a *freak*,
And Hob—t shall *speak*!—Oh! ye gods, how he'll
speak!

Obey then the summons, &c.

Be your *faces* clean *shav'd*, and your *wigs* newly *dress'd*,
And if you've *two coats*,—why put on the *best*;
Pick up ev'ry *straggler*, they'll answer our views,
To boast our GREAT NUMBERS in *Saturday's News*.
Obey then the summons, to Hob—t repair,
Drink deep at his cost, and forget all your care.
Drink deep, &c.

Another

H O B A R T.

Trundle, is so well recovered from his late whipping, as to be able to attend an hour or two every morning, on his pupil in politics, W. H—bb—d, at the warehouse in St. Clement's; but the young man, by reason of a prodigious weakness in his head, is not likely to make so shining a figure in that line as he at first promised to do; though he learned his Lordship's introductory lesson on *lying* with the greatest facility, he having a natural genius for it.

A correspondent desires us to contradict a part of the advertisement in our last, relative to the *Nine Wiggs to be Lett*. It seems the *Queues* have long since been disposed of to *Squire Whipcord*, at the corner of Briggs's-lane, one of our Common-council. The remainder are yet to be let, and may be seen at the *Knowledge-shop*, at the corner of Red-Lion-lane, St. Stephen's; where the *beards* of the *Blue and Whites* are taken off by Counsellor L—wis, at half price.

We are informed that some people at a porter-shop in St. John's Madder-market, having a mind to make an experiment in hydrostatics, and judging the body of *Jack Swagger*, who was then present, weighed no more than his *veracity*, threw him out of the window; but his carcase being composed of materials too groofs for the air to buoy up, fell precipitately to the earth, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

The following note was found in the Dove-lane:

Mr. *J. Swagger* presents compliments to Mr. Sheriff — and begs leave to inform him, that although Mr. *Swagger*, from an idea that it would be more to his interest, had retracted his promise to Mr. Hobart, in order to be at liberty to tender his vote to Sir Thomas—yet he will still vote for Mr. Hobart, if Sheriff — will promise him the copy-right of the poll-book.

We are informed that an attempt was made on the body of an *Old Woman* last week, by a set of pamper'd ruffians. It is said that the good old lady had strayed into a barn, in which were assembled a carousing male party—as merry as *Grigs*. By the friendly interposition of a sober citizen, the old Gentlewoman escaped—*All-dread*.

A Caution.—The inhabitants of this city are desired to be guarded against the man who hung himself last week

B E E V O R.

Another R O D O M O N T A D E,

A Serpent, whose becracker'd tail
Bursts in a school-boy's hand,
Will make him stare and stand
As stiff, as motionless, and pale,
As poor Lot's wife become a saltern pillar:
The virgin who is seen
O'er some romance obscene
To bend a curious anxious eye,
(If she have any modesty)
Will look more petrified, and sit the stiller.
But more than these aghast
Stood H——r rooted fast,
In his committee room,
When S—g D—y's blank phiz and smileless greeting,
Portentous of his doom,
Told without words the tale of Beevor's meeting.
In vain the Angel op'd its every wing
To enclose the mighty crouds,
That throng'd like dusty clouds
Around the mail-coach wheels upon a summer road;
One vast unshelter'd ring,
Drank heav'n's free air, and porter out abroad.
In vain each cellar door
Expir'd its ale-y store,
Dry throats were itching for untasted liquor;
And, tho' some only drank hard
Who could come at a tankard,
The emptying tubs seem'd bottom'd but with wicker.
Tho' all were buied in the common cause,
Diogenes, and more
Than he by sult a score,
Might to some purpose have employ'd their paws,
By rolling empty barrels—to the brewhouse.
The manifold acclaim,
The shouts to Beevor's name
So shook the heavenly frame,
That the stars flicker'd in their silver cells,
Like grains of sand that drop on stricken bells,
Or hail-stones on some iron-cover'd new house.
A while old Harry fate
In piteous estate,
Striking his half-craz'd pate

With

H O B A R T.

week behind his shop door in the Cockey-lane; for, being discovered before he was quite dead, he was perfectly restored to life in a few hours; though his senses continue as much disordered as ever; and as he is suffered to go at large, and is very mischievous, we have thought it necessary to throw out this caution, that people may be ware of him. The poor man, it seems, has taken it into his head that a *paper* lately instituted under the title of the ELECTION BUDGET, is published in opposition to a certain *provincial paper*, from their great familiarity in point of *intelligence* and *authenticity*; and he has therefore been pestering many magistrates and lawyers to induce them to take measures for suppressing said Budget, and punishing the Authors, Editors, Printers, Publishers, Venders, Hawkers, &c. &c. but those gentlemen had *too much knowledge* of the law, *too much regard* for their reputations, and *too little regard* for said *provincial paper*, to pay any regard to the ravings of this *maniac*.

Yesterday a boat with eleven men and women (*plumbers* for B—vr) was overfet in the river Nog; they were immediately taken up, and recovered by the means recommended by the Society, &c. &c.—It is not a little remarkable and worth observing, that the moiety of the money raised by the *sale* of the NEW Election Budget, paid the expences attending their recovery, besides discharging eleven freemen confined for *small* debts in this city: these voters, with an addition of 278 *more*, will ensure a majority for Sir T. B.

We are informed that a certain Alderman of this city means to distribute black liquorice to all the chimney-sweepers, work-house people, &c. &c. who will shout "Beevor for ever!"

We recommend it very seriously to Dr. Rhubarb, to confine a certain Baronet in his mad-house; as the said Baronet is daily getting into people's debt, and disturbing the peace of this city, by running about from house to house, and showing several other certain symptoms of madness.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

NEW ELECTION BUDGET.—Bad paper! very rough! harsh as a nutmeg-grater! too rough, a great deal, Mr. Editor!—For *useful purposes* it should be quite soft—soft and smooth, Mr. Editor.—But, say the publishers,

part

B E E V O R.

With torment at the story;
— Just as a wounded dog
Bites the unguilty log
Which flung by stripling hands attend his wagging tail;
Then rising thus address, in spite of inward ail,
P——e, that thorough tory,
" Somebody who can write,
" (I don't pretend to indite)
Pen something sweet as honey,
" To summon every one,
" Whose name be but half known;
" Yea tho' 'twere such a motley congregation
" Of one-ey'd, maim'd,
" Or blind, or lam'd;
As on the tidings of a saint's updigging,
" Flock to the fancied relics for new-rigging,
" With straiter legs, or with a founder nose,
" If numbers do but come, what boots their situation?
" And I myself propose,
Left H——y keep away,
" The whole expence to pay,
" Nor by their shillings count the guests of Wednesday.

HOBART to PETER PINDAR, jun. Esq;

O! Pindar, Pindar, cease your mottled stuff,
The town and country both have had enough;
Your lines can gain no friends to HOBART's cause,
While they are darkened with such num'rous flaws,
And if to please the town your muse aspire,
Throw off the name and manners of a liar;
Let truth alone be all that you indite,
Or else for ever cease to scrawl and write.

August 23, 1786.

G. S.

Miss GOODWILL to PETER PINDAR.

AND so, my dear Coz, as I've once wrote a letter,
I'll now strive to mend it by writing a better.
Your second Epistle is just come to hand,
But, I'me sorry to say, that I don't understand
How that you, my dear Coz. with professions sincere,
Should thus unprovok'd many characters tear.
Remember, I pray you, that excellent rule,
And leave off in time thus the playing the fool,

Nor

H O B A R T.

part of this New Budget is to be applied to *charitable purposes!* Ye Gods—what *goodness!*—what *generosity!*—what *patriotism!*

An Essay on the Art of writing OBSCENE Poetry.
By POMPEY the LITTLE, *Poet-Laureat to the Blue and White Squad.*—The Author illustrates his remarks by quotations from his own works, as he is peculiarly happy in this species of poetry. His muse is a *vulgar draggle-tailed IMPURE.*

NORWICH } To the Constables and others his Ma-
and } jesty's Officers in the parish of St. Pe-
NORFOLK. } ter's, in the said city and county, and
to all others whom this doth or may
concern.

WHEREAS the Angel Inn and places, adjacent are now infested with many rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and other idle persons that can give no good account of their lives and conversation, to the danger of the neighbourhood, and against the peace and good order of this city: These are therefore strictly to charge and command you, and every of you, that at all convenient times hereafter, taking with you a sufficient aid and assistance, you make diligent search in the several places aforesaid, for all such rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and other suspected idle persons; and them apprehend and bring before us, or one of us, to be examined and dealt with according to law. Hereof fail not at your peril.

Given under our hands, &c. &c.

Sir T O M.

Sir J O H N.

By A U C T I O N.

TO be SOLD, a SEAT in *St. Stephen's C*—
The highest bidder to be the purchaser. For particulars and conditions of Sale, apply to the DEPUTATION COMMITTEE, or to their Secretary, Mr. Scrub.

WANTED.

[To be continued.]

B E E V O R.

Nor ne'er say to others what you in their place
Would not wish they at all times should say to your face;
Indeed, my dear Coz, I much fear me that you
Have ta'en up a trade that you'll soon have to rue,
Better much had it been that you'd *stuck to your last*,
Than thus on your neighbours your censure to cast.
Remember what oft your good mother has said,
"Better get us two friends than an enemy made."
Then leave off at once this sad itch of declaiming,
And to *business* once more turn your mind and your
aiming.

For as poet you'll ne'er gain you cheese to your bread,
Which so well might be done had you follow'd your
trade;

And instead thus of teasing poor folks with your news,
You'll please me to hear you are *mending their shoes*.

PETER PINDAR CORRECTED;

Or, PHILO'S Second ROD for ANTI-PHILO.

WELL, my young friend, I've read your sharp reply,
And now to set you right I'll *kindly* try;
For I protest you're strangely in the wrong,
And have with wretched *blunders* fill'd your song.
Now be assur'd no *anger* fill'd my mind,
When first I wrote: my motives then were kind:
They're still the same, though I can plainly see
Young Peter Pindar is displeas'd with me.

Some of your letters taught me to conceive,
That you could *bear* the lash as well as *give*;
But now my pen has touch'd you to the *quick*,
Like a gall'd horse you *flinch*, and try to *kick*.
Well, since your rage is up, I'll *smile* and *write*,
And in *good nature* try to let you right.

From "*Good report*," (you say) you understand,
"A second person kindly *lent a hand*:"

"And more, that we have met at different times,
"One with his *thoughts*, the other with his *rhimes*."

Then in the margin you have let us know,

That Philo does his education owe
To *public charity*;—and now is found
A *menial servant* to some master bound;

By

☞ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

WANTED, a *good-natur'd, modest* Young Woman, to serve in a Stationer's Shop, and, of course, must be a woman of *letters*: As she will be subject to *two* masters, she must submit to *all kinds* of work.

She will be paid a per centage for a journey to settle the London accounts once a year.

None but those whose *persons* and characters will bear the *minutest investigation* need apply.

Inquire of the Editors of the *NEW Election Budget*.

To be disposed of on very reasonable terms.

A Considerable stock of IMPUDENCE.—Inquire at the house, late in the occupation of Alderman Thurlow, deceased.

MANOR of GARRATT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that a GENERAL COMMITTEE BARREN of Sir T. B. Bart. will be holden and kept for the said Manor, at the Angel Inn, on the day of disappointment; where all freemen and freeholders are desired to pay service and obedience, and hereof fail not.

SKINNY R—SS—L, } Under-Strappers.

J. M—RPH—W, jun. }

N. B. *Doubtfuls* will be registered at this Committee.

N O T I C E.

ANY of the freemen who will PROMISE their vote, shall receive, in return, the PROMISE of any thing they please to ask; be it chair, staff, cockades, house open'd, gate, lamps, marshalman, bellman, hospital, or sheriff's officer.—Nay, through the interest of Mr. Fox, excise and custom-house offices may be had.—Soldiers discharged.—Promotion in the army, navy and church.

—Part

B E E V O R.

By daily earning gains his daily bread,
And is by *servitude* and labour fed.

Nor are we only told of his employ,

But Philo is some *Banker's scribbling boy*.

To all this stuff I only have to say,

Your *good report* has led you far astray;

In quite a diff'rent sphere your Philo stands,

No servant he, nor labours with his hands:

By public charity he ne'er was taught,

No second person lent a rhyme or thought:

What *Philo* wrote, from *Philo* only came;

Nor will he let another bear the blame.

The Banker's Boy, and R—p and B—y too,

Are all unknown to me—and so are you.

Nor do you know I ere betray'd my cause,

Or "meanly broke through God's and Nature's Laws."

The truth is this, you've quite mistook your game,

And yet remains unknown the author's name.

One hint I'll give you—*Philo* us'd to write,

Before young *Pindar's* eyes beheld the light.

From rules of decency had you not stray'd,

On your productions no remarks I'd made;

But when a youth will worthy men expose—

Do all he can their failings to disclose—

And in reproachful ire hold up to view,

Each little fault they ever chanc'd to do:

Or if with them no failings he can join,

Will their *profession* and their *faith* malign:

You need not wonder, should those you offend

Reprove you smartly for what you have penn'd.

Sir Thomas, and his friends who for him vote,

Are many of them men of worth and note;

Their *character*, their *rank*, and *fortune* too,

Claim due respect from men so young as you:

Though you've a genius in the rhiming way,

It gives you no authority to play

With gentlemen of sense, and worthy name,

Their *characters* and *persons* to defame.

And let me tell you (for 'tis surely true)

Had *Hobart's* friends been treated thus by you,

I surely

H O B A R T.

—Part of the next Loan.—Lottery Tickets.—India, &c. by applying to Sir Jeffery Grin, at the Angel, in the Market.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, one hundred well-seasoned LIES.—Whoever has such to dispose of, may meet with as many PROMISES, by application to the PUFFING COMMITTEE, at the Angel Inn,

By order,

Rus—L SKINNYBACK, Secretary.

LOST, on Thursday last, in a fit of IMPRECATION, a small quantity of TRUTH, HONOR and RESPECTABILITY.—Whoever has found it shall be well rewarded, on restoring it to Mr. Nominee Swagger, at the sign of the Pigeon and Prayer-book.

* * This very small parcel cannot be of use to any person but the late owner; and, as it is all he possessed for some years past, it is of great value to him.

PUFFING COMMITTEE.

Ordered,

THAT, in order to support the drooping spirits of the "vast majority on the canvass," another LIE be added, viz. That Mr. Hobart's friends hold out to the freemen an assurance of Sir Thomas's necessity of declining the contest; notwithstanding we are convinced, that they neither express a wish or a doubt on the subject.

Ordered,

That the SNARLING SQUAD do torment, perplex, affront, abuse, and ill-treat every Freeman, whether Gentleman or Journeyman, who is impudent enough to walk the streets without a blue and white waistcoat, ribband, &c.

Ordered,

That the thanks of Sir Th—s and the Committee be given to Mess. Little Isaac and Jack Swagger, for the promise of their services.

By order,

RUM SCRUB, Sec.

BR—TH—TE's

B E E V O R.

I surely should have taken up my pen,
Because I also think *them* worthy men.

You think me staunch for *Beevor*—be it so;—
But I'll just hint, *Beevor* I do not know:

I never yet have good Sir *Thomas* seen,
Nor have with *one* of his Committee been,
I know them not except by common fame,
Nor *one* knows me, or *Philo's* real name.

Then you will say, "What cause had I to write!"

Indeed, 'twas this, young man, *To set you right.*

You have poetic talents, and you may
Soon *shine* in verse, take but the *proper* way.

Your youthful fancy may direct you *wrong*,
And as a friend, I would *correct* your song.

Perhaps you'll say, "But you were *too severe.*"

Were I, indeed?—Well I am *milder* here.

And if you see your *fault*, and mean to mend,
I'll be *severe no more*—I've gain'd my *end.*

Treat you the *worthy, great, and aged, civil,*

Then call me what you please, an elf or devil.

Be what I may, I wish with lib'ral mind
To think and speak the *best* of *all mankind*:

Their faults I'd bury in oblivion's shade,
For I *sincerely hate* the railing trade.

No spite malignant flow'd from *Philo's* pen,
Nor does it *now*, although I write agen.

In pleasant mood I give you this reply,

If you reform, I'll lay my scribbling by.

But if you are determin'd still to use

Your art and wit the worthy to abuse,

As such abuse will surely give me pain,

Upon my *honest word*, I'll write again.

PHILO.

N. B. You think I've had a bribe—no not one penny,
And ten to one I never shall have any.

A bribe I hate—and then such is my case,
I have no vote or freedom in the place.

Nor ever will my name reach *Beevor's* ear,
Except he should command me to appear.

Should he do this, his call I may attend,

Nor should I fear to own I'm *Beevor's* friend.

But I am not so *vain* and *foolish* grown,

To think he'll *such* a bard as *Philo* own;

"But if he should?"—Then *this* shall be my metre,
Beevor's for *Philo*—*Hobart* is for *Peter.*

EPIGRAM.

H O B A R T.

BR—TH—TE's GHOST.

'Twas at the awful noon of night
 My brother's ghost appear'd,
 And whilst chill horror shook my frame,
 Its purport thus declar'd.
 " Know—from the dreary grave I come,
 " Thy folly to control ;
 " To warn the of approaching fate,
 " And awe thy guilty soul.
 " Shall *he* to fame—to honour rise,
 " Who scorn'd the voice of truth,
 " And led thro' flow'ry paths of vice,
 " An unsuspecting youth.
 " Shall *he* who spurn'd at honour's laws,
 " To friendship prov'd unjust,—
 " Shall *he* obtain the public voice—
 " To guard a sacred trust?
 " Can *he*, the city's guardian prove,
 " Its rights, its freedom prize.
 " Who, to indulge a vicious will,
 " Renounc'd all social ties.
 " No ———; quit thy purpos'd plan,
 " At ——— be content,
 " And e'er thy destin'd race be run,
 " Thy evil deeds repent.
 " But see—the orient morn appears,—
 " False, cruel man—farewell!
 " Bethink thee—by what treach'rous arts,
 " Thy hapless brother fell!"
 It ceas'd, and vanish'd from my view;
 Now sol had streak'd the skies;
 When, trembling, from my bed I rose;
 For sleep forsook my eyes.

More CHARACTERS from SHAKESPEARE.

S—R TH—S B—R.

WAS ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as
 this multitude. The name of HENRY, hales them to
 an hundred mischiefs, and leaves me desolate. Hea-
 vens and honour be my witness; that no want of reso-
 lution in me but only my followers base and ignomi-
 nious treasons, make me betake to my heels.

DR. B—R.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
 Pluck from the memory, a rooted sorrow;

B E E V O R.

EPIGRAM on PETER PINDAR.

Through C-lls * Parnassus springs so flow,
 In shape of Pindar Peter,
 He p--s bed and breeches too,
 In straining rhimes and metre.

* Alluding to Mr. C-ll's disability.

N O R W I C H.

EPIGRAM on carrying the ELECTION
by LIQUOR and MONEY.

BY liquor and gold, if freemen are led,
 Hat has plenty of riches;
 * Peter Pindar enough can make in his bed,
 And the Candidate coin in his breeches.

* Alluding to Mr. C-ll's infirmity and incontinence.

From PETER PINDAR in LONDON to his FRIENDS
in NORWICH,

THERE is, I scarce can think it, but I'm told,
 There is, who makes with my good name too bold;
 Good let me call it, whilst it stands the test
 Of heads which think, and hearts which prompt the best.
 Shall then a pert, a scrubby, scribbling boy
 His puny talents idly misemploy;
 And with the sanction of my well-earn'd name,
 Try to purloin a wreath of transient fame?
 Strip the young elf, and send him back to school;
 Let him unwhipt, no longer play the fool.
 They say that Fate has giv'n the luckless lad
 A kind of half-wit, which has made him mad:
 That soon as he had learn'd to make his letters
 He grinn'd, look'd faucy, and abus'd his betters;
 Presum'd to scorn the choice his friends had made,
 Whose close-rack'd means scarce bound him to a trade;
 Who, when they plac'd him in a humble shop,
 Ne'er thought to hear him rant on Pindus top,
 Of verse, of muses, and the powers of sound,
 Which often wiser heads than his confound;
 But wish'd, good honest people, wish'd to see
 His mind from all such fond delusions free.
 To study his true int'rest they advis'd,
 Sound tho' they were, their maxims he despis'd;

Raze

And

H O B A R T.

Raze out, the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote;
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom, of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.
What RHUBARB; fenna; or what purgative drug,
Will scour these HOBARTS hence. Hearst thou of them?

J---S B---R.

Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire SMALL BEER;
for in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, SMALL
BEER.

J---S C---E.

I do suspect, I have done some OFFENCE;
That seems disgracious in the city's eye:
And that you come to reprehend my IGNORANCE.

E---S N----E.

I come not friends to steal away your hearts;
I am no ORATOR.

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man:
That love my friend, and that they know full well,
That give me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither WIT, nor WORDS, nor WORTH,
ACTION, nor UTTERANCE, nor the POWERS of SPEECH;
To stir mens blood. I only speak right on.

J--N B--K-E.

Lo! what modicums of WIT he utters; his EVASIONS
have very long EARS. I will buy nine sparrows for a
penny, and his PIA MATER, is not worth the ninth part
of one sparrow.

J--N H-R---G.

I am a WISE fellow, and which is more an house-
holder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh
as any in NORWICH; go to; and a RICH fellow enough,
and one that hath every thing handsome about him, O
that I had been writ down AN ASS.

J--N A-DR-D.

Here is a most Reverend Gentleman, who, belike,
having received AFFRONTS from some person; is at
most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever
you saw. I never knew a man of his place, gravity
and LEARNING, so void of his own respect.

J--N and W----M B--R--D.

We know each others faces; for our HEARTS,
He knows, no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his my friend than you of mine,

J--N

B E E V O R.

And still in friends, and still in fortune's spite,
The stripling needs must take his pen and write;
And how—for had he but employ'd his time
Wisely in making friends—tho' e'en by rhyme,
In rubbing off the coarse tenacious earth,
Fix'd to his station from his humble birth,
In learning foster manners, graceful ease,
And the best charm of social life—to please,
Who e'er his modest efforts had perus'd,
Had no consistent meed of praise refus'd.
But naught, it seems, would serve the silly youth,
But to be scurrilous, to torture truth;
Himself in character not worth a groat,
Must pick a hole in ev'ry neighbour's coat;
Reports against well-meaning men must raise,
And satire think a poet's truest praise;
Which who writes well, but seldom gains our love,
Who ill, ne'er fails our hate and scorn to move.
He sees not now, like many a brother fool,
Himself of others made the servile tool;
But thinks, vain boy, that BEEVOR's strengthening cause
Must surely fail for want of his applause;
And vainer still, conceited thing, believes
That HOBART's only, whilst he praises lives.
Oh! strip the elf, and send him back to school,
Let him unwhipt no longer play the fool;
Tell him, withal, that pity to his age
Has check'd the fervor of my honest rage;
But if again his pebbles stir the lake,
However small the circles they may make,
The parent stream will rise in all his might,
And whelm the thoughtless wretch in endless night.

AMONGST the several manœuvres played off by the
opponents of Sir THOMAS BEEVOR, the paragraph which
was first sent by them to a London Paper, and afterwards
printed by order of Mr. HOBART's Committee in a hand-
bill, and dispersed about the city, which declared, "that
Sir THOMAS BEEVOR came forward in the present con-
test upon the interest of Mr. Fox," was artful enough
considered by itself; but when compared with their other
assertions, that he would be subservient to any Admini-
stration,

[To be continued.]

➡ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

J--N T--L-R.

Would he were FATTER; but I fear him not.
Yet if my nature, were liable to fear;
I do not know the man I should avoid;
So soon as this SPARE CASSIUS. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

S--N M--T-N.

SHYLOCK; is my name.

T---S R--S--E.

Marry I cannot shew it in rhyme, I have try'd and
can find no rhyme for joy, but defy, a terrible rhyme;
and for school,—fool, very ominous endings.—No I
was not born under a rhiming planet.

J--N B-R-Y.

I that am HONEST; I do hold it sin,
To break the oath I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men; like men of strange inconstancy.

DITTO.

I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he
hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion, is
perfect GALLOWES; stand fast good fate to his HANG-
ING.

W----M D-W--G.

A Pox of this gout; or a gout of this pox; for the
one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe.

M--K W--K-S.

Well; I'll put on the gown, and I will DISSEMBLE
myself in it; I am not tall enough, to become the
function well; so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson:
and I am one of those, who will use the D--L himself
with courtesy.

J---B

B E E V O R.

stration, is not less a proof of their folly than their in-
consistency.—It is well known that the worthy Baronet
is not attached to any party, and is supported by gen-
tlemen of most respectable characters who are of differ-
ent political sentiments.

The following Address having been transmitted to Sir
THOMAS-BEEVOR, in acknowledgment of services
which he had rendered to the trading interest of this
city, it is deemed an act of justice to give this un-
biaised and impartial testimony, in addition to those
which have eminently and uniformly distinguished
his public character.

Norwich, Feb. 20, 1786.

KING'S HEAD, MAGDALEN-STREET.

ORDERED, That a letter be sent to Sir THOMAS
BEEVOR, Bart. expressing the thanks of the
YARN-MAKERS of this city, for the essential
services he has rendered them.

" HAVING been appointed a Committee to confer
with you upon some matters relative to our trade, and
in particular to take your opinion upon some clauses of
the present existing laws made for the better regulation
of yarn; and having laid before a general meeting of
the YARN-MAKERS of this city the papers which you
were pleased to furnish us, and the opinions and advice
we had then the honour to receive from you, the said
general meeting has directed us to express to you its
thanks, for the readiness which you have testified, not
only in this, but in various other instances, to assist with
your judgment; and also for the particular Diligence
and impartiality with which you have put in execution
those

H O B A R T.

J---B C--KE.

He hath not so much BRAIN as ear wax; to what form, but that he is, can he be turn'd. To an ASS were nothing, he is both ASS and ox; to an ox were nothing, for he is both ox and ASS.

THE Friends of Mr. HOBART, more effectually to silence the insinuations, which his opponents have thought proper to hold out in their canvas, of an intention to decline the present contest, judge it necessary to declare, in the most unequivocal manner, their determined resolution to support him till, and at the day of election, in EVERY POINT that may be deemed the most conducive to his success, not doubting that their warmest wishes will be most amply gratified by the event.

THE present contest for the representation of Norwich (which is likely to be the warmest ever remembered) stands thus: The Honourable Henry Hobart is brought forward by the friends of Mr. Pitt, who are now become very powerful in that place, not only from the general approbation of the conduct of the present Administration, but, as we understand, from a principle of gratitude, in the firm attachment shewn to the interest of the worsted manufactory of that city, when the Irish commercial resolutions were under Parliamentary investigation.—Sir Thomas Beevor is brought forward by the Dissenters, who stile themselves the "Independent Interest," but who are in reality a set of men that delight in opposing every measure which the Court Interest, as they term it, is any way concerned in; whether it is a Common-council-man or a Member for the Senate that is started, it matters not, their zeal is nearly equal; and, like other factions that want a plea for their conduct, as well as a head to lead them, so they regulate themselves, and look up to the leader of the present opposition to the Ministry for their guide; of course they must be deemed partizans, rather than independent men. From these circumstances our correspondent adds, the issue will most probably terminate in favour of Mr. Hobart.—*Univ. Register.*

The

B E E V O R.

those laws which the Legislature intended for the welfare of our trade, and for the Security of our property.

We are, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servants,

T. TROUGHTON, J. TAYLOR,
J. HERRING, E. OLLETT,
R. POWELL, S. CUBITT."

Sir T. BEEVOR, Bart.

HETHEL.

IT is not doubted but the public will easily see that the various paragraphs which have appeared in the London papers respecting Sir Thomas Beevor as candidate for the city of Norwich, and which artfully represent him as brought forward by party, are merely the electioneering manœuvres of his opponents; as it is well known that the very powerful support which he has received, is derived from gentlemen of different political sentiments, and that this support is particularly honourable to the worthy Baronet, as it is really independent of the political circumstances which lately divided the kingdom, and springs from a general conviction of his being peculiarly well qualified to be a useful senator.

AN uninterested spectator of the present contest in the city of Norwich is much concerned that any friend of Mr. Hobart's should endeavour to serve his cause by a misrepresentation of facts, and by illiberal reflections upon a large and respectable body of people. The "*Independent Interest*" in Norwich is not, as the writer of an article inserted in the papers of August 5 insinuates, a *Dissenting* interest, but an association formed some years since, without any regard to religious distinctions, in order to preserve the independence of the city. Many Dissenters attached themselves to this interest from principle, as friends of liberty; and, on the same ground, they have, in great public questions, for the most part, stood forth in defence of the British constitution and the general rights of mankind. Their spirited exertions in support of the principles of the Revolution, their loyal and zealous attachment to the House of Hanover, and the marks of Royal favour which have, at different times, been bestowed upon them, are well known. Considered as a general body, they have always

H O B A R T.

The T O A S T.

Tune—"Come then all ye Social Powers."

YE Sons of Freedom who would stand,
Renown'd in future story;
Come let us join, both heart and hand,
And act to Hobart's glory.

C H O R U S.

Then charge your glasses, never pause,
But let this toast go round, Sirs;
Here's HOBART's health, and may his cause
With good success be crown'd Sirs.

Though B—v—r's party say they know
They two to one may boast Sirs:
Th' Election day will plainly shew,
They count without their host Sirs.

C H O R U S.

Then charge your glasses, never pause,
But let this toast go round Sirs;
Here's HOBART's health, and may his cause
With good success be crown'd Sirs.

Though ev'ry specious art is try'd,
To aid their cause, and gain it;
Whilst we stand true on HOBART's side,
They never can obtain it.

C H O R U S.

Then charge your glasses, never pause,
But let this toast go round Sirs;
Here's HOBART's health and may his cause
With good success be crown'd Sirs.

Above all mean deceitful arts,
He scorns dissimulation:
Nor ever strive to gain your hearts;
By false insinuations.

C H O R U S.

Then charge your glasses, never pause,
But let this toast go round Sirs;
Here's HOBART's health, and may his cause
With good success be crown'd Sirs.

O grant ye pow'rs, we ever may
With pleasure still remember;
And joyful hail, the glorious day,
He first was chose OUR MEMBER.

C H O R U S.

Then charge your glasses, never pause,
But bumpers let them be Sirs;
Success to HENRY HOBART's cause,
And HEALTH;—With three times three Sirs.

A Serious

B E E V O R.

ways approved themselves faithful subjects and good citizens. Though zealous for the rights of Britons, they are enemies to faction. Whilst public affairs are in able and honest hands, as friends to the King and the constitution, they will be friends to Administration. Many among them, perhaps the greater part of their body, are of opinion that this is the case at present, and, consequently, are friends to the present Minister. And farther than is consistent with the public-good, what honest man, who loves his country, would wish to proceed in support of any government or any cause?

Whatever those who may be inclined to embroil the public with religious or political disputes may insinuate, the contest between Mr. Hobart and Sir Thomas Beevor, is not a dispute between Dissenters and Churchmen, or between the Ministry and Opposition; it is nothing more than an *amicable struggle* between two individuals, supported, on each side, by a certain share of personal merit, family interest, or private connections; and involves in it no question of sufficient magnitude to justify either party in supporting their cause with a degree of acrimony which might hazard the *peace of the city*.

To the INDEPENDENT ELECTORS
of the City of NORWICH.

HOW has Lord Buckingham voted on all great political questions?

With the Coalition.

What was the name of the Lady who is now wife of Lord North's eldest son?

Hobart.

Who has professed himself the fast friend of Mr. Pitt?

Mr. Hobart.

Who has, in a correspondence with a certain gentleman in this county, denied his attachment to the *present Administration*?

Mr. Hobart.

Who will support a character made up of inconsistencies, or trust to the specious promises of a man who sports with *political principles*?

No Free Man.

To

H O B A R T.

A Serious APPEAL to the understandings and interests of the citizens of Norwich.

WITHOUT a wish to obtrude myself rashly on the judgments of my fellow citizens, or of adding to the number of fugitive opinions already issued, I would call your attention, calmly and dispassionately, to as clear a state of facts as I am able to produce.

The two Gentlemen who now seek that most honourable distinction—your confidence, are equally respectable, and equally qualified to represent you in Parliament; but I by no means allow that their *pretensions* to your suffrages are equally well founded.

At a time when we enjoy the blessings of peace, an increase of national wealth, a brisk commerce, rising funds, and a happy preface of that universally wished-for object—a liquidation of the national debt! are we not bound in justice to ourselves—to posterity; and, in gratitude to that happy Administration, under whose auspices, and in whose confidence, every public measure prospers, to give energy and effect to the authority of the crown, as well as to the legislative and executive powers? I say, if to do this be *right*, it needs not argument to convince you, that any step, however distant, or latent, which has a tendency to check or diminish that great political and moral virtue, is *wrong*.

The Hon. HENRY HOBART is the brother of John, Lord Hobart, whom ye chose to represent you in 1747, along with the present Lord Walpole. It is, therefore, idle to state Mr. Hobart's *alliance* to a *Peerage* as an objection, since ye *again* chose his brother, and Lord Walpole, April 15, 1754; in which Parliament Lord Hobart served till called to the House of Peers, by the death of his father, Sept. 22, 1756: and Sir Harbord Harbord, now Lord Suffield, our late most worthy delegate, succeeded to the vacant seat, December, 8, following.

In 1768, Thomas Beevor, Esq. now Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. was a candidate at the general election, in opposition to two of the best representatives this city ever boasted, Edward Bacon, Esq. and Sir Harbord Harbord! and in opposition to the Administration of the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Lord Camden, Sir Edward Hawke, the Marquis of Granby, Lord Gower,

B E E V O R.

To the AUTHOR of the SERIOUS APPEAL.

COMPARISONS are odious—but as you have rashly obtruded them on the attention of your fellow-citizens, take the consequences—I can have no objection to let “*my Hyperion be contrasted with your Satyr*.”

There is a gross affectation of candour (the object of which must be obvious even to the most ignorant, your not daring to bring *specifically* the personal accomplishments of the two persons in question into a competition) in your beginning with declaring, in a general way, “*that the two Gentlemen who now seek that most honourable distinction, the confidence of the Citizens of Norwich, are equally respectable and equally qualified to represent them in Parliament*.”—Were this, indeed, the case, all the independent voters of this city would be like asses between bundles of hay, utterly unable of themselves to incline either to the one or the other, unless in truth they were all like you, who, contrary to a mathematical axiom, scruple not to assert that things equal to one another are not equal to the same thing.

But reasoning is certainly not your *fort*:—The public shall judge whether this be a mere *assertion* of mine, or whether it be a *fact*, from a statement of your own.—“In two successive Parliaments, the citizens of Norwich, you tell us, chose Lord Hobart, the son of a Peer (a measure no doubt condemned then by every man who had a just idea of the constitution)—the citizens of Norwich must now, therefore, chuse a *brother* of a Peer, altho’ a majority of the people strongly object to him on that very ground.”—Such is your mode of arguing, just contrary to most other men who pretend to any soundness of judgment.—The having once been guilty of a folly ought to act as a motive to our guarding against a similar conduct, not surely as a reason why we should recommit it.—I have it not in perfect recollection at this moment, what was the state of the nation, with respect to the influence of Peerages, in the years 1747, 1754.—I am, however, fully sensible of their alarming influence in the present era.—Are they not *now*, if I may be allowed the expression, sold by wholesale? Is not every man who either has, or is supposed to have any extensive influence in any part of the kingdom, dubbed upon his declaring fealty to the minister, a Baron, an Earl, a Viscount, or a Marquis?

But

[To be continued.]

✂ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

Gower, the Earl of Chatham, and other illustrious characters!!!

In the confidence, and under the influence of the most popular principles and patriotic professions, Mr. Beevor had 1136 votes on his poll.—Sir Harbord 1812; Mr. Bacon 1596.

At the last general election, in 1784, Mr. Hobart was brought forward upon public grounds; and in opposition to a most violent partizan of Mr. Fox's. And, considering that Mr. Windham's friends had been four years in collecting and keeping together a powerful and active interest, yet his number of suffrages were but 1297.—Mr. Hobart's 1233.

From this comparative view of the two present Candidates *pretensions*, it is not difficult to determine which claims the pre-eminence? But it may require some further proof to decide the political conduct, which, it is presumed, these Gentlemen mean to pursue. In doing which, I will fairly state what, I think, an inference may easily be drawn from.

In 1778, these Gentlemen were both subscribers to the Norfolk association for recruiting some of his Majesty's regiments then endeavouring to suppress a powerful rebellion in North America, and threatened with a declaration of war by most of the belligerent states of Europe. Whatever may be the opinions of some with respect to the justice, policy, and conduct of the late war in America, all must allow, that a voluntary contribution towards any great and general purpose is truly patriotic.—Thus far, and in this instance, our heroes stand equal.

In 1783, whilst Mr. Hobart was in Ireland with his brother, the Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Beevor protested against the general association of the county, to obtain of Parliament and Government a "Redress of Public Grievances." What these public grievances were, every one knows and feels? In the same year Mr. Beevor voted for Mr. Windham and Mr. Thurlow; by which neutral conduct he proposed to himself a kind

B E E V O R.

But facts, you will say, are stubborn things.—You may pose me with reasonings; but in these I am impregnable.

To follow you thro' all your little tales would tire my patience; I will touch, therefore, only upon one or two.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum—Speak no evil of the dead.—In 1768, Sir Thomas Beevor opposed, at the general election, Mr. Bacon, who is now with the worms, and Sir Harbord Harbord, who is now with the Peers.—"In the confidence I use your own words, and under the influence of the most popular principles," Sir Thomas Beevor had 1136 votes on his poll; Mr. Bacon, in spite of the influence of the most popular principles, by the means of two guinea tickets, had 1596; and Sir Harbord, by a forced junction with a man whom he disliked, and to whose political sentiments he was inimical, had 1812.—Which of these three, think ye, was at that time most an object of respect? Is this a fact that resounds to Sir Thomas's discredit? There could not have been any thing alledged, even by his warmest friends and partizans, more endearing of his character, or more strongly pleading for our suffrages, than this particular view of him which you have brought in order to injure him with the public.

Nor are you less out in the criteria by which you would have the citizens of Norwich presume the future political conduct of the two Gentlemen who are suing for their confidence.—I am truly sorry, I confess, that with regard to the subscription for the raising a regiment in the time of the cursed American war, Sir Thomas is obliged to plead guilty with Mr. Hobart.—Had he not merits of a very distinguished kind in other particulars.—This circumstance, like the mark that God set upon Cain, would with me have operated to have considered him for ever as an outcast.—With respect to Mr. Hobart, I own, it acts like an extinguisher—"take from him his little spice of goodness, and he is a compost without a carraway seed."

But in 1782—Mr. Hobart was Chairman of the General County Meeting called by the High Sheriff, who addressed his

H O B A R T.

kind of an accommodation with ALL PARTIES.—Mr. Hobart did not vote.

In 1782, May 6, Mr. Hobart was Chairman of the general county meeting, called by the High Sheriff, who addressed his Majesty on the happy change of that Administration under Lord North, which had nearly brought this nation to absolute bankruptcy—thanking him for calling to his councils men of worth and abilities; and recommending the strictest economy in every department of the public expenditure.

In March, 1784, when the voice of the nation called aloud for a dissolution of Parliament, did not Mr. Hobart, in conjunction with a majority of the Grand Jury at Thetford, propose a meeting of the county to address the Throne, declaratory of their abhorrence of that democratical *furor* which had seized the House of Commons, in defiance of the *dignity* of the Crown and the *liberty* of the people? His Majesty's gracious condescension to comply with the wishes of his subjects, occasioned an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and, therefore, rendered a meeting of the county unnecessary: but the very active part Mr. Hobart took in the successful opposition to Mr. Coke, established the opinion of his being a *firm friend* of that Administration which has raised the stocks, saved India, suppressed smuggling, promoted commerce, preserved peace, adopted economy, restored public credit, maintained the balance of power, and is *reducing the NATIONAL DEBT!!!*—Sir Thomas Beavor endeavoured, in vain, to support Mr. Coke.

If such proofs of Mr. Hobart's great national principles be not quite satisfactory (for there are men whose *prejudices* overcome their reason) let me just quote his public declaration at the last contested election for this city.

"It gives Mr. Hobart singular satisfaction to understand, that his political sentiments coincide with the opinions of several respectable gentlemen of this city; and, to obviate any shadow of suspicion, he *PLEDGES himself*, in the most serious manner, to take every occasion of supporting the *constitutional measures* pursued by the present *patriotic Administration*; and of voting for the re-establishment of *TRIENNIAL PARLIAMENTS*."

To the above solemn and unequivocal attestation, may be added (if a doubt still remains in the minds of any) his oral declaration from the *Hustings* in the New Hall

B E E V O R.

his Majesty on the happy change of that Administration under my Lord North, which had nearly brought this nation to absolute bankruptcy.—"Tis true, and pity 'tis 'twas true"—For how came he to be Chairman of that Meeting? Was it not spite of the general cry of the Meeting itself? Was he not forced into that situation merely because he was the *Honourable Henry Hobart*, nay, by the very men who came forwards to oppose the very measure for which the Meeting was called? Did he not make a most ridiculous and contemptible figure in his opening of the business? "Hear then how a plain unvarnished tale puts you down"—My vouchers are in every one's memory who was present upon that occasion.

But I really begin to suspect you a friend in disguise to Sir T. B.—No one surely but an enemy to Mr. Hobart would ever bring under scrutiny the *consistency* of his political conduct, the *sincerity* of his declaration with respect to his being a partizan of Mr. Pitt's, or the *principle* upon which he asserted himself a friend to triennial Parliaments.—No one, surely, but a person inimical to Mr. Hobart, would lead the public to reflect, by telling them that Sir T. Beavor was a dangerous man to choose for their Representative, because he was the friend of Lord Townshend, who was the friend of Mr. Fox; That Mr. Hobart must be much more so, since he is brother to Lord Buckinghamshire; a man absolutely disgraced by the present Ministry, and of course one of its most sworn and inveterate enemies.—No one, surely, but a man who wished to rouse a spirit of honest indignation against Mr. Hobart, would have grossly stigmatised all the friends of Sir T. B. "*as men whose boasted principles are in opposition to Government*," when it is well known, that a very great part of them, at least, are not only men who are zealous supporters of Government in general, but open and avowed advocates for the present Administration in particular.—But should I be mistaken in my idea of you, let me conclude, with giving you a word of advice—Dry your pen—Do not "*take up the question pending on local grounds*—Or if you do—be careful—do not get out of your depth—lest, like the pig, with flouncing and endeavouring to keep yourself above water, you cut your own throat, as you have, in the present instance, done with your own feet."

AN ANTIMISREPRESENTATIONIST.

A PLAIN

H O B A R T.

Hall;—"That, at all times, he was ready to obey the instructions of the constituent body; being equally a friend to the constitution in its legislative and executive form of Government." And, in his address to the citizens after the election of his opponent, he concludes, "I hope the *consistency* of my conduct will best evince the *sincerity* of my professions."

No one it is presumed will venture to impeach his integrity or my veracity. My vouchers are in every one's memory, or within any one's reach. And, that Mr. Hobart has not forfeited his claim to *consistency*, is within the knowledge of every citizen who seeks the TRUTH.

If I have not succeeded in placing the public conduct of Sir Thomas Beevor in a point of view, as opposite to Mr. Hobart's as darkness to light, I have yet, to fill up the measure of my colouring, some other proofs to produce.—1. His long acquaintance with a certain noble Viscount, and his gratitude for a Baronetage, are reasons which have, and must operate as they ought: and, until that Peer thinks proper to abandon the present opposition to Government, Sir Thomas must either vote against Mr. Pitt; or, prefer the better alternative;—give his vote to gain promotions in the church and army for his sons, nephews, &c.—2. His espousing Mr. Coke in 1784; and, his also voting for Mr. Windham, are incontrovertible testimonies of his attachment to Mr. Fox.—3. But, his coming forward at the instance, and under the confidence of a party, whose boasted principles are in opposition to Government, is beyond all manner of doubt, self-declaration of what line of political conduct he is pledged to pursue. If he acts otherwise, his friends are deceived.

Mr. Hobart, on the contrary, has stood the acknowledged Candidate for your support, upon the same public ground he now professes. He has, with unremitting zeal, sought your good opinion by a constant attention to your interests and welfare. Is there a public charity to which he does not contribute? Is there a public measure in which he does not take a leading and decided part? And if he stands, by your choice, in the public situation of a Senator, is it not reasonable to suppose, that his power to serve you will be equal to his inclinations?

In my next paper on this subject, I will take up the question, now pending, on local grounds; and endeavour

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A PLAIN ANSWER to a Paper entitled
A SERIOUS ADDRESS, &c.

IT would be deviating from my intention, and uninteresting to those whom I address, were I to pursue this writer through all the intricate mazes and perplexing matter with which he has attempted to abuse the patience, and to bewilder the reason of a discerning public; I shall, therefore, as much as the nature of the subject will allow me, endeavour to confine myself to a few observations on what he terms incontestible facts; and, by a comparative view of the political conduct of the respective candidates, more conformable to truth, rescue the character of Sir THOMAS BEEVOR from that obloquy with which this violent partizan of Mr. HOBART has laboured to load it.

After observing that the "Honourable Henry Hobart is brother to John Lord Hobart, who represented this city in Parliament, in 1747, with the *late* (not the *present*, as is asserted) Lord Walpole," the ingenious advocate draws his logical inference, "that it is idle to state Mr. Hobart's alliance to a peerage as an objection, since his brother was again chosen with Lord Walpole in 1754."—Or, in other words, because an inconsistent act has once been committed, and afterwards confirmed by one equally inconsistent, it would be absurd to open your eyes at last, for fear you should be galled at the sight of your inconsistency. And yet, in a subsequent part of these considerations, Sir Thomas Beevor is objected to as an improper man to represent this city, merely because he has been in the habit of a long acquaintance with a certain Viscount. If the ties of blood, and the great awe which Mr. Hobart is well known to stand in of Lord Buckinghamshire, who is avowedly in opposition to the present Administration, and who is connected by the strictest ties to a leading person of the late Ministry, Miss Hobart being married to Lord North's eldest son, are not allowed to have any influence over his conduct, by what argument can it be presumed, that Sir Thomas Beevor will ever suffer his acquaintance with a certain Viscount, with whom there are no ties but those of friendship, to interfere with his public actions?

It is true, in 1768, Sir Thomas Beevor, acting under the influence of the most popular principles and patriotic intentions, as well as professions, did, without a shilling expence, any farther than the necessary ones of the

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vour to shew you, that the opposition to Mr. HOBART is little more than the struggle of a few purse-proud arbitrary men, to grasp and monopolize that very power they so effectually destroyed in 1780, under the impression of its being usurped by two families.

AN INDEPENDENT VOTE.

NUMBER IV.

ELECTION BUDGET

Published by Independent Authority, and as the Act of Fancy directs.

From SATURDAY, Aug. 19, to SATURDAY, Aug. 26, 1768.

HOME NEWS.

The following letter was put into the letter-box, Back of the Inns, with a request to insert it in No. IV. of the Election Budget, with which we the more readily complied, as we have good reason to believe that such an apology for APOSTACY was offered.

To the Committee of the Honourable Mr. Hobart, King's-Head.

Gentlemen,

IN the outset of the present contest between Mr. Hobart and Sir Thomas Beevor, I had DETERMINED to support the former with my vote at the ensuing election; and had frequently made an AVOWAL of such intention; but it could not be understood by any *sensible mind*, that an *engagement* of this kind was to exist under all possible circumstances. There are *prudent and honourable* RESERVATIONS which all men make under their *most liberal* OFFERS of assistance and service; and I could not mean, when I declared myself FRIENDLY to Mr. Hobart, that I would support him (right or wrong) under all measures that might be adopted to secure his election.

When

B E E V O R.

the day of election, polled 1136 votes, eight hundred and fifty of which, if I mistake not, were single votes; while it is equally true, that Sir Harbord Harbord polled 1812, and Mr. Bacon 1596, but at the expence of more than 11000l. to the latter gentleman.

In 1784, Mr. Hobart was not brought forward upon public grounds, or in opposition to a violent partizan of Mr. Fox, as has been fallaciously asserted. Mr. Hobart, upon the presumption that Mr. Bacon's age and infirmities would incapacitate him from taking any further part in a public line, offered himself to represent this city in Parliament; and I can produce substantial evidence to prove, that Mr. Hobart himself was an advocate, and a zealous one too, for those measures which he is said so violently to reprobate, until the power of the late Administration was upon the decline, and he foresaw the turn which public affairs were upon the verge of taking; then it was, and not till then, Mr. Hobart appeared as the champion of the present system of politics.

It is alledged, that in 1780 Sir Thomas Beevor protested against "the general association of the county to obtain of Parliament a redress of grievances." If any one will take the trouble to turn to the public papers of that period, he will there find that gentleman's political principles as pure and independent, as they have been represented to be corrupted and inimical to the constitution. He objected to the petition, *this true*, but upon the following grounds: that it was confined in its nature, contracted in its principles, and inadequate to the end proposed by it. "If we must apply to Parliament," said this patriotic gentleman, let us apply for redress "of grievances of greater magnitude than those complained of in the petition; let us apply for an equal assessment of the land-tax; for a duty to be laid on cyder; for I can see no reason why the inhabitants of the cyder counties should be exempt from taxation upon the liquor they drink, more than others where malt liquor is the common beverage; but above all, let us apply for an abridgement of the duration of Parliament, the septennial act being the grand source of all the evils this country has laboured under." Here he shewed himself to be the friend of the public, the friend of

[To be continued.]

➡ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

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When the TERMS of an obligation are broken; restraint, from that moment, ceases; and, when I behold improper and unjust means used to *sustain the cause*, and see some principal persons exercising the powers of corruption and oppression to obtain the suffrages of those whose misfortune it is to be needy or dependent, I consider myself liberated from the engagement I have made.

I never will be found aiding the party of any man, who shall attempt to destroy what I esteem as the most valuable of all privileges—THE FREEDOM OF ELECTION!

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BERRY.

[COPY.]

It is a well-known fact, that Sir Thomas Beever has a very considerable majority on the canvass amongst a set of Ladies of this city, remarkable for their *liberality* and *condescension*; but we hope a certain Lady will prevent the connection being much longer continued.

The friends of Lord Viscount T——end are commanded to support the interest of Sir T. B——r, Bart. as, should he succeed, (which to be sure is very doubtful) his Lordship will have one more *dependent* in the House of Commons.

Extract of a letter from London, dated Aug. 19.

"You were not mistaken in your information, that a packet was actually sent to the printer of a London morning paper; and, therefore, justified in apprising your fellow-citizens of the mean arts made use of by a *desperate* party to injure the character and interest of Mr. H. Such a packet was *certainly* sent by a Mr. M. and received by the printer; but, upon laying it before Council, it was deemed a LIBEL; consequently rejected. The following passage is enough to establish that opinion, and prove the writer—a LIAR.

"We hear, that in consequence of Lord Buckingham's supporting his brother in the present contest for
"Norwich,

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of the poor, and the friend of the constitution. And if I remember right, he particularly objected to the petition for the third reason given in the protest, viz. because the resolutions of that meeting created a committee with powers unknown and unconstitutional; distinct from those of the representatives of the people; implying diffidence of their conduct; tending to weaken their influence and privileges in Parliament; and, in consequence, to controul and over-awe their proceedings. In this his sentiments concurred with those of Sir J. Wodehouse, and of many other distinguished characters in this county.

In the same year, because Sir Thomas Beever voted for Mr. Windham, and Mr. Thurlow, he is accused of having, by his *neural* conduct, secured to himself an accommodation with *all parties*. And yet, in another place, because Sir Thomas Beever voted for Mr. Windham in 1784, though he at the same time voted for Sir Harbord Harbord, he is accused of an incontrovertible attachment to Mr. Fox.

In 1782, Mr. Hobart, as chairman of the county meeting, "who addressed his Majesty on the happy change of that Administration under Lord North, who had nearly brought this nation to an absolute bankruptcy," had no other merit than what the courtesy of gentlemen present paid to his *precedence*.

In March, 1784, "when the voice of the nation called aloud for the dissolution of Parliament," so averse was Mr. Hobart from proposing a meeting of the county to address the Throne in conjunction with the Grand Jury assembled at Thetford, that he absolutely refused to sign any advertisement for that purpose as Foreman of that Jury, lest it should affect his electioneering interest in this city. And I call upon Mr. Hobart to say whether he did not pledge himself to Mr. Coke, that he would observe a strict neutrality in the contest between that gentleman and Sir John Wodehouse; and whether on the morning of his leaving Norwich, he did not order his tenants to vote, and make all the interest they could, in direct opposition to Mr. Coke? And upon his arrival in London, whether he did not even write to
Sir,

H O B A R T.

"Norwich, he has promised, in case he is elected, to
"JOIN THE COALITION PARTY."

Much to the credit of Sir T. B. we are happy to say, he has relinquished his claim to the fortune of Mrs B——tes, in favour of *a near relation*, on condition of receiving a vote!—To record such an instance of benevolence gives us the greatest pleasure, especially as it has been reported, that Sir Thomas *threatened* the man with an *alteration* of the will (being himself executor) to the total exclusion of any friend of that Lady.

The mob which met on Thursday evening at the PANTHEON, were the most desperate and despicable *banditti* that ever disgraced the *temple* of the Gods.—The manager of the theatre had to regret that evening's abandonment of the *gallery*; and their *Highnesses* conceived that the PANTHEON (out of which *Jemmy Burn* had driven his first collection of Gods) was the properest place to occupy, chose to spend their *shilling*, by adjournment from the *Gallery*, with their *old friend*.

All those who are desirous of abolishing the present excellent constitution of the kingdom, are requested to vote for Sir T. B——r; he being a known friend to Mr. Fox's East India Bill, and to the violent measures taken before the dissolution of the last Parliament.

We hear that Mr. Nominee Swagger does not intend to take out a license to shoot this season; Mr. Rackham, of Intwood, having forbidden him to come within gun shot of his premises, and it is well known that Sir Thomas will not admit him upon his.

We are informed that Smiling Tommy, who lately left his family, is apprehended, and confined in Wymondham bridewell, and is to take his trial at the next quarter sessions.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

CORKBOLD on *Sleight of Hand Tricks: to which is added, an Appendix on the Art of Preserving and PUTTING-UP OF COMFITS*.—With respect to the first part of this work, we think the author seems to be a bungler in the science

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Sir Edward Ashley to excuse himself from proposing *him* at the nomination? Did he not, also, one morning during the contest between Sir John Wodehouse and Mr. Coke, offer to Sir John Wodehouse's Committee to nominate him as a candidate for the county; and again, in the afternoon of the same day, did he not refuse to do it, for fear of offending his friends at Norwich?

As a farther proof of the consistency of Mr. Hobart's political principles, his advocates quote that part of his public declaration at the last contested election, wherein he pledges himself to support the present administration. Now has not Mr. Hobart, in the course of his present canvass, affirmed, that he neither has *spoken* or *written* any thing declaratory of his political sentiments, or of the parliamentary conduct he means to observe.—How are these inconsistencies to be reconciled?

An IMPARTIAL BY-STANDER.

H A L ' s G U E S T S.

A new Song, to an old Tune.

I.

T'OTHER night at the Swan an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
At the head of the board Starling D-y took his seat,
And close by the smiler sat Priapus P--te,
So there was 'Squire P--te with D-y tete-a-tete,
Partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
Partaking, &c.

II.

T'other night at the Swan an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
He saw there a fellow they call'd Bobby Bolt,
And just at his elbow one Sammy F---moult,
So there was Bob Bolt, and Sammy F---moult,
And there, tete-a-tete, Starling D-y and old P--te,
Partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
Partaking, &c.

III.

T'other night at the Swan, an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
There was Weather-cock Lynn (with a drop in his eye),
And close by his skirts sat stitch-louse Dick P-e;
So there, by the bye, was Lynn and Dick P-e,
And there was Bob Bolt, and Sammy F---moult,
And

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science; and as to the appendix, though to be sure 'tis true enough, is only the *Old Story* over again.

LITTLE ISAAC on *Weights and Measures*.

—This work has the appearance of ingenuity to an illiterate reader; but to the learned, the doctrine which it inculcates is known to be fallacious.

S H I P L I S T.

As the Three-Brothers, Beevor, was endeavouring to double the Cape of *Good Hope*, she ran foul of the Honour and Honesty man of war, Capt. Hobart, Commander; by which accident she received great damage both in her rigging and *canvas*. To add to the misfortune, a squall of wind, which had been some time gathering, dashed her with such violence against the rock of *Despair*, that it is greatly feared she will become a *wreck*.—Her cargo chiefly consisted of *Rhubarb* and *Hops*, which appear, from her bills of lading to be consigned, the former to I. B. St Giles's-street, the latter to I. B. Magdalen-street, Norwich, the loss of which will be not only felt by the Drawers, but by the public in general.

Last month came into dock, his Majesty's ships Hobart and Beevor; they have both been reviewed by the ship's carpenter, Mr. True-Englishman, whose report to the Lords of the Admiralty is, we understand, to the following effect, viz. that the Hobart will answer refitting; she therefore is to be very soon stationed off Constitution Port, to guard it from the attacks of the Coalition fire ships; the Beevor is to be made a hulk, and stationed off Wymondham, for the confinement of convicts; for which purpose, it is said, she will answer extremely well.

To be SEEN at the Prince's Feathers, Cockey-lane, The OURANG OUTANG, or, WILD MAN.—This animal has been taught to dance up and down the streets on two legs; which, considering the natural ferocity and brutality of this species of the human figure, may be greatly wondered at; moreover, by force of discipline, it is become extremely *courteous*; it never *frowns*, nor

B E E V O R.

And there, tete-a-tete, Starling D-y and old P--te,
Partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
Partaking, &c.

IV.

T'other night at the Swan an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
There S--ley was seen, with John Lumber-pump*,
And Fang was there grappled with Mynheer Van Haump,
So there was 'Squire Pump, Fang, S--ley, and Haump,
And there, by the bye, was Lym, and Dick P-e,
And there was Bob Bolt, and Sammy F---moult,
And there, tete-a-tete, Starling D-y, and old P--te,
Partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
Partaking, &c.

V.

T'other night at the Swan an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
There was Mr. Abdominous, What d'ye call 'im?
And there was Mun L-ng, in conjunction with All-m;
So there was L-ng, All-m, and What d'ye call 'im?
And there was 'Squire Pump, Fang, S--ley, and
Haump,
And there, by the bye, was Lynn, and Dick P-e,
And there was Bob Bolt, and Sammy F---moult,
And there, tete-a-tete, Starling D-y, and old P--te,
Partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
Parkaking, &c.

VI.

T'other night at the Swan an honest True Blue,
By way of a frolic, got in with *Hal's* crew;
There the Great God of Love, with Marf--lt he saw,
And R--ch, and Tom C-le, and Bob P-rdy, oh la;
And, drunk as an ape, there he saw my Lord Blow,
With fifty more wretches that no one did know;
So there was Lord Blow, and no one knows who,
And there (*no reproach*) was Mr. J-hn R--ch,
And there was Tom C-le, and P-rdy, poor soul!
And there, (alike stupid) were M--shall and C-bit,
And there was L-ng, All-m, and What d'ye call 'im?
And there was 'Squire Pump, Fang, Siel-y, and
Haump,
And there, by the bye, was Lynn, and Dick P-e,
And there was Bob Bolt, and Sammy F---moult,
And there, tete-a-tete, Starling D-y, and old P--te,
All partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.
All partaking of *Hal's* strong beer and roast meat.

* The celebrated Lumberer of St. John's Maddermarket.

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is ever out of temper; it has a *pleasing*, fair countenance; is *chaste* and *entertaining* in discourse, *good natured*, *affable*, and *well-informed* on all subjects; it having been engaged, by the Editor of the BRUSSELS GAZETTE, to *invent*, write and collect intelligence.

N. B. It plays remarkably well on the *piano forte*, dispenses *medicines*, and *perfumes* the lane gratis.

ANOTHER Writer of *Slap Dash*, i. e. *Filthy Poetry*, is wanted immediately.—Inquire at Aldgate Pump, or of the *Angelic* Committee.

A Number of Mechanics being wanted to complete the MEAN ARTIFICERS company in this city: This is to give notice to those versed in CHICANERY, CAVILS, QUIRKS, LIES, and PUFFS, who are willing to enlist in the said company, that on procuring satisfactory recommendations of their *affiduity*, they will meet with great encouragement, by applying to the *Angelic* Committee.

SKINNY R—SS—L, Under-Strapper.

H U E and C R Y.

RAN away, from his *promise*. JACK WEATHERCOCK, about five feet and an inch high, black hair, curled in the neck, thick set, talks *much* and *fast*; has a great propensity to *lying*, *swearing*, *obscenity*, *abuse*, and *treachery*. Whoever will restore him to his *senses*, will meet with the thanks of the Common-council of Wymer Ward.

To be SOLD by AUCTION.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next, at H—Hall, in this county.

ALL the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE of Sir T. B—; consisting of beds and bedsteads, chairs, tables, warming-pans, empty casks, old law tracts, Norwich poll-books,

B E E V O R.

A N E W S O N G.

I.

WHAT shall I do?

Saith honest John,

To Nell his blooming fair;

My loom forgot,

My country claims

My best and firmest care.

II.

Sir H—rd now,

Become a Lord,

No longer courts our voice;

Shall we not find

As good a man,

If BEEVOR is our choice?

III.

Nelly the pride

Of ev'ry lad,

Her approbation smil'd;

With fresh delight

Receiv'd her swain,

And thus the time beguil'd.

IV.

" In sixty-eight,

" An ancient seer

" Foretold it was decreed,

" That when the same

" Four figures join'd,

" Then BEEVOR should succeed.

V.

" Let him but give

" The BLUE and WHITE—

" That pleasing mixture shew.

" The sky is BLUE,

" The lilly WHITE,

" Yet why the RED * forego?

VI.

" The blushing rose

" It's fragrance sheds,

" And scents the air around;

" And SCARLET dyes

" The warrior's coat,

" For courage far renown'd."

* One of the Colours given by Sir Thomas in 1763.

VII. The

[No. XIX will be published on Wednesday next.]

✉ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

books, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.—The whole to be disposed of without reserve, the present owner being necessitated thereto, in order to keep his numerous family from the workhouse; to which wretched situation he has been reduced by engaging in an unsuccessful attempt, against the advice of his *real* friends, to gain a seat in Parliament.

THE publicans in the interest of Sir T. B——, who wish to have their houses opened on the ensuing election, may depend on being paid by installments without deduction; 1s. 6d. in the pound immediately—3s. 6d. in the pound in two years—5s. in the pound in seven years, and the last 10s. on the *day Charles Fox has appointed to settle with the Jew Brokers.

* The day after the resurrection.

The following QUERIES are respectfully addressed to the Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders of the city of Norwich.

QUERY 1. Was not this kingdom almost ruined by a foreign war, and *domestic faction*, when Mr. Pitt first became Prime Minister?

Q. 2. Is there any example in history of any Minister who has done such great things for his country, and overcome so many difficulties in so short a time as Mr. P.?

Q. 3. Are not the inhabitants of this city obliged to Mr. Pitt for the attention he has paid to the trade of this city?

Q. 4. Would the inhabitants of this city acquit themselves of their obligations to Mr. Pitt, by electing a gentleman who is known to be an enemy to him and the present Administration, and a friend to that faction which had nearly overturned the Constitution?

Q. 5. Ought they not on the contrary to elect a gentleman who has hitherto espoused Mr. P.?

Q. 6. Are

B E E V O R.

VII.

The happy youth
Accept's the badge,
And blest'd the charming maid,
And to fulfill
Her ev'ry wish,
He thus with transport said.

VIII.

" Blue are those eyes,
" With sweetness mild,
" Which foes themselves disarm;
" And dazzling white,
" That snowy breast,
" Which all our senses charm.

IX.

" Thy CORAL lips,
" And VERMEIL cheek,
" Shall all defects remove;
" I'll wear the RED
" Within my heart,
" To feed my constant love."

I.

One evening at ambrosial treat,
From her Ætherial tower,
Venus the nine fair sisters met
In Ida's sacred bower;
Apollo, Bacchus join the band,
Love, wit and wine walk hand in hand.

II.

Pallas the graceful movements join'd,
Her hair a fillet bound;
Emblems of truth and worth combin'd
Her sapient temples crown'd.
This loosen'd in the dance dropp'd down
And Bacchus snatch'd the fay'rite zone.

The

H O B A R T.

Q. 6. Are not triennial Parliaments, and an equal representation of the people, to be wished for by every friend to Old England?

Q. 7. What justice is there in depriving the owners of copyhold estates of the right of voting? On the contrary—ought they not to enjoy the same privilege with Freeholders?

Q. 8. Are not the sentiments of the two candidates on the *last three* queries to be desired?

This evening will be exhibited at the Angel Inn,

B—V—R's Fantoccini—Lofy Tumbling by the little Oliver Bare-Bones—Somersets and Flip-flaps by Mercurius Dewing—Clown by Sheriff Corkbold.

A CHRISTMASTALE.

IT oft has been my lot to spend
At H—th—l Hall, with Tom my friend,
The tedious, gloomy winter-nights,
And hear old tales of ghosts and sprights.
One Christmas night, as late we sat
In festive sport, and rural chat,
Mirth and good humour did prevail,
And each one told a ghostly tale.
Some talk'd of hearts as hard as stones;
And some of sprights, with bloody bones,
That wander oft in H—th—l way,
In garment pale, or bright array:
B——t, they say, did often rise
With gory locks, and saucer eyes;
That e'en Sir Th—m—s in the dark
Durst never walk without his clerk.
But when by clerk Sir T—m is led
From Christmas frolic home to bed,
He fears no ghost nor phantom dire,
Nor dreams of B——t, or h—ll-fire.
The night was dark, it was the hour,
When terror reigns in all its pow'r;
The dreadful tale had twice gone round,
Of dismal sighs in charnel ground;
Of ghost that dwelt in antique wall,
Or vacant room in H—th—l hall,

B E E V O R.

III.

The ribbon on his bosom plac'd,
By *Styx* then swore the youth,
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,
Should grace the seat of truth;
Strait on his breast, expos'd to fight,
His robe thrown back, shone BLUE and WHITE.

IV.

" If mortals can give garters, fame
" And honour's form on earth,
" Sure Deities may do the same
" And give one order birth,
" This ribbon lov'd celestials view
" And stamp your choice on WHITE and BLUE.

V.

Urania prais'd the rosy God,
Her tuneful sisters join,
Minerva gave the assenting nod,
Phæbus enroll'd the sign;
Along the skies loud *Pæans* flew,
Olympus hail'd the WHITE and BLUE.

VI.

Venus decreed that each fair maid,
Attach'd to freedom's cause,
Should wear *this* badge, and find repaid
Her zeal for honour's laws;
When beauty shines in BLUE and WHITE,
Virtue and love in man unite.

VII.

This order *Iris* bore to earth,
The Gods enjoind the fair,
When first she found a son of worth,
To leave the ribbon there,
No clime escap'd her piercing sight,
Till BEEVOR gain'd the BLUE and WHITE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the Hon. H—— H——.

S I R,

YOUR PUBLIC solicitation of my vote demands and justifies a public answer. And as your advertisement exposes your reasons for EXPECTING, it seems but fair that I should give you my reasons for REFUSING it.

My OBJECTIONS to you are founded upon those solid considerations which should always have weight with the

When, people in the choice of their representatives.

I object

H O B A R T.

When, lo! was heard a hideous groan,
 Enough to turn the heart to stone:
 The wind was hush'd, the light burnt blue,
 Around the fire all closely drew;
 Sir T—m, a rough, ill-temper'd hind,
 Of features smirk, and simple mind,
 His neighbours' terrors to beguile,
 "Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile;"
 Then, like a fearful, guilty fellow,
 He sneak'd into his *small-beer cellar*

The EVENING CLUB; or a PEEP into BUNN'S GARDENS.

I.

T'OTHER night at the gardens a hungry true blue,
 Went in with the rest of Sir Thomas's crew;
 Sir Thomas sat foremost, and strove to be merry,
 And close by his side sat a little Black Berry;
 And Tom, and the Berry their spirits to cheer,
 Were tipling a jorum of Jemmy's small beer.

II.

T'other night at the gardens a hungry true blue,
 Went in with the rest of Sir Thomas's crew;
 He there saw a fellow they call'd Billy Thrum,
 And just at his elbow he saw Simon Plumb;
 So there he saw Plumb and smirk Billy Thrum,
 And Tom, and the Berry, their spirits to cheer,
 Were tipling a jorum of Jemmy's small beer.

III.

T'other night at the gardens a hungry true blue,
 Went in with the rest of Sir Thomas's crew,
 And there looking round he beheld Teddy R—by.
 And B—k—e, and wonder'd his head should so big be:
 So B—k—le and Teddy were there making ready,
 And there he saw Plumb and smirk Billy Thrum,
 And Tom and the Berry, their spirits to cheer,
 Were tipling a jorum of Jemmy's small beer.

IV.

T'other night at the gardens a hungry true blue,
 Went in with the rest of Sir Thomas's crew,
 And there was wife Nine Wigs in prate with Lord
 Trundle,

A sweet pretty pair to tie up in a bundle:
 So there in a bundle was nine wigs and trundle,
 And B—k—e and Teddy, were there making ready;

And

B E E V O R.

I object to the character of the persons who have espoused your cause; I object to the means which are pursuing to sustain it; and I object particularly to your ABILITIES, as incompetent to the situation you are now contending for.

It is notorious, and you will not deny it, that you are supported (with some exceptions) by a set of the lowest, most violent, and profligate characters in this city. Men whose vices render them capable of undertaking any thing to serve the purposes of ambition, or their own immediate vanity or interest; and whose consequence is entirely derived from the misplaced confidence and employment of certain individuals, who, grasping at power, hold it defensible to attain it on any terms, and at the expence of others integrity.

In the annals of electioneering turpitude, I recollect no instances of greater oppression, or more bare-faced corruption than have been exercised by your adherents in the present contest, notwithstanding the specious assurances given by your friends in the public prints, that they would not distress the freemen. We find them (basely false to their solemn engagement) depriving their dependents of employment, and requiring the past good services of their domestics with dereliction and cruelty, merely because, like honest men and good citizens, they have followed the dictates of their consciences.—Add to this, with the greatest degree of malignity and wickedness, the sinks of private scandal have been ransacked, and the most infamous slanders invented to depreciate the characters of the best men, and to destroy the domestic happiness of the most worthy and amiable families amongst us.

Under the sanction of your name, Sir, and in your service, these deeds have been practised, and you must declare upon your honour, that you have neither known, nor approved of such conduct, and take proper measures to prevent a repetition thereof, (as was done by Sir Thomas Beavor and his friends) or you must inevitably bear the disgrace of it, and expect that every honest citizen will revolt from you (as many have already done) upon the entire belief that you have encouraged and promoted such proceedings.

I come now to the subject of your ABILITIES, and as that subject is extremely confined, so shall be my animadversions: If I chose to indulge myself in ill-natured ridicule, it might perhaps afford ample scope for
 diversion.

H O B A R T.

And there he saw Plumb and smirk Billy Thrum,
And Tom and the Berry, their spirits to cheer,
Were tipling a jorum of Jemmy's small beer.

V.

T'other night at the gardens a hungry true blue,
Went in with the rest of Sir Thomas's crew;
There he saw Jacob J—y, who grinn'd like a monkey,
And there was M—s B—r both silly and drunk;
So there was the monkey and M—s who was drunk,
And there in a bundle was Nine Wigs and Trundle;
And B—k—e and Teddy were there making ready,
And there he saw Plumb and smirk Billy Thrum,
Old C—ttr—s so doughty, with Sir Guy O'Gouty;
And there he saw forty or fifty poor wretches,
A part without coats, and the rest without breeches;
And Tom and the Berry, their spirits to cheer,
Were tipling a jorum of Jemmy's small beer.

—BIND a CALF SKIN, on those recreant limbs!

THE renegation of Mr. Hobart's party by an eminent B—k—f—l—r, requires for his honour and probity, to be maintained and justified by some damning proof, instead of the vague random charges, of extorted promise—arbitrary influence—and oppressive injunctions:—The hand of time in two years, might in tenderness be allowed to have obliterated the impression of a *sober* assurance of support—had it not been renewed at the outset of the present contest, when the port pledged promise of the revelling night—was confirmed by the cool deliberate breakfast of the morning.—

—And this is trumpet tongu'd against you!

Mr. Hobart's Committee, in an election constituted by freedom, wish in—every instance, to prevent zeal from outrunning discretion—with the same success and resolution that they scorn to force any vote, or to believe the numerous charges of oppression urg'd against S—r T—'s manufacturing friends.—There lives not a more generous minded man—or worthier character, than Mr. Hobart, in whose noble family the poor of Norwich have often found liberal benefactors.

The present contest shews more of persecution than opposition, and the reproach of despotic exertions, and

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diversion to the public, and pain to you; but I entirely disclaim either of those intentions.

The times we live in are serious, and the matter I write upon important: This personal enquiry is by no means pleasing to me; for however tenderly I may enter into it, I expect not to escape your displeasure, nor the abuse of your party.

To promote good, and to oppose bad measures, is the sole purpose for which Members of Parliament are appointed: This purpose they cannot answer, unless there is a head to plan and project, a tongue to enforce and to persuade, or at least a pen to elucidate and explain. Now in all these particulars you are so notoriously deficient, that you will not be able, even amongst the best of your friends, to find one so little jealous of his own understanding as to compliment yours.

Those who have seen you Foreman of a Grand Jury, or attending on the Bench at a Quarter Sessions of the Peace, must have been disgusted, as I have been, to find you, after so many years practice, so totally unacquainted with the business of those places.

"Mr. H—t you must do this,

"Mr. H—t you must do that."

Whilst each direction has been implicitly followed, unless contradicted by a second, and the second 'till overruled by a third, &c.

The projecting head, therefore, is entirely out of the question, and I may fairly spare myself the disagreeable enquiry, because none of your advocates will be indiscreet enough to call upon me for it.

Utterly incapable of planning, I would enquire how far you are enabled by your elocution to assist in carrying into execution the measures which others have devised? But I need not dwell upon this topic.—The want even of a tolerable address you have sufficiently displayed in the course of your canvass. The ability of speaking your blindest friends will not ascribe to you: and in vain shall your own TONGUE contend for it.

What then will you give as an equivalent for these defects? or who will please to inform the public what talents you HAVE, to make amends for all those which you confessedly HAVE NOT?

Will the powers of your PEN supply the powers of SPEECH? From which of your productions then are we

[To be continued.]

✂ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

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an arbitrary junto, not long since alledged against certain families, may fairly be retorted to the Independent Club, for attempting to be dictators of city elections, contrary to the peaceable and judicious wishes of the majority of Norwich inhabitants.

"But never yet did base desertion want such water colours, to impaint its cause, or *factious spirits bawling* for a time of pellmell havoc and confusion."

ARISTIDES.

To the INDEPENDENT ELECTORS of NORWICH.

THE dreadful anathema pronounced by a FREEMAN, in the Norfolk Chronicle of last Saturday, against Mr. Hobart and the Gentlemen in his interest, would not have been deemed worthy of notice, but that the author's abilities are acknowledged to be perverted to the worst of purposes; and, therefore, meriting the severest reprobation. That any one, capable of giving the sentiments of passion and delusion so forcibly, should prostitute truth to FALSEHOOD, is a circumstance to be lamented. But the minds of some men are so warped by prejudice on certain occasions, that neither respect to their own, nor the characters of others, can restrain them from acts of petulance and illiberality. The advertisement-letter of a FREEMAN to the Hon. Henry Hobart, is a glaring instance of the justice of this remark; and conveys through its channel more FILTH, SCURRILITY and ABUSE, than any thing yet published on either side.

The friends of Mr. Hobart are represented, as being men of the most *base* and *profligate* characters in the city; and (with a very few exceptions) as of the *lowest* order of citizens. Had the person (for a *Gentleman* he cannot be) who brought this heavy charge against Mr. Hobart's interest been at the White Swan or King's Head on Wednesday evening last, he must have shuddered at the idea of uttering so notorious a *lie*. The

characters

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to discover your *literary abilities*? From your private letters? He would be a hardy and adventurous Man that would dare to say so when those performances stare him in the face. But it is needless to turn word-catcher, or to hunt after concords. Since those letters are in many hands, and he that stands in need of a criticism on them, will do well to go to school again with their composer.

I confess, Sir, I see not on what grounds you rest your claim to a public trust.—Before you have my vote, you must shew yourself capable of serving me; you must account to me for the versatility of your political creed; and must remove some heavy charges that are alledged against you.—You must convince me that you have not been corrupting the integrity of the *necessitous*, or tempting the *poor* from the duty they owe to themselves, their families, and their country; that you have countenanced no injustice to accomplish your designs; and that your expectation of success depends more on the *free choice* of the people, than on the undue influence of those who are now engaged on your canvass.

I shall take the liberty of resuming this correspondence with you as I find occasion; and in the mean time am, what is my pride, my glory, and my desire, to remain,

A FREEMAN.

To him who has SUBSCRIBED himself a CONSISTENT PITTE.

AS you would seem to have some feelings in the supposed prostitution of a name, so dear to Englishmen, as that which conveys an idea of liberty and *freedom*, an attempt to rectify your mistaken opinions herein, must certainly be acceptable to one so generously inclined.

You cannot but allow, that in men of equal respectability otherwise, the man of the acknowledged best understanding, is certainly the fittest to protect our *freedom*,

H O B A R T.

characters of the Gentlemen on both sides have already undergone the most painful censures, it is, therefore, unnecessary to retort by any comparative view. It is only for me to say, that the friends of Sir T. B. are (with as few exceptions) *not without reproach*.

Mr. Hobart's friends are also arraigned for having made use of *undue* influence to procure a majority on their canvas. For my own part, I most solemnly declare, that I do not know of any, nor have heard a single instance given. It is the easiest thing in the world to hold out *general* accusations, but they fall to the ground, when no specific proofs are adduced in support. But, allowing that some *friendly* persuasion, or advice, may have been given, is there any thing *unfair* or *improper*, in such a conduct towards a neighbour or tradesman, who has sought your opinion, or received your favours? surely not. And as every man is not endowed with an equal proportion of mental abilities to determine on great political questions, is there any *crime* either in asking the sentiments of an acquaintance in whom we confide, or of receiving the same?

The only instances of *oppression* and *corruption* that have come to my knowledge, are such as have been exercised on the part of Sir T. Beevor's interest; but which, for the sake of individuals so dealt on, I forbear to particularize, till provoked to it by the *violence* of a *desperate* faction; or in defence of the friend of their King—their country—and a *virtuous* Administration?

Vice, in opposition to virtue, ever attempts to shelter its own enormities, under the specious pretext of detesting others.

The letter of JOHN BERRY to Mr. Hobart's Committee, (of which the advertisement-letter is a counterpart) affected to assign reasons which did not exist in truth, for the most bare-faced *apostacy* that can be found in the annals of electioneering; but like the latter, could produce no proof: At least, none that he chose to bring;—because it would have tended to expose that very influence under which, 'tis notorious, he now acts.

To Mr. Hobart's abilities, it is evident, the writer must be a stranger, or he would not dare to have called them in question. Besides, can any one who has the breeding of a *Gentleman*, or the feelings of a *man*, say, that such an insinuation is just or liberal? What ever the opponents of Mr. H. may arrogate to themselves

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dom, and to act in the capacity of a Legislator. There is not one of Mr. H——t's friends who has the opportunity of investigating it, but would yield the palm to Sir T. B. in this respect; and that every one has a right to examine the pretensions of the different candidates, you must admit, or you become no longer the champion of *freedom*. If, in a promiscuous assembly of *freemen*, an elector attempted to contrast the different qualifications of the candidates by facts which passed within his knowledge, should he be threatened with the law for that exertion of *freedom*? Would not every *real freeman* fire at the outrage offered? If, on a day of nomination, an elector candidly declares his opinion of a candidate, from what he has observed himself, is a prison to be his portion for it? Where then are the boasted privileges of this country? Wherein then is the difference, whether this be done in conversation with those upon the spot, or by the medium of a newspaper, with those who are too distant to examine for themselves?

If Mr. H——t knows of no oppressions, and can deny his acquaintance with the assurances given to the contrary in the public prints, *he has only to avow it like a man*, and he will be liberated from the charge. If he has never acquiesced in the calumny and abuse alluded to, he has but to disown it. If he has not been personally active towards the purposes of corruption, nor consented to it by his agents, how can he be affected by the accusation? If there are no proofs against him of *inadequate* or *inferior* abilities, he has nothing to fear in challenging the productions of them. Wherein then has the *freeman* acted wrong? But "*on the versatility of Mr. H——t's political creed*" you are silent, most probably from conviction.

I should have much commended your vindication of a private character, *had it been attacked*; but I defy you to produce a single instance of it in the *freeman's* observations, *which have been restrained within election matters only*. Your hints have not been quite so liberal or confined, although Sir T. B. is universally allowed to be inferior in none of those particulars, which are the objects of your warmest panegyrick on his opponent. But mark your inconsistency. You say, that "the deliberations of a Grand Jury Chamber are secret, and therefore the advertisement is the contrivance of a committee hireling." Pray how came you then to be so well acquainted with Mr. H——t's composure, cool attention, &c.? You forgot too that the *freeman*

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self on this subject, it is certain, that such an avowal is no proof of *understanding*; even were the presumption admitted. If the *Freeman* conceives, that to *teize the Minister* with long speeches is a necessary qualification for a seat in Parliament, I will allow Sir T. B. the advantage; and, should he *ever* enter the House of Commons, I doubt not of finding him among the opposition *worthies*, growling out "Hell and "D——n to every friend of *peace and unanimity*." A faculty of this kind is *dangerous* in the possession of a man who would sacrifice his trust to *serve himself*: And such a one must be the man who, at sixty years of age, with a large family and small fortune, destitute of friends, family-interest, or confidence, rashly and without pretensions, obtrudes himself on the canvass of a large and opulent body of citizens, in opposition to a Gentleman of *integrity and worth*, who has the *inclination and power* of serving the city in every way, whether in Parliament, by Administration, or as a Magistrate.

CARACTACUS.

To the Worthy ELECTORS of the city of NORWICH.

"Every common dauber writes rascal and villain
"under his pictures, because the pictures them-
"selves have neither character nor resemblance."

JUNIOUS.

THE popular and respectable epithet of a Freeman is libelled by becoming the signature of the scurrilous and iniquitous advertisement addressed to the Hon. HENRY HOBART, in the Norfolk Chronicle of last Saturday, and should be branded with contemptuous silence, might not undesired abuse be construed into unanswerable accusation!

The anonymous Freeman doubtless is, Richard like, himself alone, and armed in proof—invulnerable to the social sensations of fellow-feeling, conscience and remorse—

"But leave him to Heaven,

"And to those thorns that in his bosom lodge

"To prick and sting him."

My appeal lies to a candid, generous, impartial public, to review Mr. HOBART'S general conduct:

As a landlord, behold him revered by his tenants, as their patron, and beloved as their benefactor:

As

freeman mentioned also the proceedings at the quarter sessions, which are open to every one's notice. You abuse the *freeman* for withholding the signature of his proper name, and yet very modestly assumes a fictitious signature yourself.

A continuation in office is not always a mark of approbation. I mean not to insinuate any thing to Mr. H——'s prejudice; but if his associates are so capable to direct, and watchful to prevent all improprieties, the conveyance of their deliberations cannot be of moment; and respect to any one's *family or good-nature* may continue him in office, where he is too well assisted to be detrimental. Some only of Mr. H——'s friends were abused by the *freeman*; you have included the whole of Sir T. B.'s supporters in your invectives. You have mistaken honest *freedom* for rancour, proper investigation for abuse; and, to complete the whole, have boldly asserted, that Sir T. B.'s interest is hurt by it, without advancing a single instance of it, *for general assertions are no proofs*.

To your *dispassionate* reply let me add the conclusion of that by *Caractacus*, who does not scruple to hint, that Sir T. B. "would sacrifice his trust to *serve himself*," because "he is sixty years of age, with a large family, "and a small fortune, (by the bye much larger than "Mr. Hobart's, who in family is nearly equal), destitute of friends, family interest, or confidence, rashly, "and without pretensions, obtruding himself," though every one knows he was solicited to come forward by a numerous body of electors, as a gentleman by far the best qualified to fill the vacant seat.

The party you espouse have (whether justifiable or not, matters not in the present argument) decreed that the *freeman's* letter is scandalous, &c. and have, likewise, without any scruple, *supposed* the authors, and, without the least foundation, fixed the *odium* they have attempted to raise.

CANDOUR.

To the GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, FREEMEN, and FREEHOLDERS of the CITY and COUNTY of NORWICH.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING now completed a very flattering and successful canvas, it is incumbent on me to renew my sincere

cerc

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As a neighbour, he is unquestionably most friendly and accommodating, his respectable family unite in praises of his amiable temper, engaging manners, and obliging disposition, which particularly in his more private domestic life at Richmond, endear him to all his acquaintance, whilst in his public character he lives in high estimation as a Gentleman and a Magistrate:—

The uniform tenor of his political conduct has been so admirably invested by the very able writer of the serious Address, that it requires no further comment.

Can it be credited, were Mr. Hobart the unknowing illiterate creature this *upright Judge or Jurymen* accuses him to be, that Gentlemen of the first families and distinction in Norfolk, would have so long and repeatedly suffered him to be the Foreman of their Assize Grand Juries? No, he would have been advised to retire, and his gentle unassuming spirit would have acquiesced.

But the attack is notoriously base, false, and malignant, Mr. Hobart's deportment in the important office of Foreman being universally commended; and, which may be easily conceived from the composure of his mind, his cool attention, and digested experience: and it is evident that were it not from the good opinion of his morals, manners, and abilities, he would not now be honoured with the support of almost all those Gentlemen who compose the Grand Juries; not one of whom would deign to degrade himself into a newspaper slanderer; and as the deliberations of a Grand Jury chamber are secret, the advertisement seems the infamous contrivance of a Committee hireling—the same, peradventure, who, with the greatest degree of malignity and wickedness, ransacked the sinks of private scandal, and invented the most infamous slanders to destroy the most worthy and amiable families among us.

Out of the Freeman's own mouth do I condemn him. It has pleased him to distinguish Mr. Hobart's friends as the most profligate of mankind; as a shade and contrast, I suppose, to the purified, and undefiled character of some of his (the Freeman's) colleagues, who, like avenging deities, have sent forth the demon of discord

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cere thanks to you for your very friendly services and attachments.

It greatly increases my pleasure and satisfaction, to find the popular opinion concurring with my wishes and your endeavours; and that neither corruption nor coercion have been used to procure me the most cordial promises of your support on the day of election.

The very ready and general encouragement conveyed to me from the freemen and freeholders whose distance rendered a personal application impossible, demands my particular acknowledgement.

Should I be advanced by your suffrages from the provincial employment I have hitherto been engaged in, to have a voice in the legislature of our country, I trust it will be directed to the general good, as well as the advancement of your commercial and particular interests.

I am, Gentlemen,

With the greatest esteem,

Your most grateful, and

Obliged humble servant,

THOMAS BEEVOR.

To the Hon. H——— H———.

S I R,

IN my last letter I considered the character of some of the most forward and active partizans who had espoused your cause—the undue means used by their, and your agents to support it—and your want of abilities to fill with propriety that station which you are at such expence of time, and treasure, labouring to obtain; but as my strictures have been held by some, though universally allowed to be true, rather too severe, and to have impeached that candour, with which it was my intention to have written, and has ever been my wish to maintain, I think it due to the public, and just to myself, before I proceed to the chief subject of this letter, to state a similar and parallel case, which may rescue my writings from all obloquy and censure.

When a servant offers himself to any one in his private and individual capacity, it is usual, and proper to enquire into his qualifications; and if he be found deficient,

[To be continued.]

➡ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

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cord to persecute and root out peace, union, and harmony, which might else long have flourished by the unopposed coalition of Mr. Hobart and Mr. Windham.

Can a numerous body of electors be without their failings?—But the balance may be nearly equal on both sides, unless weighed down by the preponderating malignity of the assumed Freeman, and those of his tribe.

I know the worthiness of many in Mr. Hobart's party, and am proud of my society.—Would to God the House of Commons had many men of the honourable Candidate's description—frank, honest, loyal, judicious, and sincere: and who, like him, could calmly contemplate a life unvitiated by debauchery and pernicious passions, and untainted by corrupted artifice and political duplicity.

- "Free and at large might your wild curses roam,
- "If all—if all, alas! were well at home:
- "No, 'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
- "When she with more than tragic horror swells
- "Each circumstance of guilt. When stern 'tis true,
- "She brings bad actions forth into review,
- "And like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
- "Bids late remorse awake at reason's call.
- "Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion's vengeance pass,
- "And to the mind hold up reflection's glass;
- "The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
- "And bates that form she knows to be her own.

The quotation is from Churchill—a mind familiar with depravity may easily make the application.

I intreat the mock Freeman to write on; his rancour will determine candid liberal minds to decide for Mr. Hobart. Indeed, I understand it has already had the good effect; but though many damning facts remain untold, I have done with this paper's altercation. My spirit revolts at such cowardly warfare.

Personal attacks should be beard to beard, or at least require real signatures; nor ought the British birth-

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right, a good-natured man contents himself with saying, that the person so applying will not do for him, without mortifying the poor fellow by an enumeration of his defects and faults, especially if they be natural defects, for which there is no remedy. But, if a company of men are to appoint a servant, a superintendant, or a steward to manage their common business, and to whom they are to entrust their most important concerns, it becomes the duty of every one of them to inform each other, why he wishes to reject him, or why prefer him to the post. In the first case he may surely shew them, nay he ought to demonstrate to them, that the man has neither abilities to do their business, nor capacity to execute the duties of the station.

Such is the situation of this city in the choice of its Representatives; and, such is my apology.

I will now advert to my intended subject; I mean the *boasted purity and consistency of your political conduct*; in which enquiry, as it would inevitably happen that I should be obliged to repeat what has already been with much truth and ability published in the answers to the *Serious Address* or the *Serious Appeal* (for it bears both these titles), I believe that you, and my readers in general, would be better pleased to be referred to those publications (wherein the accurate information of the authors have forestalled me in almost every particular), than that I should now take up your time, and tire your patience with the recital of their arguments.

Suffice it therefore now to say, that those who would wish to judge of your past, present, and future political sentiments, need only to attend to the opinions and conduct of your noble relation and director, and they may then conceive, what you neither could, nor would dare to express without his instruction and permission.

Steering your little skiff by that star, can any man have one moment's doubt what course it must run?—For shame then, cease your pretensions to any opinion of your own.—You have always lived in pupilage, and can never outgrow it.

I am informed that infinite pains have been taken to torture my last letter into a *libel*; but your *Councillor's* opinion

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right of a Freeman to become the vehicle of an anonymous assassin!

A CONSISTENT PITTITE.

To the PRINTER of the NORFOLK CHRONICLE.

THE invidious and rancorous attack, under an advertisement, in your paper of last week, upon our honourable Candidate, carries with it, on the first view, such an air of envenomed spleen and malignity, as cannot fail to defeat its intention in the eye of sober reason, and therefore scarcely worth the noticing, much less to merit any serious answer; but as the design is evidently to impose on, and blind the understandings of many honest well-meaning people, to whom a total silence might appear acquiescing in the injurious and scurrilous reflections urged with such virulence, I shall just trouble you with a few remarks, in order to expose its weakness and malice.

The advertiser, to give a colour of sanction for the vent of his poison and animosity against Mr. H—t, (which by the bye appears to be the result of some disappointment) has divided the cause of it into three parts, which shall here follow in their order.

First, he objects to the espousers of his cause, "as being with a few exceptions (which indeed shews him to be very charitable) the most profligate and worst set of people in the town," and thinks there is neither honour nor honesty but in the *truly virtuous Independent Clubs, and immaculate Angel Committee*, and therefore rails most heartily at the Honourable Gentleman for not putting a stop to all the indecent songs and squibs that are daily flying about, and not taking example from the rectitude and purity of the party of his opponent, who by no means avail themselves of such arms, and who suffer no publication whatever to issue from their side but what is strictly just and conscientious, as their Secretary can witness. This must necessarily then be a great objection against Mr. H—t; and in order to obviate it, he should not only be accountable, but lay a strict injunction upon the press, and be the censor of all that teems from it at this time.

Second objection.—"The Honourable Gentleman has no abilities, and is every way unworthy of the trust." Why! It is easy to prove, because he was not first espoused and nominated by the various pretended *Independent Clubs*, who know not what they do; but this is their

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opinion does not terrify me,—neither am I to be awed into silence by angry scribblers, or intimidated by the idle intimations of the injury I am doing to the interest of your opponent by speaking *truth*.

A good cause will bear the light—a bad one I should be ashamed to defend. The people are highly concerned at this time in every thing which affects your character; and when it lies in the power of an individual to afford them information which is in any degree serviceable to their decisions in matters of moment, it would be criminal to suppress it. I wish to have the sentiments which I communicate through this channel warranted by every possible means; and to justify these public appeals, I intend, in the prosecution of this correspondence, to exhibit, without any comments of my own, the copies of various letters, which I have now in my possession, bearing your signature; I intend to state many ungenerous arts, which, to my knowledge, have been used to sustain your interest; and to display some anecdotes respecting you, which shall fully defend me against the virulent attacks that have been made upon me.

I will conclude this address with a dialogue which passed between you and a certain freeman of this city, in the course of your present canvass.

Mr. H. Your servant,

Free. Well, sir, what do you want with me?

Mr. H. My name is Hobart.

Free. Very well, what then?

Mr. H. I am afraid you won't vote for me.

Free. Sir, I shall vote for Sir Thomas Beevor.

Mr. H. Will you then *wish* for me?

Free. Why, sir, how can that be? You must either take me for a fool or be one yourself, to suppose I should *wish* against the man I vote for.

A FREEMAN.

A N E W S O N G.

YE sons of freedom pray attend,

And to my words give ear;

For 'tis most true, what I have penn'd,

As you shall quickly hear:

To guard our rights, maintain our laws,

Two members we must have;

But neither champion in the cause

Ought e'er to be a slave.

But

H O B A R T.

their determined creed, that no man can, or shall have any of the necessary requisites for a Representative, who is not originally put up by them; but for their favourite Candidate they have in store all the most eminent accomplishments and qualifications, and to give greater weight to them, a Committee of Combers are to puff off for several weeks in the papers his pretended services about nobody knows what, nor they themselves, except to serve the turn for the day. Another grievous charge in this objection is, that the Honourable Candidate has not sufficient volubility to please; being themselves so fond of clamour and noise, and so greatly blessed with the gift of utterance, it is no wonder they should lay so great a stress upon that article. Integrity, honour, and probity, joined to good sense, with a warm zeal for the constitution, are nothing in their scale without a great fluency of speech, which is allowed to atone for every other deficiency. With the same modesty the advertiser (who is the speaking trumpet of his party) charges him with inconsistency, merely because he honestly owns his intention to abide in all important matters by the sense of his Constituents, and does not plume himself by acting diametrically opposite to the opinions of an enlightened people, in case they happen to differ from his own. Another great defect which renders him incapable of serving us, is his want of sufficient address for the canvass, which to be sure is unpardonable: It ought to be looked upon as a great misfortune to him, that his heart is too honest to deceive, and his soul above descending to the sycophantic arts practised by his opponent (who is without doubt a great adept therein) who full of smirks and smiles, with a speciousness that he is master of, is ready to promise every thing to every body; promises as light as the breath by which they are made. I should imagine that our advertiser, by his wincing, has been a little galled upon that score, by not having been sufficiently complimented; and his pride and dignity being so sorely wounded, may in some measure account for his many uneasy sensations.

The third and last principal objection, is the "turpitude practised by the Honourable Candidate's friends, not to be equalled by any electioneering annals." If assertion without proof, and idle declamation could have any weight, this would be a heavy charge; but although it is not intended to justify every action which the indiscreet zeal of some people may incline them

H O B A R T.

But faith, my friends, full well we know
That this is not the case;
The *one* for Blick—g's Earl will go
For pension or for place.
Remember all in eighty-four
How soon this *thing* was sway'd;
For P—t, then Fox, now P—t once more,
Thus changing is his trade.
If thus he'll change to get a place,
He'll change when in he's got;
And he that bids the highest price,
Will surely have his vote.
Should we accept this changing elf,
Disgrace will sure attend us;
He only aims to serve himself,
And to the *Devil* send us.
Let's chuse a man that's firm and free,
Whose sense declares his worth,
Who'll ne'er be bought by bribery,
By honour too led forth.
A man with uncorrupted heart,
No Ministerial Slave,
Shall at the goal of honour start,
Our votes shall freely have.
Come, sons of freedom, make this choice,
Adopt this noble plan;
You all must own with heart and voice,
That BEEVOR is the man.

A L I B E L*.

To the Honourable H—— H——.

S I R,

IN your address to the freemen and freeholders of this city, in the public papers, dated Aug. 19, you say,

"The assurances you have received are so DECIDED, as *not to leave a doubt of Success*."

In *this day's address* you hold a far different language;—you say,

"The cordial manner in which you have been received induces you to entertain HOPES of success."

Oh! Mr. Hobart, what a falling off is here?

Could not your Committee have supplied your want

* Vide Cooper on Libels.

B E E V O R.

them to do upon these occasions, yet the advertiser is called upon to produce any instance of any violent or undue influence having been used to serve the cause of Mr. H——t; but our advertiser is so exceedingly modest as to allow of no irregularities but to one side (so blind is self-love to its own faults or those of its favourites) though it is pretty notorious, notwithstanding the cant of their affected moderation, they have left no stone unturned, and no endeavours have been omitted, whether foul or fair, to obtain their ends, and more coercion and oppression practiced to debauch and delude honest men by insidious promises, to render them false to their engagements, than ever were practiced by the friends of Mr. H——t; but it is usual for men to see those faults in others which they themselves are most guilty of: as to the jaundiced eye every thing appears yellow.—But the truth of the matter is, that the Honourable Candidate, by his uprightness, generosity, and candour, has gained very considerably upon his canvas, which in the eye of our advertiser is unpardonable, and has irritated and touched him to the quick (as well as given great offence to his unspotted party); and being no longer able to keep his temper at such provocation, he falls into a mighty passion, and vents it in the lowest abuse his thoughts can devise, and calls to his assistance the most vulgar, threadbare, and hacknied prejudices that ever were invented by a distressed and enraged partizan. But, unfortunately for the poor man, it won't do; it is too barefaced not to be seen through; it is the dying embers of a bad cause and a disappointed party; and what will complete his distress and mortification, and perhaps render him fit for confinement, is to be informed, that his malevolence has had quite a contrary effect to what was intended, many friends having lately joined themselves on that account, to the cause of Mr. H——t. The Electors of Norwich are too enlightened to be gulled, and made the dupes of artful, clamorous, and idle prejudices, raised by the root of a party, set on foot merely for the purpose of opposition; and it is not doubted but on the day of election the citizens, with just abhorrence of such underhand dealings, will exert themselves with such spirit in behalf of the Honourable Candidate, as will confound the malice of his

of discernment, and have advised you better than thus to betray the *weakness* of your cause?

One day you are CONFIDENT,

The next you HOPE,

On Tuesday it may be fairly concluded that you will DESPAIR.

At this rate, what is your PARLIAMENTARY CONDUCT likely to be?

Sept. 2.

A FREEMAN.

To the Hon. H—— H——.

S I R,

THERE is no government under the sun, so wisely adapted to the happiness of human nature as that of the English Nation: and as I am exceedingly sensible of the blessings I enjoy under it, I cannot but feel some emotions of resentment and indignation at any attempt which is made to deprive me of that comfort, protection, and safety, which my birth in a free country has intitled me to.

When I see a Candidate taking any step to secure himself a seat in Parliament, which operates to the CORRUPTION of the *people's principles*—which goes to the attainment of his object by COERCION and VIOLENCE—or, to mislead the public in matters of moment to their POLITICAL INTEREST; I conceive it my duty to speak, and to point out *the man*, who, by such means, has the temerity to insult the feelings of his fellow-citizens.

I am informed, that your agents have been holding out various temptations to the freemen of this city, to obtain their suffrages;—One has had money administered to him under the idea of a loan, which was to be liquidated by his vote in your interest—Another has had a coat bestowed upon him under the promise of his supporting you—A third has had his cloaths redeemed from pawn upon the same conditions—Others have been allured by fair promises, or threatened into obedience; while some have been discharged from the service of your particular friends, because they could not do violence to their consciences, by following the examples, or obeying the mandates of their tyrannical employers:—

To

[To be continued.]

✉ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

NUMBER XXII.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

his enemies, and crown his cause with success; and will also convince the world, that they are not to be led away by specious and hypocritical appearances, to serve the worst of purposes.

With as much truth, though less pompously, I subscribe myself

Norwich, Aug. 31, 1786.] A FREEMAN.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders of the City of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

WITH gratitude and respect, I take this early opportunity of thanking my fellow citizens, for the very zealous and flattering support I have met with in every part of my canvas. Assurances so warm, and so decided, as not to leave a doubt of their exertions being terminated to their satisfaction, and to my honour.

If in the hurry of a contested election, I should omit to solicit the vote and interest of any Freeman or Freeholder, personally or by letter, I hope to be indulged with that excuse which must appear unavoidably necessary on such an occasion.

In the fullest confidence that my Parliamentary conduct will be such, as the welfare of our country and the constitution requires, and the interests of the city of Norwich particularly demands, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

With regard and esteem,
Gentlemen,

Your ever devoted, and
Most faithful humble Servant,
HENRY HOBART.

August 19, 1786.

B E E V O R.

To crown all, what absurd PUFFS do we meet with in the public papers, to persuade the ignorant into a belief of the *wonderful* support you pretend to have gained?

If, sir, your hopes of success stand upon *no other grounds*, it would be the part of *an honest man* to recede from the contest; the *Constitution* is wounded by such actions as I have recited, and they admit of no excuse.—The wretch that accepts a *bribe*, under the *pressure of his necessities*—is a *SLAVE*;—but *the man* who administers it to serve his *ambition*—IS AN ENEMY TO HIS COUNTRY, AND TO THE FREEDOM OF THE PEOPLE.—The *Candidate* who shews a disposition to PURCHASE a Seat in Parliament, may easily reconcile to himself the atrocity of SELLING his *Constituents*, and is totally unfit to be trusted in such an important station.—*The man* that would violate the *freedom of election*, would not scruple to make any infringement whatever, upon the *Constitution*—and when veracity, candour, and liberality are *sacrificed* at the shrine of SELF-INTEREST, all confidence vanishes.

What am I to think of your *regard for truth*, when I read an article in the public papers, which was sent to the printers by a very *active* gentleman of your committee, stating, that no less than *one thousand seven hundred* electors and particular friends of yours, were assembled at your houses of entertainment on *Wednesday last*? Where is the *probability* of procuring such a meeting in your favor, when it is allowed by many of your own adherents, that the *majority* of the *resident* freemen of this city, are in the *interest* of Sir THOMAS? What shall I say to the *budget* of scurrility that I am presented with week after week, as well as to other fugitive productions of the same kind, which are continually fabricating to sustain your interest and to lessen the dignity and consequence of your opponents?

You speak with a great deal of confidence about your PARLIAMENTARY CONDUCT, BEFORE YOU ARE ELECTED, and are loud in boasting of great majorities in every department of your canvas—but boasting is the characteristic

The FREEMEN and FREEHOLDERS of the city and county of Norwich, are desired to meet at St. Andrew's Hall, in the said city, on Tuesday next, the fifth

H O B A R T.

fifth day of this instant September, at twelve of the clock at noon, to consider of proper persons to be put in nomination to represent this city and county in Parliament, at the ensuing election, in the stead of their late Member Sir HARBORD HARBORD, Bart. now created Lord Suffield.

CHARLES WESTON, the younger, }
JOHN PATTESON, } Sheriffs.

To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freemen, and Freeholders
of the City and County of Norwich.

Gentlemen,

THE cordial manner in which I have been received in every part of my canvass, and the zeal with which my numerous and respectable friends have promised me their support, induces me to entertain the most flattering hopes of success on the day of election; and to request your attendance in my favour at the Meeting appointed by the Sheriffs to be held in the New Hall, St. Andrew's, on Tuesday next, to put in Nomination a proper person to represent you in Parliament on the present vacancy.

In confidence my friends will join with me in maintaining the peace and order so necessary to be observed on such occasions, and that my parliamentary conduct will be such as the welfare of our country and the constitution requires, and the interest of this city particularly demands. I beg leave to subscribe myself,

With regard and esteem,
Gentlemen,

Your most devoted and faithful humble Servant,
Sept. 1, 1786. H. HOBART.

THE friends of Mr. HOBART, who mean personally to support his nomination on Tuesday next, are requested to meet the Committee at the King's Head, in the Market-place, before eleven o'clock, to proceed from thence to St. Andrew's Hall.

Saturday, Sept. 2, 1786.

THE Brethren of the Antient and Honourable Order of GREGORIANS, are requested to meet at their Chapter-Room

B E E V O R.

illie of weakness, and I should imagine that the people do not very readily declare themselves in your favour, and that you find your cause in a very unpromising state—or, you would not be engaged in such disreputable measures.

The author of an address to you in last Saturday's *Norfolk Chronicle*, adverts, with such truth and justice, to your *abilities*, and represents your *incapacity* for a public station, in such terms as must forcibly attach the thoughts and consideration of every prudent man;—he has, indeed, treated the subject (a subject very interesting to the public) in such a manner, as renders it needless for me to make any comments thereon.—But setting your QUALIFICATIONS out of the question—I must think that the conduct of yourself and your friends, in the course of the present canvass, is so exceedingly reprehensible, that be the assurances you have received whatever they may, they are greater than you are entitled to, unless you can refute all the charges which have been brought against you;—and I heartily wish the support you have courted may prove totally ineffectual, unless it has been *honourably* procured.

A PLAIN DEALER.

August 29, 1786.

ALL corrupt electors and mercenary vagabonds, who are willing to serve a *dirty cause*, to part with their *liberty* for a draught of *Day's nog*, and to wage war against the *Constitution of their country*, are desired to repair to the standard of the DUMB CANDIDATE, at the *King's-head* in the Market-place; or to the quarters of *LIEUTENANT FANG*, at the *Currier's arms*, in St. Giles's, where they shall enter into immediate pay; be cram'd with *fair promises*; rigged from top to toe with cast-off cloathes from the *Blick—g wardrobe*; have yellow rags stuck upon their *hats*; and bludgeons put into their hands to knock down all *honest men*, and all those who dare cry out BEEVOR, FREEDOM, and INDEPENDENCE.—Heavens! have mercy on us!

CITY

H O B A R T.

Chapter-Room on Tuesday next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to attend their Grand from thence to the New Hall in St. Andrew's, to support the nomination of the Hon. HENRY HOBART.

Norwich, Sept. 2, 1786.

NUMBER IV.

ELECTION BUDGET

Published by Independent Authority, and as the Act of Fancy directs.

From SATURDAY, Aug. 26, to SATURDAY, Sept. 2, 1768.

L O N D O N.

The following letter, it is said, was received by the Premier a few days since.

To the Right Hon. Wm. PITT.

S I R,

THE very singular and judicious manner in which you have conducted yourself, during your premiership, claims my admiration, and excites in my bosom the warmest wishes for your continuing in the same office. I have coveted a seat in parliament, that I might render you all the assistance in my power, by vowing agreeable to your instructions, and exerting myself to forward your schemes, but have never yet been able to accomplish my design; however, at this present instant I am assiduously endeavouring to effect the plan I have so long had in view; and to render my success as certain as possible, I shall make use of every art and deception to promote my interest; and in order to secure those who have once promised to assist me, I will pledge my honour to render them all the private services they can require. This, sir, I consider as a well concerted manœuvre, for experience has taught me, that to promise individuals is much better, than to confess yourself an advocate for the public good; and that every man who has his own interest at heart, is to be rendered subservient to mine, by the proper application of a certain valuable metal.—This, sir, you may perhaps censure,

as

B E E V O R.

C I T Y E C L O G U E S.
X ECLOGUE the FIRST.

SCENE—A CLUB. TIME—EVENING.

THE clock struck seven—the chearful sun retires,
And only gilds our castle and our spires;
The Market walk now fills from ev'ry street,
There jarring parties, various interests meet;
Each Candidate resumes his wonted ground,
And all his friends and followers throng around;
Now Hope inspires, now gloomy Fears succeed,
And shew what thorny paths to Honour lead;
Now still and silent is the vacant loom,
And hot and noisy is the ale-house room;
For hither, thirsting after news and nog,
And loving, if not H-b--t's cause, his prog,
Freemen, and freemen's wives and friends repair,
And pay due rev'rence to the leathern chair;
For there presides, with face of Belgic stamp,
That son of Liberty—BAVARIAN H—P;
He at the Sh—ff's uncontroll'd command,
Amongst the friends of H-b--t takes his stand;
He knows each wise contrivance to a hair,
Which brought his master Thurlow to the chair;
And boasts to know, however you may doubt,
The gibes and jolts o'th day which threw him out;
And therefore, as a manager right able,
He claims attention at the council table.
Now rising from his chair, his cane he waves,
As who should say, "be silent English knaves!"
Silence ensues, our hero strives to speak,
And tortures English ears with German Greek;
Tir'd with his eloquence, the clamorous rabble
Drown his oration with their deaf'ning gabble;
Till hearing something said about the Diet,
They thought the supper coming, and were quiet:—
"Te Diet, Sers, I mean te Parliament.
"To vich dis Mr. H-b--t fall be sent;
"Dere must he take te care of all te laws,
"And make more to dem if he find te cause;
"And if te King of money fall fall short,
"Why he must to hem come, and ask hem for't;
"For he vill have te string of all your purses,
"And must look sharp to vat te King disburfes.
"Vell, Sirs, all dis can Mr. H-b--t do,
"For he can read and write as well as you;

"He

H O B A R T.

as being contrary to the spirit of the law; but, let me tell you, in justification of myself, that though I am your advocate, yet I must rely on the friends of Mr. Fox, to be elected a Member for this city; and, of course, however repugnant to the constitution of our country such corruptive proceedings may be deemed, necessity compels me to adopt them on the present occasion.

To keep up a favourable appearance at this present crisis, I should find it extremely difficult, were it not for the machinations and matchless effrontery of the Committee, which is composed of the most artful amongst the Quakers, and Independants, Methodists, and Presbyterians. On these gentlemen tradesmen I implicitly depend, from a full assurance that they will go any length to support the idol of their wishes, and carry the cause they have undertaken, not from a conviction of their being right, but merely through a spirit of opposition; and a false notion of liberty.

Of the vast bulk of mankind, but a very small number are able to discriminate between right and wrong; incapable of reflection, the greater part will adhere to opinions held forth by an artful sophist, and with the enthusiastic fervor of political zealots, cry out for such principles as are inimical to their civil rights, and diametrically opposite to the British constitution. Can it then be supposed, sir, that a man, though elected by a majority of these illiterate plebeians, to represent them in Parliament, will sit there with a passive submission to be their echo on all occasions, and sacrifice his own interest to support their imaginary claims? No surely; such men are to be taught what is necessary, and not suffered to assume a dictatorial air, as if they were in themselves infallible; and it shall therefore be my study when in the British senate, to promote my own and my family's welfare, in spite of all public remonstrances, or ties of duty.

I am, sir, your obliged servant.

T. B—v—r.

H O M E N E W S.

A Card found in the Angel Yard.

Lady A—y presents her compliments to Mr. M—pl.—w, jun. and if favour'd with his company at

[To be continued.]

B E E V O R.

He knows quite vell de Engelsch Constitution,
And is so great as me at elocution.
I know myselve te interest of dis city,
And H-b--t is te man I know to fit ye.
As for dat Beevor, which some people talk of,
Let me alone, I'll make dat fellow walk off.
Who dares to speak son wort of Beevor here?
Te schondrel fall be scalp'd from ear to ear;
Forth from dese club my friends fall kick him out,
And I will eat his share of beef and kroust.
Are sagabons to say who fall be chos'd,
And gentlemen of blood to be oppos'd?
Donder and Blixem! 'tis a thought so vile,
As makes te hairs upon myn head recoil;
Sooner den have te lot on Beevor fall,
Get! ye fall have no Parlement at all."

The C L U B S O N G.

Tune, "Master Poll," with tol de rol lol, in Midas.

I.

COME hearts of gold, who won't be sold,
But live and die for freedom,
Tho' H-B--T's noise may curse our joys,
We've too much spunk to heed'em.

Chorus. Then let him come with beat of drum,
And all such hellish racket,
We'll shout, we'll shout, we'll rout Hal out,
And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

II.

In eighty four they felt our pow'r,
How soon they took the bables!
Like snarling dogs, they bit their logs*,
And sneak'd behind the shambles.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

III.

My hearty pack, both stiff and slack,
Come box about the loom, Sirs,
The glorious day soon comes in play
To weave poor Harry's doom, Sirs.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

* Staves.

III. Wind

☞ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

at M—lt—n, she has given orders that he may at any time have the benefit of a dip in the horsepond.

We hear that the Churchwardens of St. Peter's M—cr—t intend to refuse granting a renewal of the licence to a little tap-house in the Market-place, known by the name of the A—g—l; the landlord having, for some time past, permitted his house to be made a rendezvous for a set of riotous and disorderly persons, who have assumed the name of the Puffing Committee.

We hear that a match will shortly be run over our course, for a plate of very considerable value.—Two horses only are entered, viz. *Liberty*, whose rider is to be dressed in orange and garter blue, and *Sycophant*, color pale blue and white.—Great sport is expected, as the odds at present are in favour of *both*. The knowing ones, and they who *do not bet*, think *Liberty* will be much more than a match for his competitor.—And the reason they alledge is, they have heard the jockies on the part of *Sycophant* talk much about *puffing*, *blowing*, *cropping*, *jostling*, &c. They have likewise observed, that one evening last week, as *Liberty* was exercising, loud shouts were raised by a dirty set of fellows, hired on purpose, in order to intimidate the riders, and make them *fall off*. It is supposed the same tricks will be played off on the course, and it is not doubted but with the same effect.

A new species of baiting the BULL has been introduced; and that by opposing *crest* to *crest*. A multitude of BEEVORS are now set upon the BULL, but they will never be able to put him out of temper, or to effect their wicked purpose.

An unhappy circumstance had like to have taken place when Adam's Grandmother presented the Address from the Corporation to his Majesty;—having a parchment writ in his pocket, which was to have been served on a countryman, and taking it out by mistake he presented the same, and, in fact, arrested the King in the Audience Chamber.—The King was astonished, and the Lord in waiting ordered the guards instantly to seize the fellow, who drew their swords, and were for putting

B E E V O R.

IV.

Wind on, wind on, our work's begun,
Let's shew these flats the odds, Sirs,
Though Harry's thrum is on the loom,
He'll ne'er get in his shods, Sirs.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

V.

Tho' he wou'd pull at BEEVOR's wool,
You see the man is mad, Sirs,
He'll find his skep a d—d hard snap,
When we have turn'd his pad, Sirs.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

VI.

Come jolly hearts and play your parts,
We'll give these culls a ruffling,
The day's your own, the *tramps* are gone
Sent off with a handsome muffling.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

VII.

Let H—B—RT's swaggerers crack and puff,
We'll sweat'em rank and file, Sirs,
We'll try the mettle of their stuff,
And work them to a noile, Sirs.

Chorus. Then let us, &c.

VIII.

What tho' they say, as well they may,
That some of us are *poor*, Boys,
Curse on their pride, they'll find, when try'd,
We've HONESTY galore, Boys.

Chorus. Then let, &c.

IX.

Here, hand in hand, true blue we stand,
With hearts as true as steel, Sirs,
We'll scorn to flinch one single inch,
As he to his cost shall feel, Sirs.

Chorus. Then let him come with beat of drum,
And all such hellish racket,
We'll shout, we'll shout, we'll rout Hal out,
And I'll warrant we'll pepper his jacket.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Some of the wits of the King's Head Committee are requested to write a parody upon the above song, and send it forth to the public as an original composition.

H O B A R T.

putting an end to the existence of the oldest person in the world; but Sir Adam falling on his knees, and pulling out the *real* address, the matter was soon set in its proper light;—and his Majesty ordered one of his guards to dub him.

It is confidently asserted, that Sir Adam's Grandmother will be pricked to serve the office of High Sheriff the ensuing year; and no doubt such an appointment will be very beneficial to the county, his estate lying so near the castle, he will have an opportunity of inspecting it himself daily;—an advantage that no High Sheriff has yet had.

We hear that Smiling-Tommy will be removed by *habeas corpus* from Wymondham Bridewell to the Castle, then to be publicly whipt in Norwich market and discharged.

TAKEN UP, on the Gentleman's Walk, a large mastiff and bull mongrel Dog, with a round head, long ears, thick legs, and big belly. It is of a sandy colour, and barks incessantly. On his collar is engraved, "Sir Jacob Jallup, Bart. of Tag-rag and Bob-tail Hall;" who may have him again, on paying the necessary charges of feeding and advertising him, by applying to J. More-few, jun. Secretary to the puffing Committee at the A—g—l, in the Market-place.

E M B E Z Z L E D.

By some of the very *gentle* and *respectable* company at B—n's Pantheon, on Wednesday se'nnight,

Upwards of 150 bottles of PORT WINE.—All pawnbrokers, housebrokers, Alehouse-keepers and others, are cautioned against receiving the said bottles, and are requested to give notice to any of his Majesty's justices of the peace (after the Election) if they are offered to sale, and they shall be properly rewarded, by
JAMES B—N.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A Person of abilities and experience in the profession of distilling SPIRITS. The PARTY so in need must have good assurance of his honesty and knowledge, as much depends on the *Strength* and *quality* of the ingredients necessary to rectify BRITISH spirits.

* * Has

B E E V O R.

A N E W S O N G.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

I.

COME hand join in hand, 'tis to honour we call,
We call you to BEEVOR, and Liberty-hall;
'Tis to freedom we call you, that freedom pursue,
For who are so *free*, as we sons of TRUE BLUE.

Our coice, my lads, is fix'd, all determin'd our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll vote and succeed too agen and agen.

II.

They threat'n to corrupt us, these terrible foes!
They may talk to our women, our children, and beaux;
They may prattle and kiss, but the dye is now cast,
And *Freemen* they'll find we shall meet them at last.

Our choice, my lads, &c.

III.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them FAIR PLAY,
They never see us, but they wish to BETRAY;
Then stick to them close, till you run them a-shore,
Nor till they are beaten, the contest give o'er.

Our choice, my lads, &c.

IV.

With seventeen hundred they've met, as *they* say,
And if CYPHERS tell, these will carry the day;
But we mind not such boasts, and will heartily sing,
Our candidate, *freemen*, our country and king.

And FOR BEEVOR we are, all determin'd our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll vote, and succeed too, agen and agen.

THE worthy Electors of the city of Norwich are desired to observe the most *profound silence* while Mr. HOBART is *speaking* in the *Hall* this morning; that if any thing SENSIBLE should fall from his lips, it may be heard and remembered to his credit.

Norwich, Sept. 5, 1786.

A N T I C I P A T I O N.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1786, the HALL at NORWICH,

R—T K—n, Esq; Aldermen, Banker,

Justice of the Peace and Receiver General,

Late Waiter at the King's Head,

Mounted the Rostrum;

Supported

H O B A R T.

* * As the process of producing gas, alias *wind*, is inseparably connected with the effervescence of fluids, none need apply who have not been inflated with the *news-paper puff* of cutting the ligature of a balloon.

Mr. Nominee Walterson, at the Eagles, in the Rose-lane, is empowered by Mr. Secretary More-sew, to treat with applicants.

For the Benefit of Sir PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT.
THE BOTTLE CONJURORS.

At Bunn's Rural Pavillion, on Monday evening next, will exhibit their most astonishing performances; particularly, among other feats of *legerdemain*, 100 BOTTLES of WINE will be placed upon a table, when, in the twinkling of an eye, they will *disappear*, to the great delight and amazement of the beholders, who will not be able to discover by what means they are conveyed away.

The following are some of the principal performers, viz. Tim Bobbin, Roger Raggamuffin, Comfit Corkbold, Touch'em Tag-Rag, Barrabbas Bobtail, Little Isaac, Blackberry Swagger, Lying Peter, Mark Damnation, Blast-your-eyes Bodkin, Brals Blackguard, &c. &c. &c. &c.

N. B. It is expected the company will be very *select* and *genteel*.

The FREEMAN's LITANY.

FROM *turn-coats, †liars, ‡hypocrites, and §knaves,
From pilfering ||conjurers, and venal slaves;
From sycophants for truth nor honour caring,
From treach'rous friends not worth an apple paring;
From mad fanatics, jarring politicians,
Deceitful members, bribes, and mean physicians;
From filthy squibs, and rhimers most tremendous
"Angels and ministers of grace defends us!"

* B—y. † G—ge. ‡ W—kes. § R—p. || C—b—d.

S A C R I L E G E.

STOLEN out of the parish chest of St. John's Mad-dermarket, a SURPLICE almost new.—Whoever shall apprehend any person or persons concerned in the above robbery, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble, by applying to the Churchwardens of the above parish.

N. B. If

B E E V O R.

Supported on the right by G—n the Bailiff,

On the left by R—h the Barber,

In the rear by S—g D—, Gentleman,

Jack R—n, Crankey H—y, John Gilpin,

The Baron in the Society he is so proud of,

And a long list of Worthies;

After some tumult,

The mighty Roger thus began:—

" Friends, freemen, citizens, lend me your ears!

" I come to propose H—t, not to praise him;

" The good he has not done, alas! is published;

" The evil's varnish'd over, or concealed;

" So let it be with H—t! ye have

" Been told that H—t is necessitous,

" If it is so, it is a grievous fault,

" And grievously shall ye answer for't.

" Here under leave of G—th—n and the rest, for

" G—th—n is an honourable man, so is virtuous

" P—te, the mild and gentle R—n,—my

" Firm, *unvarying* friend, L—n D—y, myself, an

" Honourable band—so are we all—all

" Honourable men!—Come I to speak of

" Hob—t's nomination—He is my friend,

" Wisdom and wit are his, and Gilpin

" Says he is an orator, and surely

" Gilpin is an admirable judge;

" He hath brought many *benefits* to us,

" And many as they were, still more

" Shall bring—an Earl to dinner,

" Eke a Countess too—and us with wives

" And daughters all—to visit Bl—k—g's

" Hospitable Hall.—No tame dependant

" Is my friend—no titl'd dictator his

" Pliant faith in politics e'er rules;

" But Norwich says he is necessitous.

" Tho if in fortune Beevor beats my friend,

" Tho if in children they are nearly equal,

" H—t's Roman virtue bids defiance

" To a proud Peer's frowns, altho' that

" Peer's his elder brother; and as to poverty,

" Allow a virtuous poverty is his—you all

" Shall see he'll thrice be offer'd

" Crumbs of comfort at the Lupercal,

" And thrice he will refuse them for

" Your good; is this necessity? yet

" Brutus says he is necessitous; but

" Brutus is a despicable man—I speak

" But

H O B A R T.

N. B. If cut in pieces (as it is supposed to be) the cloth, being of a very remarkable quality, will be sworn to by the Clerk of the said parish.

In the press, and speedily will be published.

A Defence of Lord Monboddos's system, or a comparison of man with quadrupeds;—shewing the ignorance of anatomists and metaphysicians in ultimately dividing the human being from the ape or ouran outang, which is proved by an actual experiment made some time since by the author, from the Maid's Head in St. Simon's to his own house, the Pigeon and Prayer Book, on all fours.

By NOMINEE JOHN SWAGGER.

N. B. A copper-plate is now actually engraving from a drawing taken by a gentleman on the spot, which will be published, price 6d. in eight or nine days.

PUFFING COMMITTEE.

Ordered,

THAT Dr. Prettyman be desired by Mr. M. to write to Sir T. B. assuring him of the best wishes of Administration.

N. B. Knowing this to be *impossible* it is further ordered, that the LYING SQUAD do swear to the same.

Ordered,

That the thanks of the committee be presented to Jack Ketch, alias Jack Swagger, for his noble submission to a *quietus* from SHYLOCK at the Bank.

Ordered,

That the *Little Devil* from Pandemonium, be added to the Committee, together with *Dogberry Sharpe*. The former for having written a *hellish* letter to Hal; and the latter for *watching* poor Knights.

Ordered,

That lying G—ge be desired to insert an advertisement in the *Bury Budget*, setting forth that the meeting of Sir Thomas's friends last week at Bunn's Gardens, was *wassily* more numerous than that of Mr. Hobart, the evening before, at the King's-Head and at the Swan.

Ordered,

That our party be instructed to deny the *purlouning* of the wine, on said night, at said gardens, by said party of tag-rag and bob-tail; as that circumstance will enable the public to form a shrewd guess of the *respectability* of Sir T—s's friends.

B E E V O R.

“ But to disprove what Brutus spoke,
“ And here I am to speak what I do
“ Know—you all did love him once,
“ Not *without cause*—what cause with-holds
“ You then to vote for him.—Of
“ Liberty, the firm support—your laws
“ He studies—vers'd in each *knotty* point,
“ He can, and will your rights defend;
“ Brilliant, his parts enabling him to
“ Judge what those rights are;
“ With eloquence possess'd, to plead
“ Your mighty cause, when known; such, such is
“ H—t,

“ Chuse him, then, my friends—plebeian dogs,
“ You shall—'tis *mighty me*, 'tis K—rr—n
“ The *Great*, that makes the Member
“ *Here*—or if you don't—Oh judgment,
“ Thou art fled to wiser men, and left
“ Us Noise and Folly—bear with me my
“ Friends, my heart is in the election of
“ Poor Hal.”

R—r K—n descends,

And H—t mounts the Rostrum.

“ I come not, friends, to steal away your
“ Hearts—I am no orator, as B—r is,
“ But, as you all know me, a *plain dull man*.
“ That love myself, and that they know full well;
“ For I have neither *wit*, nor *words*, nor *worth*,
“ As B—r has, action nor utterance, nor
“ The power of speech to plead your cause;
“ I only speak right on; I tell you that
“ Which you yourselves do know; but
“ Were I B—r, and B—r H—t, there
“ Were an H—t would ruffle up your
“ Spirits, and put a tongue should move the very
“ Stones!”

B E E V O R F O R E V E R.

GOOD PEOPLE, mark the *contest* (and be glad),
Between a cause that's GOOD and one that's BAD;—
The FIRST, all *coolness*, *firmness*, *peace*, and *quiet*,
The LAST, *pomp*, *puff*, *cockades*, *flags*, *noise* and *riot*.

[No. XXIV will be published on Wednesday next.]

✉ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

SIR Thomas Beever presents his most respectful compliments to his friends, and requests the favour of their company at the New Hall in St. Andrew's, this day at twelve o'clock at noon, to partake of *dumplings* and *small Beer*.

Signed by order of the
Committee,

ANGEL INN,
5th Sept. 1786.

JOHN MOREFEW, Jun.
Deputy Secretary.

The NOMINATION DAY.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

MY friends and electors join my lay
To celebrate this nomination day,

To celebrate, &c.

With me your voices, your voices raise,
And tune your notes to HOBART's praise;
Raise free electors, free electors raise your voice,
Firmly support the man of your choice:

Raise, free, &c.

Tho' Beever does so smirk and smile,
The ignorant electors to beguile,

The ignorant, &c.

Yet HOBART's friends too discerning are, and keen,
They ne'er will let the sycophant come in;
But free electors, we'll send him home to tell
The sad disaster that on him befell.

But free, &c.

And when the election day comes on,
My friends you all must be as one

My friends, &c.

Watchful as Argus o'er the tricks Sir T. will play,
To steal from you the laurel of that day;
But, free electors, be active every one,
And we shall surely make the day our own:

But free, &c.

Be cautious, if you would gain applause,
Be not too sanguine in your noble cause,

Be not, &c.
But

B E E V O R.

The H U S T I N G S.

H—B—T was simpering and smiling,
With silent eloquence beguiling;
P—rr—ge to speak was much inclin'd,
And Sheriff Neuter sneak'd behind;
Baron H—rv—y foam'd and bow'd,
And rais'd the pity of the crowd;
Gilpin his brother, precious youth!
Emitted falsehoods 'stead of truth;
C—le, the banker's runner, bawl'd;
A—st—ng cock'd his eye and squall'd;
Sir Th—m—s D—rr—t, special dull,
W—deh—se shook his empty skull;
B—m—y trying to look wise,
D'Oily telling King's Head lies;
M—rsh—m with dirty face and hands,
Two Canons without gowns or bands;
B—lw— and B—d—ngf—ld *without a vote*,
With other 'Squires of little note.
If such a tribe ensure th' election,
HAL will have it to perfection;
But, alas! the nomination
Much deceived his expectation.
HAL's country friends gave much offence,
Which they may rue some four years hence.

The C O C K A D E.

THE heads of H—b—rt's council close were laid,
To find fit emblem for a *smart cockade*;
Seeing on some Sir Thomas name display'd,
On some, his crest, a Beaver's form pourtray'd:
They strait resolv'd the blue and orange too
Should be as smart as Beever's white and blue;
And wisely order'd that their darling's crest
In gold should shine, as being *much the best*.
Unhappily they found in his behalf,
The crest (oh ominous!) a nose-led calf:
Could the supporters also be brought in,
As on the Peer's state coach they now are seen,

Well

H O B A R T.

But let your joy subside until that day,
When HOBART, your Member, you shall display;
Then, free electors, we'll loudly raise our voice,
And in full bumpers toast our choice:

Then free, &c.

Q U E S T I O N S.

Which appear very necessary for every man, who feels himself free, to ask himself before he gives his vote in the present contested election for *Norwich*.

IS it not unconstitutional for a number of persons however respectable their characters, in an individual capacity to form themselves into a junto, for the express purpose of electing Members of Parliament? Would not such a junto if they had sufficient power, deprive their fellow citizens, who were adverse to their choice of the privilege of representation?

Does not the Independent Club come under the description of such a junto?

Were not the Gentlemen who compose this club, together with other respectable inhabitants of the city, of sufficient consequence, in a separate capacity to obtain every reasonable purpose in respect to representation; and does not the memorable election of Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart. in the year 1780, demonstrate that they were so?

Are not these Gentlemen, though many of them highly respectable in their characters, individually become arbitrary and intolerant in a collected capacity; have not some of their leaders impertinently and unconstitutionally interfered in elections where they had no right; held a communication with a junto of the same nature at Yarmouth; and does not their conduct on the present occasion shew that they are determined, (if in their power) that none but themselves and their party shall be represented in this city?

Does not such a junto deserve the abhorrence of every man who really feels himself an Englishman, and ought it not to meet with the most spirited opposition at the present crisis from every warm friend to our excellent constitution?

To my Cousin Sir Thomas B—v—r,

After the manner of PETER PINDAR.

My dear Coz, Sir Th—s, I pray now be rul'd,
Nor suffer yourself, Sir, again to be fool'd;

The

B E E V O R.

Well might we say, as once a wit did write,
Who now, poor soul, is hears'd in endless night;
"How well the *snarling cur*, the *tim'rous hind*,
"The *nose-led calf* express the courtier's mind.

On seeing a POMPOUS INSCRIPTION in large gilt Letters over the *King's Head Gate*.

"HOBART AND INDEPENDENCE."

"PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION."

DOWN with the gaudy board, good HAL,

Which now o'er *Raven's gate* is plac'd;

For though it pleases thy *cabal*,

By the *inscription* thou'rt disgrac'd.

One line implies thy heart dispos'd,

To yield to PITT all *condescendence*;

Another is absurdly clos'd,

By a vain boast of *independence*.

If upon grounds of such a nature,

Are built the hopes of thy *success*;

Thy FOLLY, Harry, can't be *greater*,

Nor possibly, thy CHANGE be *less*.

To the WORTHY ELECTORS of the City of
NORWICH.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

THE time is now very near at hand when you will have occasion to exercise the dearest privilege of Englishmen, that of chusing a Representative in Parliament; and as it is a matter of the greatest importance, I beg you will seriously weigh the respective merits of the *Candidates* who are now soliciting your votes; and whatever arts may be practis'd to corrupt your integrity, whatever unworthy means may be attempted to influence your suffrages, treat them with indignation, and let nothing prevent you from discharging your duty *conscientiously*.

You have witnessed a great deal of *silly* parade during the present contest—You have heard of many instances of cruel oppression—And *many of you* have been tempted with offers of *money* to part with your freedom—But, ye are not so *weak* and *childish* as to be drawn aside by GILT FLAGS and GEW-GAW shews.—Ye are not so *tame* as to bear *violence* without reprehending the authors of it
—Nor

H O B A R T.

The year sixty-eight, I pray keep in your mind,
And remember the distance they left you behind;
The figures the same are, though partly reversed,
Which plainly foretells that your cause will be curst;
The time's nigh at hand, and will quickly appear,
That your phantoms will die like your brother's small
beer;

'Tis not rhubarb can save you; nor bolus, nor pill,
Nor e'en Mrs. B—r—t can slave off this ill.
You have some men of sense that support you 'tis
plain,

Yet they're few when compar'd with those touch'd in
the brain;

Look at Thrum, and at Rum, and at Simon the pure,
Who will go any lengths, Sir, your cause to insure;
But such empty vassals can do you no good,
For their swearing and lying shall all be withstood;
Though the B—r—ds and B—k—e for you may appear,
To their harrangues and their nonsense we'll turn a
deaf ear?

Tho' C—w and Ned Rig-y shall still sound your
praise,

And the puffing Committee shall second their lays;
Yet, believe me, my friend, 'tis quite out of their
pow'r,

To give you relief at the critical hour;
'Tis not the prig W—l—ks can wriggle you in,
No more than Mark W—ks can divest you of sin;
Old Beelzebub neither you never must trust,
As his word, like his iron, is subject to rust:
Perhaps Jem-y your brother may swerve from the
truth,

But he always was subject to that from his youth;
Examine your friends, and you'll find them too weak
To carry the point which they now undertake;
For stronger and wiser than they have miscarried,
As I've often been told by the single and married.
Excuse me, dear Sir, and don't think me unkind,
As much it concerns me, you must come behind.
I still might proceed, and name more of your friends,
And bring forth a Black Berry to answer your ends;
But the name is so hideous, so frightful it sounds,
That it not only shocks, but my senses confounds.
Poor Ald—d indeed, Sir, shall not be forgot,
Tho' 'tis said at the Gregs', Sir, that hard was his lot;
But let him remember the name of a spy,
That he was serv'd right I'll maintain till I die,

Your

B E E V O R.

—Nor are there *many* amongst you, I trust, so BASE as
to barter their *birthrights* for gold.

Where is the man to be found who does not feel
himself interested in the oppression of Mr. Dingle, junior?

—(There are many other cases of a similar nature ex-
isting, but this is sufficient for my present purpose)——

The conduct of his late employer is an insult, not to
the *individual* only, but to the *whole community*.—It goes
to the annihilation of *Political Liberty*.—And as this in-
sult was committed in the service of a *Candidate* who
has taken no steps (yet heard of) to redress the griev-
ance, I would enquire, with what *confidence* he can soli-
cite the favour of the public? I must also ask you, what
ye think of a *Candidate* who is beating up for voters
under the banners of a *party*; and who is continually
holding out the most *ridiculous* and *ostentatious* professions
of attachment to the *present Minister*?

Mr. Pitt is a great Statesman—We must all allow it—
But Mr. Pitt may *possibly* do wrong—And the *Candidate*
who pledges him his support *unconditionally*, must be
either too SIMPLE to represent a great commercial city, or
too DESIGNING to be trusted in such a situation.

A Member of Parliament should have no IDOL in the
Senate to bow down to—No object before him but the
promotion of his COUNTRY'S GOOD—And the man that
attaches himself to Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, or Mr. Anybody,
cannot be called an *independent* man, nor can he be con-
sidered as a friend to our glorious *constitution*.

If, therefore, great shews must be made to keep a
cause alive—If servants and dependents with large fa-
milies are to be turned out of employment for not en-
gaging in it—If money be necessary to procure men to
espouse it—If a *Minister's* popularity must be made use
of to support it—If *country gentlemen* must be called
from all parts—And, the *dependents of PEERS* collected
together to defend it, the CAUSE must be *bad*, and in a
desperate situation.

If any thing can possibly tempt the *poor freemen* to
engage in such a *cause*, offers are profuse—Many *bribes*
have been tendered within the neighbourhood of the
King's Head Inn—And fair promises in abundance are
daily made from the same quarter: but to the happiness
of those whom Providence has not given *riches*, *con-*
tented dispositions have been dispensed; and none I believe
are yet to be found who have driven their *consciences* to
market, to procure a temporary addition to their enjoy-
ments.

To

H O B A R T.

Your friends being nam'd, your enemies now—
 Expect I should bring by degrees to your view :
 And now let the bird that still flies in the air,
 Stand first in the list of this heav'nly choir ;
 The *P-tr-d e* I mean, who for candor and sense
 To excel or to equal few have a pretence ;
 He's modest and prudent, and, to give him his due,
 The straight paths of virtue he aims to pursue.
 I have many more worthies I could lay before you,
 But am fearful you'll think me too long in my story ;
 But I'll mention a few that are worthy and good,
 And whose efforts, I hope, Sir, will not be withstood :
 There's *G—y*, the good father, I'll next lay before
 you,

And then I'll present you with young Baron *H—y* ;
 Not forgetting his brother, 'a brisk little fellow,
 It would do your heart good for to see him half mel-
 low ;

He's nimble, and quick, and a good kind of man,
 Come forward, I say, and deny it who can.
 I'll now bring before you our good Mayor's father,
 Whose actions indeed, Sir, are *multum in parvo* ;
 Not forgetting his Worship, whose merits are known
 To be equall'd, I say, Sir, with few in the town :
 Exceptions there are, and it always must be,
 But some *Days* are better than others we see.
 Now pray give me leave to retreat from the bench,
 And mention some worthies of equal good sense :
 There's *Bl—k* and there's *C—k*, and a great many
 more,

That to do them strict justice 'tis not in my pow'r ;
 Such worthies as these, Sir, can ne'er be perplex'd,
 For they always were true, and still stick to their text.
 There's *Be-t—ffe* and *Ba—l-y*, and *Bl—om*, Sir, and
L—ng.

Indeed they deserve to appear in the throng ;
 Their hearts are all honest, they're true and sincere,
 Never frighten'd by menace, nor drunk with small
 beer.

And now, dear Sir *Th—m-s*, pray please to look
 round,

View your friends and your foes, and see how they
 abound :

Your

B E E V O R.

To those who have had fortitude to withstand the
temptations of the day, the highest respect is due. Heaven
 will smile upon their integrity—and they will experi-
 ence a degree of peace and pleasure in their breasts,
 which those who have sacrificed their *rights* on the *altars*
 of corruption can never enjoy.

A FRIEND TO FREEDOM.

The TOUCH-STONE.

TO persons of a liberal turn of mind, nothing can
 be more painful than to behold the adventitious powers
 of fortune applied to the destruction of moral rectitude ;
 and the lust of dominion extended to the deprivation of
 personal liberty. It is wrong for the *rich* man to assume
 the controul of his dependants' conscience.—It is wrong
 for the *proud* man to arrogate to himself the direction of
 other men's conduct in matters of civil or religious con-
 cern ;—And if a *Candidate* seeks the aid of such undue
 influence to support his cause, HE IS SHAMEFULLY wrong !
 I profess myself a warm advocate for the rights of man-
 kind, and for the *privileges* of those unfortunate men in
particular, whose circumstances render resistance dan-
 gerous ; or whose fortitude is insufficient to oppose the
tyranny of their OPPRESSORS : I will therefore venture to
 put a few questions to some gentlemen zealously attached
 at this time to Mr. *Hobart's* cause. And if They are
able to answer them in the *negative*, I shall be better
 pleased than to find the *dignity* of their stations *degraded*
 by a *tacit acknowledgment* of the *facts* alluded to.

My use of *great* names may give offence to such as
B. D. G. Esq; who threatened to cane the authors of
 the *Freeman's Letters* ; and furnish fresh matter to feed
 the *greedy, quibbling* humour of the LEARNED Lawyer
 who pronounced those letters *libellous* ;—But, neither
 the *tremendous arm* of the *one*, nor the *sagacious opinion*
 of the *other*, shall make me shrink from my purpose.

The Rev. Mr. HANCOCK,—On Sunday, the 27th of
 August last, did you not say to Mr. *Stevenson*, Clerk of
 St. Michael at Plea, "You must vote for Mr. H?" Did
 not *Stevenson* reply, "I cannot." Did you not say then,
 "Stevenson you must stand neuter, for as you are my servant
 you

[To be continued.]

✂ A LETTER-BOX in the Coffee-house (Johnson's) Passage.

The NEW ELECTION BUDGET.

H O B A R T.

Your worthy opponent shall bring up the rear,
And believe me, dear *To-my*, he's nothing to fear.
I don't mean to fright you with spectres and ghosts,
With Goliath's and such men as frighten'd the hosts,
With *B—nt—t's* and *B—r—t's*, and such kind of
stuff,
Because I'm persuaded of these you've enough;
But 'tis *Ho-art* I mean to exhibit before you,
Who soon shall be crown'd with the wreaths of true
glory.

The ELECTION BOOTH.

WE are informed from very good authority, that the meek, modest fellow at Tuck's Wood has given *J—g—r*, his tenant, a promise of a large quantity of slaves, with a part of that most noble and magnificent building which is to be erected in Norwich market; there is not the least doubt, if we judge according to the workmen employed, but it will be one of the finest structures in the known world. We hear the design will excel that of St. Peter's at Rome, as it's to be more varied. The northern side is to be of the Gothic structure; at the front is to be a large door to receive all that go; on each side the door are to be two Doric pillars of Parian marble, ornamented with capitals of burnished gold; on the right hand pillar is to be placed truth; on the left falsehood; truth is to whisper falsehood in the ear, through a filligree trumpet made of beaten gold of exquisite workmanship; falsehood is to return the whisper through a black trumpet, with a broken rusty concave, and sulphurous flames, issuing out with clouds of linoak: Saying, "I receive all; what I can't get by fair means, I'll take by foul." Over the door is to be a painting of an ancient matron, in a mean habit, a pruning hook in her right hand, in her left, a book open, inscribed,

Pereunt discrimine nullo

Amiffæ leges.

Fronting the entrance of this stately edifice is to be placed a large concave mirror, which is to be eighteen inches in diameter, more than that which Archimedes

set

B E E V O R.

you MUST NOT go against me, I CANNOT BEAR IT?"—And on *Stevenson's* persisting in his attachment to Sir *Thomas Beevor*, did not you say, "*Stevenson you shall do no more work for me, or again come into my house,*" or words to the same effect? And in the afternoon of the same day, did you not address *Francis Lucas*, Sexton of the same parish, in these terms;—"Lucas, I wish you would vote for Mr. *Hobart*?" Did not *Lucas* reply, "I cannot for I have promised my vote to Sir *T. Beevor*, and would on no account break my promise!" To this, did not you say, "*Will you not stand neuter?*" And on the honest man's saying, "*No, I will vote for Sir Thomas!*" did not you leave him in great anger, saying, "*Sir Thomas is in Fox's Interest who would sell his King and Country,*" or something to the like purport? I shall make no comment upon the propriety of such conduct. Mr. *Hancock*, until you have had an opportunity of replying to these questions: but, if you cannot negative them very fully, you shall assuredly hear further from me.

Mr. *HOBART*,—Did you suppose that country gentlemen were the proper persons to support your nomination? And do you think that you are fulfilling the promises you have made to promote the interest of this city, in the employment of *ROACH** and *HUNT* to buy up *JOBB RIBBANDS* in London for your election cockades?—What will *Norwich Haberdashers* and *Norwich Milliners* say to THIS SPECIMEN of your patriotism?

Mr. *BRAMPTON GURDON DILLINGHAM*,—Have you not been using some very improper means to obtain the vote of a respectable tradesman in this city? And were you not repulsed by this worthy elector's integrity, Mr. *Dillingham*?

PHILIP BEDINGFIELD, Esq;—Have you not wasted much time, and paper, fit, in writing letters to your tradesmen threatening them with a secession of your custom, unless they would support Mr. *H*? And have you not threatened to withdraw your charity from a diseased and afflicted freeman, unless he makes his vote subservient to your wishes?

* Brother to the NOTORIOUS *Roach*;—the other a Bankrupt and FELLOW of matchless impudence.

Mr.

H O B A R T.

set fire to the fleet with; this wonderful mirror is to shew every voter's honest face that goes with bribery and corruption; over it is to be fixed a shield, in order to prevent the sun's rays shining obliquely, that the whole may not evaporate in flames.

In the center, is to be the Roman Rostra, fill'd with fabled chiefs, who are to have the privilege of taking votes from those who have none, and raising the dead for that day only. 'Tis said the Rostra is to be composed of marble of various colours, ornamented with carbuncles, and crowned with an architrave of antique gold; the pompous columns are to be white marble, with capitals of matted and burnished gold, ornamented with crystal. This magnificent temple is to abound with every ornament that nature or art can give, except the laurel foliage, nor is it to be crowned with eagles; the statues will surpass all ideas; the paintings being originals, and from the best masters, excel those of ancient Rome, Greece, &c. I shall now proceed to give you a concise account of the designs, and how they are to be ranged.

I.

To the right of the mirror, is to be a most striking portrait, in which the canvass all but speaks, of Sir T—B— with his pedigree falling from his pocket, traced from a snob to a candidate, and B——'s ghost approaching from behind, with a label in his hand, on which is wrote one of the ten commandments; 'tis said the colours of this portrait will stand much longer than Sir Joshua's—nay to generations yet unborn.

II.

The famous Dr. to whom it is said Pindar offered the cap; the back ground of this picture represents a fertile view of Turkey, with rhubarb plants, &c. 'Tis said the hands excell all that Vandyke ever painted.

III.

In this portrait appears Hogarth's line of beauty—here is a lively representation of J—s B—r weighing hops for the election beer, by which he is to save thirty per cent—the back ground is a pleasing prospect of mules feeding.

IV.

Ah! here shines the pencil. The master trying to out do nature; could Ruben see this portrait he would condemn his own to oblivion; here is a very popular gentleman, with one of Adam's best microscopes, inscribing the beam for a pair of scales to weigh dough with.

V. Here

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Mr. EDWARD MARSH.—To you more hereafter: but, pray have you re-inflated Mr. Dingle in his employment?—and do you really think his conscientious attachment to Sir Thomas Beevor, was a sufficient plea for your unkind treatment?

Mr. ROBERT HARVEY, jun.—I have a long catechism for you.

And for you Mr. Alderman STARLING DAY, who was hallooing *Hobart! Hobart!* 't'other evening about the Market-place, with a throng of *Workhouse children* at your heels, and *damning all Sir Thomas's party*.—I have some close questions in store; which (if you have either *sense or feeling*) may "harrow up your soul"—but these shall be the *subject of my next letter*. In the mean time, let the partizans engaged in the present contest, take care how they act; for whatever comes to my knowledge which is irreconcilable to the principles of justice and propriety, I shall, without hesitation, bring to the public eye;—and let the parties pointed out, defend themselves as they are able.—Whatever is the principle of action in others,

—"I scorn to flatter
A *blown-up* fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath
me!"

H O N E S T U S.

On the pompous INSCRIPTION * being taken down on Saturday night from the King's head inn.

LOST is poor H——'s independence,
It could not long sustain the light,
Two Days it shone with mock resplendence,
And then it sunk to endless night.
PITT, on the *Shop tax* flew away,
Like some old witch on broom-stick borne,
Hal's rhetoric could not charm his stay,
To greet the coming *Sunday's* dawn.
Misfortune never comes alone,
Nor ended here the dire confusion,
PITT, and Hal's INDEPENDENCE gone,
Gads rooks!—down went the CONSTITUTION!
What's to be done when thus forsaken?
Would ye have H——'s *felus* stay?
Oh! no—he'd better save his bacon,
And while he's able—*run away*.

* "HOBART AND INDEPENDENCE."
"PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION."

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V.

Here is a likeness, by no means inferior to the former; this is a most amiable portrait of Quixote; the painter excels in his drapery, particularly the waistcoat—the back view is a sealskip, much superior to Monomy's, representing a ship sinking, named Lycophant, and Quixote insuring her.

VI.

I now proceed to a conversation piece of the two B—ds; the drawing is much superior to Raphael's, the tints of the lilly and rose by far excel nature—The painter has very judiciously seated the two brothers by a table, on which are the following inscriptions. Gog and Magog—Tom Hickerthrift—A true epic poem, &c. Now my friends, if we could prevail on the painter to couzen them out of these performances, we would make Pindar give up the pen at once.

VII.

I'll now give you the portrait of a Mr. B—y, a man much admired for his firm principles: The Painter has represented him putting on a turn'd, russet-brown coat; and the seams, which are very large on the wrong side, do more credit to the artist, than the holes which are in the shirt of the Prodigal Son, that is now in the possession of the Emperors of Russia. At the back of the figures is a library, over which is fixed the following motto.—*Shall I, or shall I not?*

VIII.

To the left of the Mirror is a lively portrait of the immaculate C—e, designed as a speaking figure; he is represented with his mouth wide open; the back ground is a pleasant view of a botanical garden; behind the canvas is placed an apparatus to pour forth noisy empty sounds.

IX.

I shall now place next a distant relation, M—k W—ks, in the pulpit; 'tis said this piece almost confuted the skill of the artist, as he had to paint a Puritan, with a scophant face, and the devil at heart; but as Black and white always set off a portrait, the Painter shines; the device upon the front of the pulpit shows great fertility of genius, which is as follows: a woman with two faces, one young and the other old, feet like eagle's talons, a tail like a scorpion; two hearts in her right hand, and a mask in her left.

X.

A beautiful portrait of J—L—e; this picture is much admired for the quick penetration in the countenance:

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I M P R O M P T U

On the following incongruous Inscription being pulled down from the King's Head Windows.

“HOBART AND INDEPENDENCE”
“PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION.”

ROUS'D from his *meekness**, in pursuit of fame,
Hob—t we see has work'd a *revoluti'n*,
And, in an instant pull'd down, without shame,
PITT, INDEPENDENCE, and the CONSTITUTION!
But *Samson* like, who drew a *town-hall* down,
To crush some *Gazites* who had vex'd him sore,
Amidst the general ruin met his own,
So Hob—t fell, alas!—*to rise no more*.

* Vide the Baron's bombast speech. “He has been dis-
pointed, though not defeated—unsuccessful, though not un-
fortunate—for he has borne his faculties so *MEEKLY*.” Et
cetera.

The following AFFIDAVIT will, it is hoped, be deemed a full answer to a most infamous hand-bill, which the friends of Mr. Hobart have thought proper to disperse, charging two respectable Gentlemen with house-breaking and violence. The friends of Sir Thomas Beevor content themselves with observing upon it, that the cause must be desperate, which stands in need of misrepresentation and falsehood for its support; and they challenge the friends of Mr. Hobart to deny the following state of facts.

EDMUND DEVEREUX, of the city of Norwich, PLUMBER and GLAZIER, maketh oath, that the wife of Samuel Lancaster, of the city of Norwich, was a near relation of this deponent's wife; that during the said Samuel Lancaster's wife's life-time, he, this deponent, contributed to the support of the said Samuel Lancaster, and has ever since managed a small estate of his, and lays out the rents of the same for his benefit—That within a very few days after Sir Thomas Beevor's arrival in Norwich, the said Samuel Lancaster informed this deponent he intended to vote for Sir Thomas Beevor, and to his knowledge, associated with the friends of that Gentleman. And this deponent saith, that about twelve o'clock yesterday, he was informed the said Samuel Lancaster was removed from the Hospital, where he resided, by some of the friends of the Honourable

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nance:—he is seated by a table whereon lie the statutes from the reign of Charles the First; which he ordered to be sown up in a bag, for fear he should look into them.

XI.

Now follows that much-wished-for picture of Mr. R—p the Man of Rols:—here the painter's imaginations vary; he is represented stamping weights; with drawers, sugar loaves, &c. for the back ground.

XII.

Adjacent is a certain Alderman, far below the chair, whose countenance shows more gloom than good nature; the masterly parts of this picture is a shelf, on which is placed nine empty skulls; each skull is ornamented with a wig of different fabrics.

XIII.

A most striking picture of Sir Adam's Grandmother arresting his most sacred Majesty.—This portrait is very humorous, and would do credit to the Dutch masters.

XIV.

Fronting the mirror, in this most glorious temple, the canvas shines with the amiable portrait of the Surveyor, a man well known to the world for his strict principles, and would not take a false oath for the gold of Chili. The most striking parts of this picture is a ring on the fore finger, which is said to possess the virtues of one that was worn by Gyges, or the King of Midas.—Could Titian, Handeman, or Carracci, see this portrait, they would condemn their own to flames.

Norwich, Sept. 11. 1786.

THIS evening, about seven o'clock, Mr. *Edward Rigby* and Mr. *John Buckle* (two friends of Sir *Thomas Beevor*) at the head of a mob, forcibly entered the dwelling house of Mr. *John Day*, in St. Giles's; assaulted, and attempted to knock down, the maid servants, to their very great terror; broke into the parlour, and carried from thence a person who had solemnly engaged his vote to the Hon. *Henry Hobart*, in order to detain him in their own custody, to serve the purpose of the party they have espoused.

Mr. *Day* and all his family (except the maid-servants) were absent from home.

The above unprecedented and outrageous transaction needs only to be barely told, to be held in abhorrence and detestation by every good citizen who respects the law, and regards the security of his own house.

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nourable Henry Hobart; and that he this deponent having reason to believe, from the declaration of the said Samuel Lancaster, he was removed against his consent, and being anxious for his safety from his infirm state of health, went with Mr. Edward Rigby, Mr. John Buckle, and some other Gentlemen, to the White Lion in St. Giles's parish, where he had heard the said Samuel Lancaster was confined.—That he this deponent learnt from some person in that house, the said Samuel Lancaster was removed to the dwelling house of Mr. John Day, in that parish; whereupon he this deponent went to the said Mr. Day's house, and enquired of one of his servants, who opened the door thereof, whether the said Samuel Lancaster was there; and upon being answered in the affirmative, demanded to see him.—That the servant shewed this deponent into a parlour where the said Samuel Lancaster was sitting alone, who expressed great satisfaction at seeing him, and kissed his hand several times.—That he, this deponent, enquired of the said Samuel Lancaster how he came there, who answered he could not tell, but said he wished to leave Mr. Day's house; upon which, this deponent led the said Samuel Lancaster into the hall towards the street door, which was open, and had continued so all the time he was in the house.—That the servant refused to let the said Samuel Lancaster leave Mr. Day's house; upon which this deponent insisted he should be permitted to go, and with the assistance of some persons who followed him from the White Lion, and had come into the hall, led him away.—And this deponent saith, that no violence was used by any person to enter into Mr. Day's house, nor was any necessary, for the reason above stated.—And this deponent saith, he believes that neither the said Mr. Rigby nor Mr. Buckle entered the said Mr. Day's dwelling-house. And that he has seen the said Samuel Lancaster this Morning, who thanked him for removing him from Mr. Day's house, and said he was resolved to vote for Sir Thomas Beevor, whom he had first promised.

EDMUND DEVEREUX.

Sworn at the city of Norwich, the 12th day of September, 1786, before me

J. IVES, Jun. MAYOR.



